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Three months' beauty and diet plan — pages 4, 5, 7

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A YEAR THAT WAS FATEFUL

FUTURE historians will probably know 1957 as the Year of the Sputniks.

Russia's scientific achievement overshadowed all others because the satellites marked a new dimension in man's thinking—his beginning of the assault on space.

The Sputniks were also a new source of fear, for the rockets which put them into orbit were a new and deadly weapon to warm the Cold War.

Internationally, 1957 was a year of almost unrelenting tension between Russia and her earthly satellites and the West, with the stalemate of the atom holding the balance of power.

Yet even in the middle of an uneasy peace, world scientists taking part in the International Geophysical Year proved that inter-continental co-operation could prevail.

In Australia, despite one of the worst droughts for years and some of the worst bushfires, 1957 was prosperous, with King Wool sound, factories expanding, and employment high as our migrant-swollen population moved towards the 10,000,000 mark.

1958 should be better—and better still if co-operative sanity replaces suspicion and fear between the nations and peace breaks out.

That indeed would be a Happy New Year for all mankind.

Our cover

Margo McKendry wears a gondolier hat, currently a popular fashion for teenagers. We're not suggesting that her situation is entirely suitable for wearing a hat or eating lunch, but she looks cool and pretty, and that was the effect aimed at by photographer Laurence Le Guay.

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P.S. PICTORIAL-SHOW...

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Some 8000-year-old paintings found in the Sahara Desert and recently exhibited in Paris showed two girls wearing the sack look.

WHETHER these pictures gave sack wearers confidence we don't know, but maybe they helped.

Confidence, so Betty Keep assures us, is essential for those who adopt sacks. You must look brave and brisk, not creep about apologetically. An apologetic expression kills a sack stone dead.

Not everybody will wear the exaggerated versions. Some women, we predict, will cling fiercely to a waistline.

For the rest of the summer the choice is wide, and you can please yourself. But in January there will be many girls making that annual cry... "If only I had just one more cotton."

We have catered for these next week in a summer sewing feature. There are seven dresses, including a sack, and patterns are available.

Even if you are not an experienced dressmaker you will find the patterns easy to follow because each is accompanied by full instructions.

AFTER we published that reproduction of "September Morn" last year (27/11/57) a number of readers wrote or rang to tell us that they owned prints of this once-controversial nude.

"September Morn," painted in 1912, now hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

A South Australian reader, Mrs. R. A. Stodart, of Brighton, tells us that in the Mildura Art Gallery there is a painting which caused a comparable stir in Adelaide in 1914.

This was Sir William Orpen's "Sowing New Seed." On one Sunday afternoon 12,500 people went to see it. Some were shocked. Some were puzzled. "Three nude figures and a scowling parson" was one description of it.

Asked to interpret the painting, Sir William Orpen explained that the clothed figure was not a parson, but an Irish peasant wearing Sunday black, and that the subject was technical education in Ireland.

Many viewers remained

mystified. In 1915 the picture was returned to Sir William Orpen and replaced by a portrait of Field-Marshal Foch.

Eventually the late Senator R. D. Elliot bought "Sowing New Seed" and presented it to the Mildura Gallery, where it is now. Last year the Adelaide Gallery borrowed it for several months, but, according to Mrs. Stodart, it attracted very little interest.

★ ★ ★
THE examiners are now at work on the papers sent by competitors for this year's Peter Mitchell Will Quest awards. We expect to announce the results in March.

★ ★ ★
JACK FINNEY, author of "Expression of Love," beginning on page 19, is an American writer who made his name with a macabre piece of science fiction, "The Body Snatchers." Another startling story of his, "The House of Numbers," was filmed and has been seen in Australia.

This week we publish four, instead of three, short stories, to cope with the demand for holiday reading.



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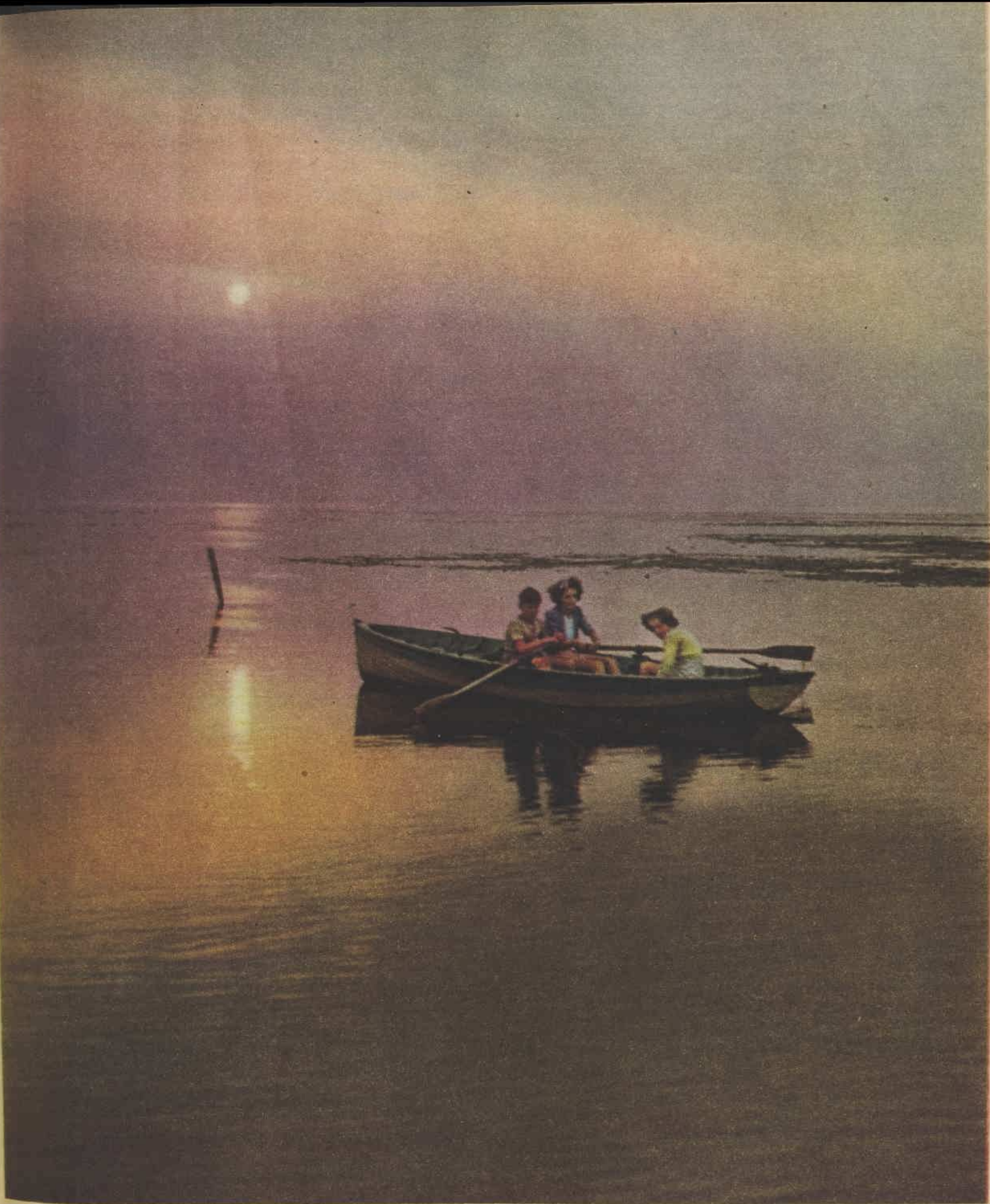
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BE YOUR OWN HAND MAN. Buy the "Practical Householder," the month magazine that tells you how to do those odd jobs. Price 2 at all newsagents.



THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

Every small child loves going fishing. Now that school holidays are here Australian "Huckleberry Finns," from Devonport to Darwin, are spending the carefree days out of range of adult authority. Happy memories of those hours of fishing with their friends will stay with them all their lives. Equipment ranges from Dad's cast-off fishing



rod to a reel of cotton and a bent pin. The bait might be a juicy worm or a tiddler caught in a jar begged from Mum. In this picture the haze from bushfires merges into the rosy glow of the sunset as these young fishermen row out on Tuggerah Lakes, New South Wales. This picture was taken by Stirling Macoboy, of Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

Before . . .

A HOUSEWIFE TRANSFORMED:

● This is the story of 33-year-old Shirley Selosse, an average Australian housewife, who shed two inches and more than 17lb. by following a simple diet and beauty plan for 10 weeks.

By CAROLYN EARLE, our Beauty Editor

VIVACIOUS Mrs. Selosse, who lives with her husband and three children in a neat bungalow at Wollstonecraft, a north-side suburb of Sydney, is justifiably gleeful about the success of her diet and beauty plan.

It's with the greatest pleasure she'll tell you that she never felt better in her life, and most people agree that she looks vitally attractive.

Young Mrs. Selosse tipped the scales at 12st. 4lb. (see picture at left) before the transformation. Today she is the shapely 11st. 2oz. who figures so attractively in the photograph at right.

A sensible adjustment of meals based on knowledge of what to eat and how much, simple, not-too-strenuous exercise, and the applied rules of good posture brought about this change in her vital statistics.

Here is the list of comparative figures registered by the scale and tape-measure on her chart:

	BEFORE	AFTER
Height	5ft. 7½in.	5ft. 7½in.
Weight	12st. 4lb.	11st. 2oz.
Bust	39½in.	38in.
Waist	31in.	29in.
Hips	42in.	40in.
Shoulders	40½in.	40in.
Thigh	22in.	21½in.
Calf	14in.	14in.
Ankle	9in.	8½in.
Wrist	6in.	6in.

Mrs. Selosse's decision to go on a serious diet came one day last July, when she was quietly looking through her wardrobe, as most women do towards the turn of the season.

"I knew I'd let myself go a bit," she said, "but all the same it was a terrible shock to find that none of my clothes fitted me any more."

A few minutes' stocktaking in the bedroom mirror convinced her that something must be done in a hurry.

But what? Lacking direct contacts with beauty or diet experts, the average woman is usually pretty baffled about how to start a personal "make over" programme.

But then Shirley discussed her problem with a young woman friend who suggested that Shirley sign up for a made-to-order course of instruction at a Sydney beauty school that specialises in all these services.

Working under the personal supervision of its director, Mrs. Mary Usherwood, she learned enough in 10 weeks about figure, make-up, skin, nails, and grooming to last a lifetime of home care.

In these classes hair-styling is also featured. Hair-do's, complete with instructions for maintenance, are selected for every "beauty disciple." Also there are sessions on the best clothes, colors, and lines, and fashion budgeting.

Wisely Mrs. Selosse consulted her doctor for a fitness clearance before embarking on the weight-loss programme.

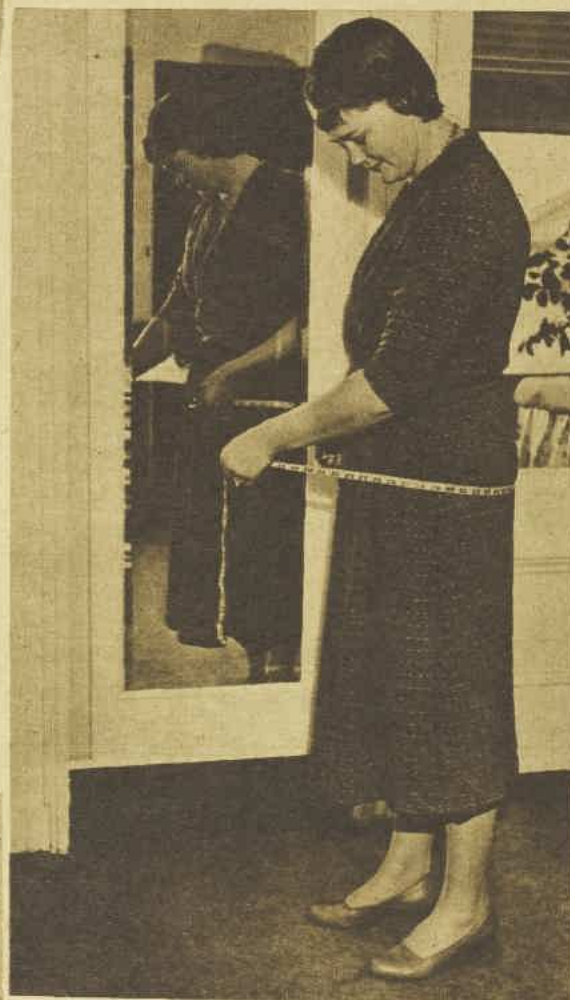
He agreed with her plan with a proviso that his patient continued to take one multi-vitamin tablet each day.

This was a sensible move because generally it is inadvisable to reduce daily caloric intake below 1200 to 1300, or try to lose more than two pounds a week without a doctor's advice.

Mrs. Selosse also talked over the whole idea with her husband, Robert, a tall, slim, and slightly red-headed wool-buyer. Like the doctor he raised no objection.



BEFORE her transformation Mrs. Shirley Selosse, young Sydney housewife, looked solid and heavier than the 12st. 4lb. she really was. In this completely unretouched photograph she is seen arriving for consultation with the figure-expert who planned and supervised her slimming programme.



11st. 11lb. Mrs. Selosse's weight is down, but more inch-reduction is needed to streamline the hips. Spot slimming is also needed for waist, upper arms, and to control a double chin she still had.



11st. 7lb. 4oz. Careful planning of meals is paying off in decreased body weight. The tape-measure held along a side seam of the skirt indicates a hip-measurement decrease of two inches.

NOW SHE REALLY FIGURES

... After

● "Shirley has not looked like this since we were married," says her husband, with pride.

"Bob was a tower of strength," Shirley told me. "When classes and visits to town took me out of the house quite a lot during the week, he often took over the children and looked after the place for me."

"He knew how important it was to me to finish the course and encouraged me right down to the last lost pound. Now he is quite weight-conscious."

"Not that he watches his own waistline," she added. "Bob's one of those maddening creatures who can eat like a horse and still stay a bean-stalk."

The Selosses have a delightful family of two boys and a girl: fair-headed schoolgirl Jacqueline, who is almost five; Peter, aged 4; and red-headed, 18-months-old James.

"Naturally big girl"

Even at 12st. 4lb., Shirley Selosse was not exactly fat. Grandma would describe her as a naturally big girl. Almost 5ft. 8in. in her stockings, she has a large-boned frame that is correspondingly heavy.

But her figure looked chunky and that sagging posture made her seem far more than 17 pounds overweight.

Since this particular type of figure calls for a redistribution of weight rather than a traditional reducing programme, Shirley was given a 1200-calorie maintenance diet for the first three weeks of her course.

Once she learned what foodstuffs to eat and what to leave alone, Shirley could soon plan all her own meals.

Under this practical arrangement she prepared ordinary, everyday family dishes and had her smaller share.

This meant: no special menus, no expensive cuts of meat, and, most important, no temptation to cheat with helpings of forbidden foods.

In the reducing formula there is no room for liquor, either, so anyone inspired by Shirley should be prepared to forgo the sociable glass of sherry or cocktail before dinner.

● Reducing diet, page 7



AT HOME in the garden is Mrs. Selosse with her sons James and Peter (on swing). Inset is daughter Jacqueline, who is now almost five.



11st. 4lb. 4oz. registers on this public jockey scale. On the day this picture was taken our "beauty disciple" wore a favorite linen suit that had been hanging in the wardrobe since she put on weight.



11st. 3lb. 12oz. and looking radiant, Shirley poses at the front gate of her home. Looking after home and family keeps her busy, but she vows never again to be indifferent about her appearance.



AFTER the transformation. More than 17lb. lighter, newly groomed and newly turned out, Shirley Selosse smilingly posed for this glamor photograph on the final day of her quest to regain youth and beauty.

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they're
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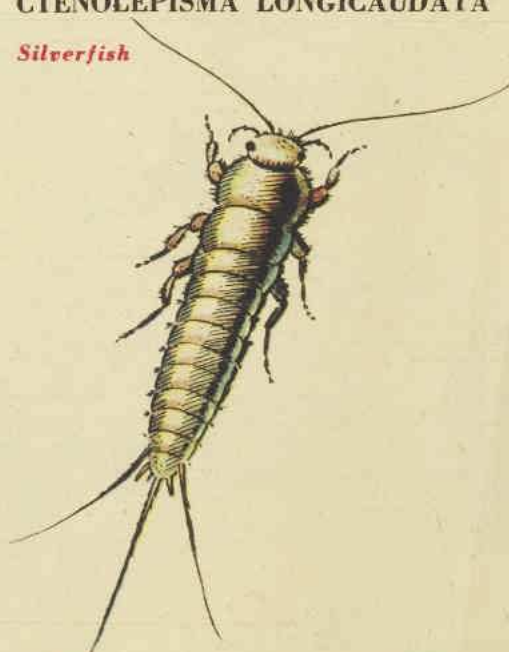


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Shirley finds beauty IS largely skin-deep



BEFORE This picture shows how Mrs. Shirley Selsos looked before beginning her make-up instruction. She is wearing only a little lipstick.



● Here Mrs. Shirley Selsos, our average Australian housewife, takes readers through some of the steps in skin care and make-up that helped to transform her into a well-groomed young matron.

SHIRLEY'S first step in her skin-care programme, to be practised regularly at home, came after complexion analysis, and before she was taught the technique of make-up.

Shirley was told she had a dry skin, with a slight open-pore condition round the nose, and that she must follow the three basic rules for skin care — cleanse, stimulate, and lubricate.

The picture at left, below, shows how Shirley keeps her dry skin perfectly clean with a good skin soap, warm water, and a sponge.

She follows — through by piling on a cleansing cream with an oil base, pressing the cream into the skin with the fingertips in and out of the places where old make-up is apt to cling.

When the whole area is creamed and massaged, she wipes off the remaining cream

with tissues that bring make-up and grime with them.

In this combined routine the cream cleanses and the massage stimulates.

Shirley discovered that open pores, the bane of eight out of ten women's lives, are frequently caused by superficial cleansing.

However, they usually respond well to treatment with pore-grains and lotion.

Here are some of the make-up pointers Shirley learned to help add definition and charm to her "new look."

FOUNDATION. When the skin is dry it sometimes needs a vitamin lotion under cream foundation to make it look and feel smooth. Just a moderate amount of each preparation does wonders for Shirley.

Her technique is first to spread the lotion round the nose and under the eyes and to follow with a light film of cream on the cheeks, chin, forehead, and neck as far down as the collarbone.

CREAM ROUGE looks natural and lasts longer.

In the picture, second from

LEFT: A touch of rouge is applied over special lotion and cream foundation, and blended in gently.



LEFT: Soap, warm water, and natural sponging play a big part in Shirley's skin-care routine for thorough cleansing. Her skin is rather dry, with slightly enlarged pores on the nose.



AFTER Glamorous and poised, this photograph was taken at the end of her instruction. Make-up highlights her best features, plays down the others.

left, Shirley, who has a round face, has taken a dab of clear red rouge on a fingertip and is applying it to offset her rounded cheek contours.

In other words, she starts rather far back on the cheek, blends the color forward a trifle, and then fades it back.

FACE POWDER (rachel for Shirley) should be a shade darker than foundation for day, a shade lighter for night.

The best applicator is a large wad of powder-laden cotton-wool, which should be pressed over the whole skin

LEFT: Lipstick goes on in smooth curves, is then blotted dry. Shirley is gradually learning to use a lipstick brush instead of the tube.



ABOVE: A fine line of eyeshadow is drawn behind the upper eyelashes to supplement mascara. Lashes are then brushed upwards.

RIGHT: Shirley feather-strokes eye-pencil along the brows in a thin line out towards the temples. Moderation is essential in applying eye-pencil, and is easy when you know how.

surface from well down under the chin up to the forehead.

Shirley then dusts off the excess with the clean side of the cotton-wool. Her eyelids are never powdered because moist eyelids, like moist lips, are youthful.

LIPSTICK, the only color on the face that should ever look like color, is smoother, brighter, and longer-lasting if put on with any brush.

Shirley, who wears clear red lipstick, found a brush too hard to handle at first. In the picture at left she is using the tube to make a clear-cut outline of the lips and then to color it in.

EYE MAKE-UP. Shirley's bright blue eyes are rather deep set and she uses a small brush (see picture at left) to place blue shadow on the outer half of her eyelid.

Shirley damps a brush with warm water to apply brown mascara on upper lashes. A few feather-strokes of black or brown pencil on fair brows complete her make-up.

For special occasions and whenever she feels her complexion can do with a pick-up, Shirley has a home facial.

This treatment brings a fresh flow of blood to the skin and makes her feel as pretty as her own glamor picture at top right of this page.



THE REDUCING DIET

● Maybe sacrificing a sociable drink sounds tiresome, but it's a must in any weight-reducing plan.

STARCH and sweets are next on the list of things to go. Their exclusion from menus does not mean that you may never again have them. Of course you may, in moderation, and preferably at the end of the meal.

But potatoes, bread, cakes, puddings, and anything else made with flour are bulky, fattening foods that need to be cut down as much as possible for the time being.

Sugar is also expendable. If you can manage to cut down on sweets and desserts, so much the better. Fresh and cooked fruits are a wonderful replacement in summer.

As most people know, a well-balanced meal should contain meat, fish, or cheese, green vegetable or salad, and fruit.

When asked what food she had missed during her diet, Shirley Selsos said that doing without her customary snack in the middle of the morning and afternoon (a cup of coffee with cream and sweet biscuits or a piece of cake) was not easy.

But as her appetite for them became less keen, her dresses began to feel loose and belts had to be reefed in a few notches. Before long she cut out the in-between snacks altogether and even learned to forgo luncheon dishes with rice and spaghetti, home-made soup, and meat pies.

Even though Shirley's quest for a slim figure is over, she is still careful about what she eats.

She loves to splurge at a party once in a while, but the next day she is right back on the sensible diet that has worked such wonders.

It took just under three months of honest effort to reach the desirable state of good looks she now enjoys.

If you're strong-minded, conscientious, and determined to go the distance, you can do it, too.

Continued from page 5

Here, for anyone who plans to follow Shirley Selsos's guide to slimmness, is a typical day's menu arranged as a before-and-after diet comparison.

	BEFORE	AFTER
BREAK-FAST	2 slices white bread and butter. 2 cups tea with milk and saccharin.	2 slices wholemeal bread with less butter. 2 cups tea with milk and saccharin.
MID-MORNING	Coffee with cream, sweet biscuits. (When alone) Sandwiches. Tea or coffee with cream. (With husband) Rice or spaghetti, soup, or meat pies. White bread and butter. Tea or coffee with cream.	Fresh fruit, glass of fruit drink or water. Salads with cold meat, cheese, or egg. Fresh fruit. Tea or coffee (black).
LUNCH	Cake (especially chocolate cake). Pastry.	As mid-morning.
MID-AFTER-NOON	Roast, grill, fried fish, or stew. Potatoes and 2 vegetables. Fruit and cream dessert or pudding, pastries or tarts with cream or ice-cream. Coffee with cream.	Menu unchanged but lesser helpings of everything, no potatoes or gravy. Black coffee.
DINNER		

DINING WITH THE DIAMOND SET



Famous American hostesses show how "400" eat

● Millionaires are almost a dime a dozen in the United States, but people never get bored with seeing how they live. Thousands of housewives and shopgirls were delighted to gawk at an exhibition of table settings arranged by 12 famous New York hostesses.

EXCLUSIVE New York jewellery shop Tiffany's planned the exhibition, and asked each hostess to set a table as if she were entertaining in her home, using her own linen, centrepieces, and accessories.

The fact that every hostess owned and used glass and silverware designed by Tiffany's was incidental.

On these pages are the table settings arranged by three celebrated society women, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst II, Mrs. Vincent Astor, and Mrs. Henry (Clare Boothe) Luce.

Most spectacular setting is Mrs. Hearst's "Dinner for Ten," an example of the mid-Victorian splash and splendor associated with "San Simeon," the baronial estate of her late father-in-law, newspaper magnate William Randolph Hearst I, in California.

Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce, former United States Ambassador to Italy and wife of publisher Henry Luce, did a Venetian Renaissance table; Mrs. Vincent Astor a table in grey, gold, and white.

Color pictures of the table settings are by Robert Feldman, of our New York staff.

SPECTACULAR TABLE SETTING in Mrs. William Randolph Hearst's "Dinner for Ten," featuring ornate candlesticks and Astec silverware designed by the late newspaper magnate, W. R. Hearst I, for his fabulous Californian castle, "San Simeon."

Hostess No. 1 — Austine Hearst

● Stick-slim, with a 20-inch waist and masses of black hair twisted in a chignon, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst II turns heads wherever she goes — and loves it.

WIFE of a multi-millionaire, Austine Hearst features in America's list of best-dressed women year after year, last year beating both Princess Margaret and the elegant Duchess of Kent into seventh place.

She is the favorite customer of Charles James, one of New York's most expensive dressmakers. Occasionally she buys clothes from designer Oleg Cassini, her brother-in-law during her marriage to his brother, columnist Cholly Knickerbocker.

For her husband, who is editor-in-chief of the vast newspaper empire, built up by his father, the iron-fisted W. R. Hearst I, Austine Hearst writes a syndicated column featuring a new photograph of herself — in a new outfit — every week.

Married in 1948, the Hearsts have two children, William Randolph III and Augustine, who live with their parents in any of four homes scattered between New York and California.

Part of the furnishings for the homes came from "San Simeon," fabled and fabulous home of the first William Randolph and his long-time companion Marion Davies, the blond, blue-eyed Marilyn Monroe of the '20s.

RIGHT: Complete table arranged by Mrs. Hearst. Except for the nuts and fruit everything is at least 70 years old, re-creating the splendor of lavish parties given in "San Simeon's" heyday.



Mrs. William Randolph Hearst.



Hostess No. 2

— Brooke Astor

● Mrs. Vincent Astor and her husband, who inherited £33 million of the Astor fur-and-wool fortune, have a total of six marriages between them.

FORMERLY Brooke Russell, she was married twice before her wedding to 65-year-old, childless, twice-married Vincent Astor.

An amusing, vital woman, she divides her interests between good works and the circuit of the Astor houses which range from Maine to Arizona.

In her spare time, Brooke Astor turns decorator for the Astor - owned St. Regis Hotel in New York, where her husband, annoyed at having chorus girls "in my soup" at the famous cabaret roof-garden, invented a rising floor on which the girls appeared without pushing past the diners.



Mrs. Vincent Astor.

Mrs. Astor is also, on occasions, the baby-sitting grandmother of enchanting three-year-old twins, whose photographs she keeps in pale-blue leather folders marked "Brooke's Little Twigs."

LEFT: "Luncheon for Four," as arranged by Mrs. Vincent Astor in grey, gold, and white. She placed roses in small vermeil cups and put places with an 1805 grey grape-leaf pattern on organdie mats.



Hostess No. 3

— Clare Boothe Luce

● America's top career woman, playwright, diplomat, fashion leader, and a beauty to boot is the success story of Clare Boothe Luce.

UNDERSTUDY to Mary Pickford at the age of ten, Clare appears to have decided then that in future she wanted star billing only.

Daughter of a poor violinist and an ex-musical comedy actress, she married her first millionaire at the age of 20, had a daughter, Ann (killed in a car smash, aged 19, in 1946), and was divorced.



Mrs. Henry Luce.

Soon she was editing "Vanity Fair," and getting rave notices for her play "The Women," a piece of verbal vitriol about her fellow sex that has earned her a handsome 100,000 dollars.

In 1935 she married her second millionaire, Henry Luce, publisher of "Life," "Time," and "Fortune" magazines, and became one of the "powers-behind-the-scene" in the United States.

In 1953 she was appointed United States Ambassador to Italy and waspish wit Dorothy Parker, who coined the famous remark, "There goes arsenic and old Luce" as Clare and her husband passed by, must have smiled when she heard the reason for the Ambassador's retirement in 1956: Mrs. Luce had been poisoned by paint particles (containing arsenic) falling from her bedroom ceiling.

RIGHT: "Dinner for Eight," a Venetian Renaissance table set by Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce, who used antique silver centrepieces with gay-striped carnations and lace mats made for her in Venice.



AUSSIE MEN UNDER DEBATE

In the December 4 issue of *The Australian Women's Weekly*, an article by Ronald McKie, headed "What's wrong with Aussie men?" praised Australian girls, and jumped on Australian men for their sloppy clothes and sloppy manners.

By RONALD McKIE, staff reporter

THE INK on the paper was hardly dry before the letters started arriving about my article.

Statistically, 55 per cent. agreed with me and 45 per cent. disagreed. And men wrote about 35 per cent. of the letters.

There was a hard dividing line between criticism and approval. Fence sitters were rare.

Readers either agreed that Australian men were a badly dressed, careless lot or they disagreed — and gave any number of reasons, some of which had nothing to do with dress or manners, to justify their opinions.

But most intriguing was the passionate defence of Australian men by both men and

women who didn't agree with the article.

Here are examples which illustrate the opposing view of readers:

"Allow me to congratulate you," wrote Mrs. M. Burchett, of Princes Highway, Blakehurst, N.S.W.

"I heartily agree with you. Their manners particularly are appalling. How often do you find a good-mannered man? They are so rare that when you do meet one he stands out like a solitary light on a dark night . . .

"I hope your article does some good, but knowing the Aussie male I have my doubts. Keep up the good work and, who knows, you may achieve the impossible."

And this one, from Mrs. F. Tullet, of Menangle, N.S.W.: "I would like to say how much I endorse your remarks . . .

"There is no doubt that few of the average Australian men know how to dress. They do not seem to take any pride in looking smart, as Australian girls do. They consider it silly to have good manners . . .

But "Aussie Wife," who wrote from Hargrave Park, N.S.W., had this to say:

"Disgusted"

"Reading your article I felt very disgusted and I would like to say that I don't think very much of you for writing it, either, but perhaps you're not Australian.

"I don't know, but I don't understand one Aussie running down another if you are an Aussie."

(Yes, I am. — R. McK.)

And this, from Margaret Ranch, Park Avenue, Ashfield, N.S.W.: "As an Australian girl who has travelled in other countries, been escorted by other nationalities, and studied their dress, habits, and manners, I say our Aussie men are so far ahead in the things that matter that the occasional one who talks through a cigarette, walks hands in pockets, and takes a girl out dressed without a tie fails to even register on the scale of 'points against.'"



"One more item."

Readers who championed Australian men divided themselves automatically into a number of schools of thought.

There was the rare "militant" school, represented by "Aussie's Wife," who didn't like any criticism of Australian men or anything Australian and who were obviously convinced that everything best in this world was automatically Australian.

Then there was the "nostalgic" school, who argued that "our men are all we've got, anyway," and the "satisfied" school—that "Aussie men are perfect for Aussie girls."

The "economic" school's point of view was that if Australian men were badly dressed and careless in their appearance, which they were not, it was because it cost men much more than it cost women to dress well.

The "country" school took the view that city men were pretty scruffy compared with country men, who were smart and good-mannered.

As Mrs. C. G. Litta, of Swan Reach, Victoria, wrote: "Perhaps in the city ill-dressed ruffians are a common sight, but speaking in defence of country men I think they are usually casually well dressed.

"Of course, there is room for improvement . . . but most men around here are quite smart in appearance and I feel this applies to most country places."

Blame climate

There was also the "Australian" school who argued convincingly that climate and conditions here, and particularly in summer, were so different from other parts of the world that "well dressed" in Australia should have a different meaning.

As Mr. R. M. Martin, of Amby, Qld., wrote: "I fail to see why a man dressed in neat casual clothes cannot be considered just as smartly dressed as the lady in her sleeveless open-neck frock and sandalled feet."

The most persistent critics were members of the "blame mother and wife" school.

"Surely," wrote Mr. Bill Yorke, of Hopetoun Street, Kurri Kurri, N.S.W., "Australian girls must know that 95 per cent. of clothes worn by men are selected by mothers and wives."

This was also the theme of many readers who agreed with the original article, as this letter from Mrs. M. R. Edwards, of Castlereagh, N.S.W., shows:

"I agree with Ronald McKie entirely, but the article can only prompt one query in my mind, 'What's wrong with Aussie women?'"

"Who is responsible for teaching a boy manners? His mother, of course. Who is responsible for keeping men's clothes mended, pressed, and sent to the cleaner? The answer is wife or mother . . .

A final group I've called the "equality" school. These argued that if women want equality they must be prepared for all the unpleasant consequences.

As Mr. S. Pearce, of Townsville, wrote: "In Australia, as in most countries, women are clamoring for equality, and getting it. By the equality for which they seek I understand that they wish to be treated by men as equals.

"It would appear that they don't like some aspects of it, and wish to have their cake and eat it."

One of the best letters was from Miss Patricia Allen, Box 2514, G.P.O., Sydney, a secretary of 19, who wrote:

"We girls make the effort to become attractive, intelligent women. And what do men do? On the whole, absolutely nothing."

"Too many think that a grubby shirt, down-at-heels shoes, crumpled tie, and unpressed suit go unnoticed on a special date, or, for that matter, every day.

"As for manners . . . a lot depends on the woman. If she does not act as though she expects doors to be opened, chairs to be moved, the man cannot be blamed for not making the attempt . . .

"Please don't gather from this letter that I don't like men or that I think they are all untidy and ill-mannered because I really think they're wonderful, but couldn't something be done to make them more conscious of what a girl looks for in a man . . .

"Yours is the first article I have seen on this particular subject. Perhaps more will follow. I hope so."



"Well, I don't think it makes him look any taller."

TV education

Everything but an old school tie

More than 125,000 bleary-eyed New Yorkers are crawling out of bed in the winter dawn these days to look at television. At the dreary hour of 6.30 a.m. they tune in to a university course on Comparative Literature.

THE 6.30 a.m. lectures are given by Dr. Floyd Zulli, jun., just as they would be in a university classroom. There is no sugar-coating, no glib dramatisation, no interruptions for commercials — just pure education.

"Comp. Lit. 10," as the course is officially designated, deals with the work of 19th-century writers. Students can enrol with the New York University to do the TV course.

This involves a payment of 75 dollars (about £33 Australian), and enrolled students must do essays and reading assignments, and report to the University for a final examination.

Students who pass get three college credits towards their

final degree. New York University boasts only 210 paid TV students for the Comp. Lit. 10 course, but exhaustive surveys put the participating "students" at 125,000.

Indeed the surveys revealed such strong interest that the University starts a new course with Prof. Zulli this month. The new course is "Comp. Lit. 20," covering the work of 20th-century writers.

Also planned for the autumn term is a history course, plus a likely second one in philosophy.

What is remarkable about this is that this TV university emanates from a commercial station without a sponsor. It is referred to by the station as their "Sunrise Semester."

In TV education, New Yorkers are well behind the rest of the United States. Their

city, which has no fewer than seven commercial TV channels, has not a single education outlet.

But in the hinterlands, 28 non-profit education TV enterprises are now operating,

and some are in their fifth year of service. Most of these are owned by universities or school boards, and are made possible because of endowments by the big Ford and Rockefeller charitable foundations in America.

Every big city contains thousands of adults who regret that they failed to finish high school.

Because of this, many American E. T. V. (Educational TV) channels now show courses that take adults to Australian Leaving Certificate standard via the cathode tube.

Last year in Pittsburgh 1000 adults enrolled for a TV Leaving Certificate course.

The course was free, and entailed only enrolment at the local school, and, at the end of the TV school year, a written examination at the local school.

Of the 1000 pupils enrolled, 934 passed their final exams.

Lately, more and more schools in the U.S. have adopted TV "in-school programming" to combat the grave shortage of teachers.

An experiment showed re-

Let us hope that the American picture is reflected in some way here.

ABC-TV is starting in a small way on February 20 when they pioneer school broadcasts, although they have no plans for adult education.

I think it could be a subtle start at adult education. The course starts for pupils in high schools up to Intermediate standard and will probably be kinescoped to run at night as well as during school hours.

ABC-TV's first experimental courses are in general science and social studies. General science covers physics, chemistry, botany, biology.

Crosbie Morrison, the director of National Parks in Victoria, is doing a series of lessons in the general science course. His lessons will deal with botany, biology, and wild life generally.

Social studies, I'm told, covers a general approach to the world as it exists around us, and includes those old-fashioned subjects geography and history.

Well, it's a start educationally, and it takes us closer to the day when, I hope, televiewers can sign themselves B.A. (Syd. Univ. and Kreepy Krinkles Breakfast Flakes).

Perhaps some day TV will give all that's wanted in education except an old school tie

TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

and some are in their fifth year of service.

Most of these are owned by universities or school boards, and are made possible because of endowments by the big Ford and Rockefeller charitable foundations in America.

Every big city contains thousands of adults who regret that they failed to finish high school.

cently that in a course in home nursing, TV-taught students learned just as much as those who took the course in formal classrooms, and in about half the class time.

Pennsylvania State University has found, too, that in 10 out of 11 tests TV students learned just as much as classroom students in general psychology and general chemistry.



LADY DOROTHY MACMILLAN pictured at her country house in Sussex: Left, helped in the garden by grandson Mark Faber, whom the family call the "Giles Child" (after the "horror" children portrayed by cartoonist Giles). Above, typing at her desk. She learned to type when her husband went into politics "to make out bazaar lists," now she types all her letters. Right, standing in front of the fireplace in the long drawing-room.



THE MACMILLANS ARE AN "UNEXPECTED" COUPLE

● Beneath his "blimpish" exterior, Harold Macmillan is said to be ruthless and shrewd. He is also a kindly family man.

● Lady Dorothy Macmillan belongs to a noble aristocratic family, yet she is retiring, preferring "cosy chats" to stiff formality.

WHEN Mr. Harold Macmillan, with his wife, Lady Dorothy Macmillan, arrives in Sydney on January 28 for a 15-day tour, to include New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, Tasmania, and Canberra, she will be the first British Prime Minister to pay a visit to Australia while in office.

The Macmillans are a couple who belie their looks and background.

At first, Harold Macmillan — the old Etonian, ex-Grenadier Guardsman — seems a typical English Conservative politician.

With his drooping moustache and downward-sloping eyes, he looks something like a genial Colonel Blimp.

But it would be a mistake to apply the label "Blimpish."

His face may have a genial expression, but his eyes can harden. He has not won the nickname "Mac the Knife" for nothing.

Most people who watched his first television broadcast after he became Prime Minister were impressed. Leaning slightly forward, eyes half-closed but alert under hooded lids, Macmillan showed why he is considered to be one of the few skilled speakers left in the House of Commons. Mr. Aneurin Bevan and Sir Winston Churchill are possibly the only others.

But unlike Bevan, whose fiery eloquence stems from the inspiration of the moment, Macmillan's rhetoric is studied and polished.

He is a combination of successful businessman, shrewd politician, country gentleman,

benign family man, brilliant scholar, sparetime farmer.

He mixes as easily with the local villagers as he does with kings and potentates.

Many people feel that Macmillan's strange contrasts are due to his mixed American and Scottish ancestry.

His mother was a doctor's daughter from Spencer, Indiana. His grandfather was born in a humble croft on the isle of Arran, Scotland; later went to London and founded the family publishing house that bears the Macmillan name.

Lady Dorothy Macmillan, the former Lady Dorothy Cavendish, daughter of the 9th Duke of Devonshire, is no haughty, aloof aristocrat.

When Anne Matheson, of our London staff, called on Lady Dorothy to ask her about her trip to Australia, she said excitedly:

"I feel like a girl going on her first round-the-world tour."

"I have had only a few trips to Europe before, and once (such a long time ago) I went to Kenya."

Lady Dorothy was also in Canada when her father was Governor-General. It was then that Harold Macmillan, serving as an aide-de-camp, first met his future wife. They were married in 1920.

She is happiest at "Birch Grove House," the Macmillans' country home near the Sussex village of Chelwood. It is a 40-roomed mansion, furnished with rare antiques and valuable paintings, set in a 2000-acre park.

They rarely use "Chequers," official country residence of Prime Ministers.

When her husband became Prime Minister and they

moved to No. 10 Downing Street, Lady Dorothy took some ivy from her Sussex home and planted it in a pot to decorate the London house.

The ancestral home of the Dukes of Devonshire is historic Chatsworth, one of England's show places.

Lady Dorothy said "Bricks don't matter. Our country house was built only in 1926, but is a real home, I hope, and we all love it."

The Macmillans usually have some member of their family staying with them at Chelwood. They have one son, three daughters, and 12 grandchildren.

The members of the family often descend on London, too.

"With so many of them begging a bed," Lady Dorothy explained, "we have had to make of No. 10 something of a dormitory."

"But that does not mean that we have installed nurseries. The occasional grandchild sleeps in a spare room."

Because Lady Dorothy and her husband are leaving for Australia early in the New Year, she planned a real family party for Christmas, one that none of her children, and especially her grandchildren, would forget. She ordered a 68-foot Christmas

tree to be cut from the fir tree on their Sussex estate.

One of the least-travelled women married to a man in such a position, Lady Dorothy said:

"Until the moment I knew I was to travel, I didn't realise that I had such a wild spirit of adventure."

"In my married life I have never had a chance to be more than the wife of a politician on the one hand, and on the other the wife of a book publisher."

"It has all been very stimulating, but at last I feel that I can indulge myself, though in a simple way."

"I just want to see Australia and enjoy all the things which I associate with Australia."

She wants to: SWIM.

"Because, above all other things, I love to swim." She will visit as many beaches as possible.

She wants to: GARDEN.

"But, of course, I shall only be able to see other people's gardens, because there will not be any time to do any cultivation."

Lady Dorothy is a keen gardener and famous for the beautiful flowers she grows.

She wants to: MEET PEOPLE.

But she wants to meet them informally.

"I do hope my visit to Australia will not be made too formal by people expecting me to stand up and make long speeches."

"I only wish I were better at formal speech-making; but I have found that if one does not do this superbly, it is perhaps better to arrange the public programme on a more intimate — let us say, fire-side chat — level."

"Nobody has told me whether I may take the minimum luggage afforded a traveller or whether my carefully laid plans for clothes — to suit every climate — will be pushed aside."

"That, perhaps, is one of the drawbacks of being nothing more than the wife of the Prime Minister of Britain. I never quite know where I am."

"But I am taking my prettiest clothes, and am determined to enjoy every moment of my stay."

PRIME MINISTER of Britain, Mr. Harold Macmillan, and Lady Dorothy Macmillan, who will visit Australia this month.



A million-pound schoolgirl

By SHEILA McFARLANE, staff reporter

● Diana Knox, the 12-year-old Melbourne schoolgirl who recently inherited a fortune from her multi-millionaire grandfather, the late Sir William Angliss, Australia's "Meat King," is described by her friends as "a level-headed girl who is not likely to be affected by her inheritance."

AS soon as the school holidays began and Sir William's will became public, Diana was whisked away for a quiet holiday until the publicity and speculation about her dies down.

Diana, who is shy and studious, was the principal beneficiary in the will of her "Meat King" grandfather.

She will receive a life income from £1,000,000.

However, her fortune had already hit the million mark before her grandfather's bequest.

The first million is in property and capital from her mother, the late Mrs. David Knox.

Diana has lived with her grandparents since her mother,

Eirene, the Angliss' only child, died shortly after her birth.

She has been brought up in a simple atmosphere in their big old home in Auburn, Melbourne.

Diana, who was closely attached to her grandfather and is missing him greatly, played hide and seek with him every morning.

"You can't find me," was always Di's morning greeting to her grandfather," said Lady Angliss. "Then the game would be on, with my husband chasing after her until he caught her and brought her down to breakfast."

"They were devoted to each other."

They were constant companions. Diana turned to him frequently for advice.

Sir William was always

happy to have his house full of Di's school friends, and enjoyed getting to know each of them.

Sir William's traditional buttonhole rosebud was plucked from the beautiful Angliss rose garden by Lady Angliss before he left each morning, but if Diana noticed it wilting during the day she would pick another and replace it in her grandfather's lapel.

Diana's growing literary talent was a delight to Sir William.

"We never saw her work until after it had been marked at school," Lady Angliss said. "But my husband loved to read her essays through in the evenings."

Young author

Dark-haired Diana has already written a book-length story called "The Aboriginal Boy."

It is the story of an aboriginal boy's life based on facts Diana gleaned while visiting Queensland with her grandparents, who took her with them everywhere they could.

Diana began learning tennis at school from Mrs. Nancy Bolton two years ago.

According to her teacher she is a particularly good pupil, with plenty of enthusiasm for the game, which she seems to prefer to other sports.

"She was keen to enter the Schoolgirls and Schoolboys' Christmas tournament at Koo-ying this year, although she is only 12 and it is for 'Under 14s,'" Mrs. Bolton said. "I advised her to wait until next year, so I guess she will be a certain competitor next December."

Her grandfather's fortune, which was greater than South Africa's diamond king Oppen-



YOUNG heiress Diana Knox was chosen to present a bouquet to Queen Elizabeth in Melbourne during the Royal tour of Australia.

heimer's (£3,500,000), has been left to people in all walks of life.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, an old friend of Sir William, with whom he served in the Legislative Council in the '20s, will receive an annuity of £1000.

"He realised the great sacrifice Mr. Menzies has made in giving up a brilliant career of his own to serve his country," Lady Angliss said.

No Rolls-Royce

The millionaire's chauffeur of 31 years, Mr. Laurie Harris, receives a legacy of £1000.

"Every mile of the 900,000-odd I drove Sir William was a pleasure," Mr. Harris said. "He was the most considerate employer one could wish for, and had a heart of gold."

Mr. Harris said Sir William had never bought a Rolls-

Royce because he thought it would be ostentatious.

"And he thought the same about chauffeurs' uniforms, so I've never worn one," he added with a smile.

Sir William's will was valued for probate at £3,932,542. Executors expect about £1,500,000 to go in probate duty. Of the remainder, a £1,000,000 trust fund has been set aside for charity — £900,000 for Victoria and £100,000 for Queensland, where Sir William made some of his vast fortune.

Members of Sir William's family, apart from Diana, will share in the income from about £500,000.

Mr. C. L. Cunneen, an executive of Sir William's meat firm and president of the council of the William Angliss Food Trades School which he established in 1939, describes him as a financial genius whose slogan was "Don't worry—work."

"He was extremely human in his dealings with his employees and nothing was too small to pack into that amazing memory of his."

"He had a willing and patient ear, and the ability to help on matters as far apart as high finance and gardening, so all kinds of people turned to him for advice."

Sir William earned the title of "Australia's youngest old man" in his latter years, and went about his business energetically until shortly before his death at 92.

He never failed to go into his shop in Bourke Street and select his own weekend joint.

The Angliss meat empire was built up by a lad who began work as a butcher's boy in London.

Young William Angliss spent his life savings — £4 — to get to America, but soon

returned to England and headed the next time for Australia, preferring to settle in a Commonwealth country.

On arrival, 73 years ago, he was refused work at a Rockhampton meat factory which he was later to add to his empire.

After working in Queensland and New South Wales for a year, William Angliss went into debt to buy a butcher shop in Carlton, Victoria.

Meat empire

Soon he bought the shop next door, and doubled his business.

Sir William's realisation of the importance of the new discovery, refrigeration, was the birth of his empire. He foresaw the possibilities of the frozen-meat trade for Australia, and tried to persuade the State Government and the Melbourne City Council to establish bigger meatworks and stabilise the industry.

They refused, so Sir William built his own meatworks at Footscray in 1904. He soon built stores in Queensland, N.S.W., and New Zealand.

At their peak the Angliss meatworks processed 3,000,000 sheep and lambs a year.

He began 40 years in politics in 1912 by winning a seat in the Victorian Legislative Council, and it was through the election campaign that he met Jacobena Grutzner. They married at the end of World War I.

They adored their only child, Eirene, who married David Knox, but died at the age of 26, soon after the birth of her daughter, Diana.



MILLIONAIRE philanthropist, the late Sir William Angliss, who left one of his four millions to his granddaughter, Diana Knox. When he was alive Diana always made sure he had a fresh rose in his lapel.

Science facts —

ABOUT THE MOON

THE moon, 240,000 miles from earth, is a stone sphere with a diameter of 2000 miles, or about one-quarter earth's diameter.

As the moon's gravitational force is so weak — only about one-sixth compared with earth — a moon man could jump from the ground to the roof of his house — if he existed and if he had a house.

The moon has no atmosphere, no water, and because it has no atmosphere — no air to carry sound — it is soundless.

It is also unprotected from deadly radiation — ultra-violet rays and X-rays from the sun and cosmic rays from space.

Day temperature on the moon is as hot as boiling water; night temperature is well below freezing.

Moonlight is reflected sunlight.

A moon man would see the earth as a shining disc or crescent, depending on the relative directions of the earth and the sun.

The moon is covered with about a quarter-inch layer of dust, which may have come from bombardment

by meteors. The moon's surface is pitted with huge craters miles across, surrounded by mountains higher than Everest. Some craters have high mountains inside them.

The moon is the earth's satellite. It takes a lunar month, or a little more than 27 days, to make one revolution on its own axis, and exactly the same time to make one revolution of the earth.

Because of this curious coincidence the moon always shows us the same face.

The moon produces the tides (next week's article will deal with tides), but a new use will soon be made of the moon.

Already radio signals — and even speech — have been bounced off the moon and received back without significant loss in quality.

This means that when radio-telephone links round the earth fail because of storms in the ionosphere, the moon may be used as a bouncing board.

The moon may be used also in the future to send television signals round the world.

BALLET IS LILI'S BEST LOVE

Banned dance a gimmick, says big-eyed Athenian

● For someone who is billed as the "sexiest dancer in the world," Lili Berde (pronounced Berd-ay) is as surprising as a striptease act in a gym tunic.

LILI is appearing at the Tivoli Theatre, Sydney, in her controversial "marihuana" dance.

Describing, in actions, the emotions of a drug addict, the dance has been banned on B.B.C. television, in Stockholm and New York, but Lili can't understand why.

She shrugged and said, "It is a gimmick, I suppose, but it is art in its own way."

"I dance quite dressed, everything on."

"I am not a sexy dancer, but," and she shrugged again, "I like to make money."

Lili has cropped brown hair and big mournful eyes. She is tall, sunburnt, and muscular, but graceful.

Extra pounds

Her measurements—36, 21, 35 — are causing her some concern.

"I have put on 4lb. since I have been in Australia," she said gloomily.

Lili gives the impression of being a rather serious young woman. She is devoted to traditional ballet.

Wearing abbreviated white shorts, a green sun-top, and curled up comfortably on a chair in her King's Cross flat, she said firmly, "I am a classical ballerina."

She is successful in her sphere, she has travelled, she has clothes by famous designers, and she's been proposed to by a Swedish prince and an Arab potentate.

Lili's career began at the

age of 13 in Athens, Greece.

"My father was quite rich, but he gave up everything after mother died in 1938," she said. "He was shot by the Germans in 1943."

"I became a little ballerina at the Athens Opera House. I was in the chorus, nothing much."

"I was, as they say, the black sheep of the family. Someone had to fight for the kids — my two brothers and sister. There was no one else."

"I would get up at six a.m. and go to the gardens outside Athens to buy cheap vegetables, then I would sell them. In the afternoons I went to school."

Lili has a methodical mind. She catalogues everything in her life by the date.

"In 1945, when the Germans left Greece, I was still at the Opera House," she said.

"Then the English came back, and the Australians. So I have danced for Australians before, when I was a little girl. I was their mascot, they used to say."

"I remember they were tall and handsome men, with unusual hats."

In 1947 the Greek Government sent Lili to study in Paris.

She leant forward in her chair and said again, em-

RIGHT: Lili Berde, sensational Greek dancer, poses on a cocktail bar in costume for her "marihuana" dance. The costume is black, sequin-encrusted, with a midriff top and wrapover skirt.



phatically, "I was a classical ballerina. What I do now has nothing to do with that."

Lili became a prima ballerina. She seemed set for success. Then she contracted tuberculosis.

She talks about it in a matter-of-fact way. "I was told I was finished as a dancer, but I was determined to go

chair, she wriggled, stretched one long, brown leg, gazed at it, then curled up again.

"I have remembered a funny story," she said.

"When I was going through the Yugoslav Customs, they

Athens, the Opera House had closed down.

"I thought nothing was left for me, so I went to Paris. I wanted to join one of the famous ballet companies, but they were on tour."

"Then the Dinarzade restaurant — it is not a nightclub — offered me an engagement. I was tempted by the money and I accepted."

"One night Spyros Skouras, who is the head of 20th Century-Fox, was at the restaurant with Olivia de Havilland."

"Mr. Skouras said, 'How do you like to go to America?'"

"But the next day I received a lot of flowers from Hans Truidson."

"Hans is of Swedish royal

blood. He wanted me to marry him in three days."

"I had forgotten about America. I said there are two things he had to agree to: I would never stop my dancing training, and I would never let down my family."

"He agreed, and paid 900,000 francs to buy my contract."

"Hans' mother was very kind, but she told me, 'Lili, we can't have a dancer in the family. You have to forget about it.'"

Long contract

"Hans and I quarrelled — he had agreed for me to continue training — and I thought there is no happiness for me here."

So she went back to Paris.

"I began to dance at the Dinarzade again. I met Spyros Skouras again, and he asked, 'What about America now?' I signed a seven-year contract. I am still under it."

"In September, 1954, I went to Hollywood and made some television films."

"In Washington I was in a show with Sophie Tucker."

"I was having flowers and invitations to dinner from an Arab sheik."

"Finally we met at a party and he wanted to marry me. He said, 'I want to mix Arabian and Greek bloods.'"

"But I didn't want them mixed."

It was later, when she returned to London, that Lili thought of her controversial "marihuana" dance.

"I had some friends to the studio, and they said, 'Lili, you must dance it in public. It will be a novelty.'"

About men, Lili said, "I have never had much time to find my ideal man. He must be somewhere in the world — I just don't meet him yet."

About proposals: "I suppose I have had as many as any other girl."

By DAWN JAMES, staff reporter

on. It took years to learn how to breathe with my stomach instead of my lungs.

"I was dancing again by 1953. Then Greece became friends with Yugoslavia — always we are big enemies — and I was sent to represent Greek ballet at the Opera House in Belgrade."

Lili suddenly broke off her story. In her comfortable

searched all my luggage. They found a head.

"I was dancing Salome, the dance with the head of John the Baptist. It was a horrible-looking head, and the Customs men wanted to open it."

"I didn't know the language. It was three o'clock in the morning. They had to delay the train while I explained."

"When I went back to

Dresses by Dior and Lanvin



ABOVE: With a muted pink silk jersey dress, Lili wears pearl jewellery. LEFT: Lili wears a Christian Dior white lace dress with sapphire brooch.



ABOVE: Black wool suit by Lanvin, which Lili calls her "sack suit." RIGHT: Classic white silk coat made by Parisian master tailor Raphael.



A mother who "tries too hard" may fail with her child

● The woman who loses her temper and screams at her toddler—breaking all the experts' rules—may be most successful as a mother. She is just as quick to express tenderness, gaiety, or remorse. Her child knows where he stands, writes Milton R. Sapirstein, a leading American psychologist, in this article taken from his book "Paradoxes of Everyday Life."

"I CAN'T take it any longer, Doctor. Maybe I was never meant to be a mother. I've tried to be patient, but Johnny's too much for me. I know he's only five, but he's got to learn to listen."

"Just this morning I kept asking him to play somewhere else, not in the kitchen, but he hangs around doing things that annoy me until I just have to explode."

"When he spilled his milk all over the floor today I couldn't control myself any longer—I screamed at him and hit him and his nose began to bleed. I didn't mean to hit him so hard . . ."

"Then I realised that he's still a baby and he doesn't mean to be bad. So I tried to make it up to him. After he stopped crying, I spent the rest of the morning playing with him. I told him I was sorry I hit him so hard and that I love him even when I get angry."

"I want Johnny to grow up right, but I'm so afraid I'll make a mess of his life."

One could search through the manuals of child care without finding an approving word for women like Johnny's mother.

She breaks all the rules, and from the experts' point of view, her children start with a grave handicap. No doubt she loves them, but they are bound to feel insecure.

But there is a paradox here: the children of these screaming mothers often turn out surprisingly well. And, on the other hand, I have seen some pretty poor specimens from homes where the emotional barometer is always steady and both parents are models of self-control and understanding. One point must be made clear. The behaviour of the uncontrolled mother should not be compared with that of the psychotic mother.

The latter is mentally and emotionally at sea. She rages and rants and punishes her children for reasons which make no sense.

The "screaming mother" is another sort of person. Her impulses are healthy and so are her responses. She reacts quickly, and, when the reaction is one of anger, she screams. But she is just as ready to express tenderness or gaiety or remorse.

Almost primitive in its simplicity and directness, this is behaviour which the woman who reins herself in too much forgets. By the mere fact of continually stopping to think, she erects a mental barrier, and such barriers are notoriously hard to break down.

Early in life children of the screaming mother find out just what makes her happy or sad and what actions of theirs provoke her to fury.

This is a priceless boon to the developing child. His mother's consistency as a person clarifies his relations with her—he knows where he stands.

The admirably controlled modern mother, who brings up her child by the book, may go wrong. She lets logic take the place of instinct, reason of emotion. Between her and the child the lines of communication are clogged.

The "screamers"

The screaming mother never fails to make emotional contact with her child. Kindred souls, they react upon each other continually, a healthy give-and-take which sets the pattern for all his future relationships. It makes him feel real, a living, kicking, screaming Somebody.

There is another way in which the screaming mother helps her child. Her spontaneous outbursts and the rich diversity of her reactions make her a wonderful object for study and mimicry. The child learns both by watching and having to react in his turn.

Having "rehearsed" his feelings in the protected atmosphere of home, he is prepared to meet his contemporaries. Children tend to make contact, as animals do, through non-verbal processes. They sniff, they circle, they stretch out a tentative paw. Their decision is apt to be final. Outcasts are recognised at a glance and often ruthlessly treated.

The youngsters so marked—usually those deprived of basic emotional training—may withdraw in alarm and seek refuge among the elders to whom they have become accustomed.

These "perfect" children, so docile and well-mannered, so pleasing to their parents, may shock them severely later in life.

In normal problems of discipline, no child of a screaming mother is ever in doubt over what she would like or not like him to do.

When punishment follows crime so instantaneously, the child has a clear conception of the kind of behaviour it would be wise to avoid in the future. Thinking out how to discipline the child, as the over-conscientious mother does, fuzzes the issue.

By the time punishment is inflicted the child may have forgotten the nature of his offence. As far as he is concerned it is probably not an offence, anyway. The world of adult values is mostly inexplicable to him. That is why it is difficult to reason with a very young child.

It does not occur to the screaming mother to argue with the child. Her children may resent her dominance, but they do not question it; the facts are too plain.

Both parties are spared the agonising and inconclusive tug-of-war which takes place when mothers want their children to behave in a certain fashion but hesitate to seem tyrannical.

Dramatic evidence of how roundabout disciplinary methods may boomerang was recently brought to me by a patient who had treated her little boy with exaggerated care from the time of his birth.

She and her husband had absorbed all the prevailing theories. They even leaned down when addressing him so that he would not be overwhelmed by their superior height.

The word "don't" was never used. If the child tried to touch a hot stove his mother would distract him in elaborate and ingenious fashion, giving him positive compensation in the form of amusement.

Everything was fine until his first day at school. He stood with the other novices, curious, expectant, and seemingly quite unafraid.

A teacher told the children to form a line, preparatory to entering the classroom. About half fell into place. The others, including this child, dawdled. The teacher repeated the order, raising her voice.

Then the child began to vomit and had to be sent home. It was three weeks before he could return.



THE MOTHER who screams at her child one minute, may be ministering tenderly to him the next. She lacks emotional control, but makes up for her impatience with impulsive expressions of love.

Emotionally, this child had been wrapped in cotton-wool all his life, had never been spoken to sharply. In his own home the voice of authority was absent. To hear it for the first time in such unfamiliar circumstances proved a major shock.

Possibly, too, the boy was reacting to a sudden uprush of anger for which the vomiting served as outlet—anger directed not at the teacher but at his mother. She had, in effect, pushed him out of his cosy nest and placed him in a terrifying situation.

He vomited his rage and simultaneously rejected the mother who had rejected him.

Many troubles would be avoided if it were admitted that it is impossible for any woman to love her children 24 hours a day.

Unfortunately many good women feel they have to stifle their quite natural irritation, and if it does rise to consciousness they feel guilty.

The normal woman looks forward to the birth of her child. While she may have some fears connected with the delivery itself, she expects all will be well once the child is in her arms. After the months of waiting and dreaming she is prepared for a great surge of love.

But, presented with her baby, she feels strange and numb, unaccountably alienated from the odd little creature who has become her responsibility for the months and years to come.

As a rule this feeling vanishes when she recovers her strength. Her duties, though onerous, are not beyond her capabilities.

Her task is to transform a spewing, incontinent, irrational, and often intractable young animal into at least the approximation of a social being.

To assume that this can be done without resentments on both sides is wishful thinking.

A surge of love

The woman who cannot admit that she sometimes feels angry with her children is not doing them a favor.

She is afraid to relax her control even for a moment. She becomes dull and unresponsive emotionally, as incapable of affection as she is of rage. Her children feel no warmth.

Normal tensions between parent and child should find adequate expression. Then the child tests his strength and resourcefulness and discovers the limits of tolerable behaviour.

It is almost impossible to bring up a child in our society without in some way disturbing him sexually; and no single method can be guaranteed to work in all cases.

The screaming mother may not contribute to her child's sexual enlightenment, but in this field, as in others, her candid reactions are of considerable value.

The screaming mother's liabilities are obvious, her virtues seldom recognised.

While her attitude may be wrong—repressive or foolishly over-excited—it is not dishonest; it reflects what she really feels.

Emotional control is an excellent thing, but it should not be put before real affection and understanding between parents and children.

Bringing up a family should be an adventure, not an anxious discipline in which everybody is constantly graded for performance.

Many parents fail simply because they try too hard.

The young Johnny of our prologue had a splendid education. His mother was a real person, fallible, tempestuous and thoroughly human. She let him see just what made her tick, and he was beginning to learn how to handle her—a valuable lesson.



HAPPY GROUP of children under the beach umbrella with Mrs. Gordon Hazell (left) and Mrs. Brian Oxenham are (from left) Kathleen and Sally Hazell, Kim Oxenham, Fiona Rose, Chris Hazell, and (in front) Shane and Michelle Oxenham and Pranelle Rose.



SWIMMING LESSON in the pool for three-year-old Roland Starr, who gets some good advice from Valerie McKenzie, of Lavender Bay, and Mrs. Ronald Moore.



By the Sea at Palm Beach

ALL over New South Wales people are now setting off for the coast to holiday beside the sea and for a few weeks to lead a carefree, outdoor life against a background of blue ocean, golden sand and sunshine.

Most of the day is spent relaxing on the beach acquiring an even suntan.

Here at Palm Beach, miles from the rush and bustle of the city, holidaymakers wear beach clothes from dawn to dusk, then slip into gay cottons for impromptu parties held at night.

Guests push back the rugs and dance to the music of the radiogram, then often have a moonlight swim in the pool before returning home.



BEACH BELLES (from left) Judy Pennesfather, Jackie Herbert, Winn Aitken, and Pammy Cahan, who have taken a house at the beach for a month's holiday.

TINY SUNWORSHIPPER Susan Atkins, aged eighteen months, arrived bright and early on the beach with her mother, Mrs. Jim Atkins, and Arts student Janice Haworth.



TRIO of young people chatting on the beach are (from left) Warwick Buddle, of Roseville, Penny Curtis, who lives at Palm Beach, and Naomi Frederick, of Pymble. Penny wore a beach coat of pink towelling over her blue two-piece.



RELAXING on the verandah of their parents' beach house are suntanned Jann McWilliam and brother Bruce. The McWilliam family plan to spend six weeks at the beach.



SUNBAKING on the sand are Graham Trevana and pretty Margaret Koch, who drove from Pymble to spend the day on the beach.



DRYING OFF after a quick swim in the surf are Christopher Caunt and Frances Canning-Robinson, of Hunter's Hill.

4.50 FROM PADDINGTON

by Agatha Christie

Second instalment of our murder mystery

WHEN MRS. ELSPETH McGILLICUDDY caught her train to Brackhampton after a day's shopping she did not imagine she would see a woman being strangled by a man in the carriage of a train running for a few moments alongside hers. Fortunately she was on her way to stay with her old friend JANE MARPLE, amateur detective. She tells her she saw only the back of the man's head and that the woman was blond and wearing a light-colored fur coat. The two women are mystified when no murder is reported by the next day.

By making a few trips in the same train to Brackhampton Miss Marple deduces the position of the train when the murder took place. To help her investigate she enlists LUCY EYELESBARROW, an intelligent, attractive woman who likes to work as a housekeeper. She tells Lucy she thinks the body

was thrown from the train as it encircled the grounds of Rutherford Hall on the outskirts of Brackhampton. Lucy is engaged as a housekeeper at the Hall by E. M. A. CRACKENTHORPE, who lives there with her invalid miserly father. Lucy says she wants to be near Brackhampton to be close to her aunt (in reality, Miss Marple).

Lucy discovers a piece of blond fur on a bush near the railway embankment and also a powder-compact. Two schoolboys, ALEXANDER, only son of BRYAN EASTLEY, who was married to EDITH CRACKENTHORPE, and JAMES STODDART-WEST, staying at the Hall for Christmas, take her to an old stone building called the Long Barn. It is filled with statuary and Lucy makes a shocking discovery when she lifts the lid of a sarcophagus. NOW READ ON:

A FEW minutes later Lucy, rather pale, left the barn, locked the door and put the key back on the nail.

She went rapidly to the stables, got out her car and drove down the back drive. She stopped at the post office at the end of the road. She went into the telephone box, put in the money and dialled.

"I want to speak to Miss Marple."

"She's resting, miss. It's Miss Eyelesbarrow, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"I'm not going to disturb her and that's flat, miss. She's an old lady and she needs her rest."

"You must disturb her. It's urgent."

"I'm not—"

"Please do what I say at once."

When she chose, Lucy's voice could be as incisive as steel. Florence knew authority when she heard it.

Presently, Miss Marple's voice spoke.

"Yes, Lucy?"

Lucy drew a deep breath.

"You were quite right," she said.

"I've found it."

"A woman's body?"

"Yes. A woman in a fur coat. It's in a stone sarcophagus in a kind of barn-cum-museum near the house. What do you want me to do? I ought to inform the police, I think."

"Yes. You must inform the police. At once."

"But what about the rest of it? About you? The first thing they'll want to know is why I was prying up a lid that weighs tons for apparently no reason. Do you want me to invent a reason? I can."

"No. I think, you know," said Miss Marple in her gentle, serious voice, "that the only thing to do is to tell the exact truth."

"About you?"

"About everything."

A sudden grin split the whiteness of Lucy's face.

"That will be quite simple for me," she said. "But I imagine they'll find it quite hard to believe!"

She rang off, waited a moment, and then rang and got the police station.

"I have just discovered a dead body in a sarcophagus in the Long Barn at Rutherford Hall."

"What's that?"

Lucy repeated her statement and, anticipating the next question, gave her name.

She drove back, put the car away, and entered the house.

She paused in the hall for a moment, thinking.

Then she gave a brief, sharp nod of the head and went to the library, where Miss Crackenthorpe was sitting helping her father to do "The Times" crossword.

"Can I speak to you a moment, Miss Crackenthorpe?"

Emma looked up, a shade of apprehension on her face. The apprehension was, Lucy thought, purely domestic. In such words do useful household staff announce their imminent departure.

"Well, speak up, girl, speak up," said old Mr. Crackenthorpe irritably.

Lucy said to Emma:

"I'd like to speak to you alone, please."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Crackenthorpe. "You say straight out here what you've got to say."

"Just a moment, Father," Emma rose and went towards the door.

"All nonsense. It can wait," said the old man angrily.

"I'm afraid it can't wait," said Lucy.

Mr. Crackenthorpe said, "What impertinence!"

Emma came out into the hall;

Lucy followed her and shut the door behind them.

"Yes?" said Emma. "What is it? If you think there's too much to do with the boys here, I can help you and—"

"It's not that at all," said Lucy. "I didn't want to speak before your father because I understand he is an invalid and it might give him a shock. You see, I've just discovered the body of a murdered woman in that big sarcophagus in the Long Barn."

Emma Crackenthorpe stared at her.

"In the sarcophagus? A murdered woman? It's impossible!"

"I'm afraid it's quite true. I've rung up the police. They will be here at any minute."

A slight flush came in Emma's cheek.

"You should have told me first—before notifying the police."

"I'm sorry," said Lucy.

"I didn't hear you ring up—"

Emma's glance went to the telephone on the hall table.

"I rang up from the post office just down the road."

"But how extraordinary. Why not from here?"

Lucy thought quickly.

"I was afraid the boys might be about—might hear—if I rang up from the hall here."

"I see . . . Yes . . . I see . . ."

They are coming—the police, I mean?"

"They're here now," said Lucy, as with a squeal of brakes a car drew up at the front door and the front-door bell pealed through the house.

"I'm sorry, very sorry—to have asked this of you," said Inspector Bacon.

His hand under her arm, he led

Emma Crackenthorpe out of the



barn. Emma's face was very pale, she looked sick, but she walked firmly erect.

"I'm quite sure that I've never seen the woman before in my life."

"We're very grateful to you, Miss Crackenthorpe. That's all I wanted to know. Perhaps you'd like to lie down?"

"I must go to my father. I telephoned to Dr. Quimper as soon as I heard about this and the doctor is with him now."

Dr. Quimper came out of the library as they crossed the hall. He was a tall, genial man, with a casual off-hand, cynical manner that his patients found very stimulating.

He and the inspector nodded.

"Miss Crackenthorpe has performed an unpleasant task very bravely," said Bacon.

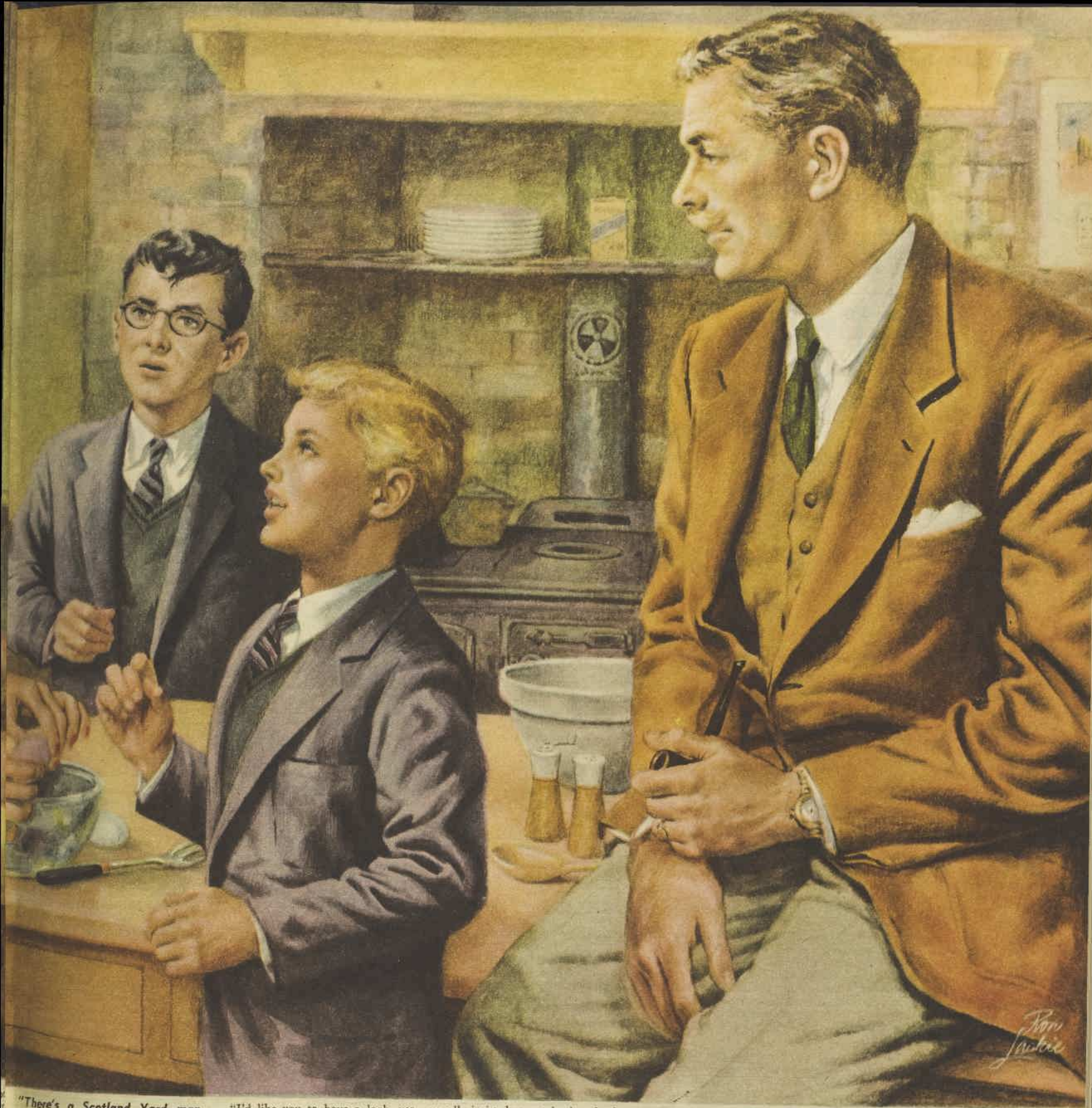
"Well done, Emma," said the doctor, patting her on the shoulder. "You can take things. I've always known that. Your father's all right. Just go in and have a word with him, and then go into the dining-room and get yourself a glass of brandy. That's a prescription."

Emma smiled at him gratefully and went into the library.

"That woman's the salt of the earth," said the doctor, looking after her. "A thousand pities she's never married. The penalty of being the only female in a family of men. The other sister got clear, married at 17, I believe. This one's quite a hand, some woman really. She'd have been a success as a wife and mother."

"Too devoted to her father, suppose," said Inspector Bacon.

"She's not really as devoted as



"There's a Scotland Yard man here," said Alexander excitedly to Lucy. "I wonder if he'll stay for lunch."

all that—but she's got the instinct some women have to make their menfolk happy. She sees that her father likes being an invalid, so she lets him be an invalid. She's the same with her brothers. Cedric feels he's a good painter, what's his name—Harold—knows how much she relies on his sound judgment—she lets Alfred shock her with his stories of his clever deals. Oh, yes, she's a clever woman—no fool. Well, do you want me for anything? Want me to have a look at your corpse now Johnstone has done with it? (Johnstone was the police surgeon) and see if it happens to be one of my medical mistakes?"

"I'd like you to have a look, yes Doctor. We want to get her identified. I suppose it's impossible for old Mr. Crackenthorpe? Too much of a strain?"

"Strain? Fiddlesticks. He'd never forgive you or me if you didn't let him have a peep. He's all agog. Most exciting thing that's happened to him for fifteen years or so — and it won't cost him anything!"

"There's nothing really wrong with him then?"

"He's seventy-two," said the doctor. "That's all, really, that's the matter with him. He has odd rheumatic twinges — who doesn't? So he calls it arthritis. He has palpitations after meals — as well he may — he puts them down to 'heart.' But he can always do anything he wants to do! I've plenty of patients like that. The ones who are really ill

usually insist desperately that they're perfectly well. Come on, let's go and see this body of yours. Unpleasant, I suppose?"

"Johnstone estimates she's been dead between a fortnight and three weeks."

"Quite unpleasant, then."

The doctor stood by the sarcophagus and looked down with frank curiosity, professionally unmoved by what he had named the "unpleasantness."

"Never seen her before. No patient of mine. I don't remember ever seeing her in Brackhampton. She must have been quite good-looking once — hm — somebody had it in for her all right."

They went out again into the air. Doctor Quimper glanced up at the building.

"Found in the — what do they

call it? — the Long Barn — in a sarcophagus! Fantastic! Who found her?"

"Miss Lucy Eyesbarrow."

"Oh, the latest lady help? What was she doing, poking about in sarcophagi?"

"That," said Inspector Bacon grimly, "is just what I am going to ask her. Now, about Mr. Crackenthorpe. Will you —"

"I'll bring him along." Mr. Crackenthorpe, muffled in scarves, came walking at a brisk pace, the doctor beside him.

"Disgraceful," he said. "Absolutely disgraceful! I brought back that sarcophagus from Florence in — let me see — it must have been in 1908 — or was it 1909?"

"Steady now," the doctor warned him. "This isn't going to be nice, you know."

"No matter how ill I am, I've got to do my duty, haven't I?"

A very brief visit inside the Long Barn was, however, quite long enough. Mr. Crackenthorpe shuffled out into the air again with remarkable speed.

"Never saw her before in my life!" he said. "What's it mean? Absolutely disgraceful. It wasn't Florence — I remember now — it was Naples. A very fine specimen. And some fool of a woman has to come and get herself killed in it!"

He clutched at the folds of his overcoat on the left side.

"Too much for me . . . My heart . . . Where's Emma? Doctor . . ."

Doctor Quimper took his arm.

"You'll be all right," he said. "I

To page 35

He was always building them in
the air, but hers was a . . .

Castle on Earth

A short short story

By NAT EASTON

SHE faced about and sat down on the soft, very green grass, mechanically, rather nervously, smoothing her clothes. Her face and her legs and arms were brown-gold. Her dress was a simple slip of yellow linen.

As she bent her head, thoughtfully watching her hands smoothing, the sides of her sun-bleached hair swung softly together, curtaining her off with her thoughts.

After a while she raised her head and laid her hands still in her lap. She looked about her at the familiar place. At her sides and back the grey rocks rose in a great jumble, like bricks tipped from some vast, impossible lorry. Before her the land slipped away downwards in a long curve, clear almost of rocks.

From her feet the track descended to the catapult shape of the road junction, its signpost a toy in the distance. Beyond that the slates of old Mrs. Elroyd's roof glinted through the beeches, at the narrow neck of the vale, and farther still a high and definite horizon swelled the great brown back of Bopple Down.

Rooftop, Marie called it. And now again, high among all this airiness and light, the feeling which she had found to be inevitable came to her. An absurd but persistent feeling that in all this wash of sun and wind you must put down roots of your own or you would somehow blow away or evaporate. Not, of course, actually — only in a way.

It was queer to explain even to get it clear in her own head. But she felt herself to be a visitor, not a resident, for all her four years in this moor world — and it was a world.

Housekeeping for Uncle Frederick, who preferred to live in hotels, anyway, was just not part of this. Renting a furnished villa with a resident gardener gave you no chance to grow or rear things. It was . . . well, artificial, ephemeral.

You had to make yourself part of the earth up here or you were not a live person, not a useful part of the scheme of things, but merely a marionette, twitching about theatrically and quite without purpose. That was the feeling, as well as she could analyse it. And she had been forced to analyse it, as well as Michael, before she could decide.

Below, she saw the tiny figure of him swoop on the crossroad, lean his blue racing cycle next to her own



ILLUSTRATED
BY DUNLOP

against the top signpost, and start up the track towards her.

For the first time since she had first met him, ten fleeting months ago, she tried, half-closing her eyes, to see Michael coolly, as anyone not loving him would. These last few days, ever since Uncle Frederick had told her about the trip to America, she had been trying to see Michael, in her mind, this way.

It had been strangely difficult to picture him, despite so many memories and the photograph on her dressing-table. In the end she had made her decision without seeing the clear picture she had struggled towards. And now, here he was again, the Michael she met every Saturday afternoon.

Softened by her dropped lashes, the miniature figure grew with the seconds, swinging rapidly up the slope towards her. He was always rapid. It was this rapidity of his which had helped her decide at last to go with Uncle Frederick to America and to tell Michael about it in her weekly letter.

She had postponed writing until she had thought it out and had only posted the tremendous news yesterday. It must have reached him this morning. Yes, his way of flying along had been one of the things in her mind. Ever since she had met him, their friendship, their love, had such a rush to it. It had gone by so fast.

Too fast to be real, she thought.

They had met in the public library at Newton Aimesworth, the little town fourteen miles away, where he lived. Marie had asked the assistant librarian if she could recommend something funny. "How about me?" a voice had suggested promptly, in a library whisper.

She had turned and seen a tall young man with soft, dark hair and green, faraway eyes, who had an air of not only listening for her reply but to some echo of his own words. The surface of his face was serious, slightly ironical, but suddenly the eyes and mouth smiled with a candor that charmed her utterly. He took her arm and led her outside, leaving the assistant librarian in giggles.

"I'm Inchcliffe," he said. "Michael Inchcliffe."

Marie had laughed. He had a detached air which saved him, almost magically, from impudence. He took her to a nearby cafe for tea. And there she began to learn about Michael. That his two elder brothers had been killed in the war and how he had found himself expected to enter his father's business, a group of restaurants.

How he was starting at the bottom, not too sure yet that he could settle to it, but keeping on, so far, to please his father. That he lived with his parents in Newton Aimesworth but

spent most of his evenings—short, after a long day's work—cycling in the country.

These and more facts of his life he told her. Others, watching him, secretly spellbound, she saw for herself. His ever-ready humor and simple dignity. His healthy belief in himself. His natural, heady charm. In a flash, like that, she knew him, in essence.

In another flash, it seemed, they were in love. The days and weeks and months that followed were so wonderful, so heady, that she had allowed that secret sense of unreality deep inside her to continue unquestioned. Until, suddenly, she was standing on the threshold of America.

And this swift, nonsensical dream world of theirs had not stood up to that definite, imminent fact.

And so she had written:

"It has been the loveliest thing, knowing you, Michael. But our marriage seems so far off to me, the little home we've so often talked about seems only a castle in the air. I feel I must be practical. Uncle Frederick has to go to America to lecture—probably to live. He says I may go, too, if I want to. It's up to me, he says. Well, as you know, Michael, I have always been fascinated by America . . .

"I know that you will understand, when we talk it over tomorrow . . ."

And now, naturally, she wondered how he had taken it. He was near enough now for her to hear him panting. He was hot, she could see, and, even for him, hurried. As he came he peeled his jacket off and rolled up his sleeves.

She could see by his expression and downcast eyes that he was, as so often, far away with some day-dream—but of course in this case it would be the thought of her near departure.

Suddenly he looked up, and, in that way of his, swooped to earth. He would so often recede to some private contemplation, his eyes remote, then in a twinkling be back

The first time they met had been in the town library.

at her side, hurrying her off on the wings of some new idea.

It was this breathless quality he infused into their lives which left her with that insubstantial feeling when it came to the test.

"Hello, woman," he called, mock severity in his voice and face.

"Hello, man," she answered.

He dropped down beside her. "I've a surprise for you," he said, giving her a quick kiss.

"What?" she asked, surprised already.

"Shut your eyes and hold out your hands."

She did so.

"Open."

"A key, Michael! What for?"

"It's the key of our home," he said, suddenly smiling. "Just exactly the one I've described to you so often." He put his arm round her shoulders.

"There's an acre more land than we planned, but really three won't be too much, when you come to think of it, Marie. Otherwise it's as per specification—on the moor, in a slight dip, two bedrooms, our reception, kitchen, and bathroom—and your thatched roof. I've rented it for one year, with an option to buy at the end. I pushed it through the final stages this morning, so that I could bring it to you on a plate, ma'm'selle. There's nothing for now but to marry me almost immediately. Surprised?"

"But — but the letter?" Marie asked.

"Oh, gosh, I never had time to read it."

He rummaged in his pocket and brought it out.

"I'll read it now."

"No, don't. Here, let me have it." She tore it open, crumpled it, and laid it on the rock at her side. Flicking on her lighter, she held it to the ball of paper.

"What was in it?" Michael asked.

"Nothing," Marie said. "Absolutely nothing. Tell me about the cottage again."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 8, 1950

Expression of Love

It's crazy—but you'll like this story

By
JACK FINNEY

ILLUSTRATED BY BECK



Ruth turned in horror as she heard her husband loudly exclaim to her, "Why! I never saw you before in my life!"

SLIDING his tray along the metal railing of the long cafeteria counter, Benjamin Callander reached for a slice of pie on a plate. Then he walked on a step or two and stopped beside his wife at the big cash register; he was a tall, thin young man in a blue suit, his face lean, his black hair cut short.

The white-capped girl at the register, fingers poised over the keys, glanced over his wife's tray and silently added up her bill. Ruth Callander stood waiting, a very pretty girl with red hair; she was wearing a grey dress with touches of yellow and a pert little feather toque to match.

"A dollar forty-four," the girl at the register said.

Ruth smiled pleasantly at the girl and picked up her tray, nodding over one shoulder towards Ben. "I'm with him," she murmured, and turned away towards the tables behind them.

"Why," Ben exclaimed, his voice loud and amazed-sounding. "I never saw you before in my life!"

The cashier glanced up quickly, then turned, frowning, to stare at Ruth, who stood frozen in mid-stride. Ruth's head swung to look at Ben in astonishment; then her eyes shifted to meet the gaze of the cashier—several patrons in line behind them, as well as at nearby tables, were watching interestedly. Ruth tried to smile, failed, and then opened her mouth to speak.

But Ben spoke first, quickly. "Not that I mind, little lady," he said gallantly, reaching for his wallet. As he did so, he shrugged a shoulder in puzzlement and glanced around the cafeteria, even up at the ceiling, as though wondering what sort of place he'd come into.

"That is," he added, dropping his eyes to let them roam the length of Ruth's fine, full figure, "if you don't mind a little company at lunch!" He rolled his eyes in a Groucho Marx leer, then leaned confidentially towards the cashier, opening his wallet and saying in a loud whisper, "Never set eyes on her before, but delighted to pay the little lady's bill."

Ruth, her face scarlet, hurried away towards the front of the cafeteria, coffee sloshing into her tray with every rapid step.

Half a minute later Ben set his tray on the edge of the table for two at the front of the cafeteria by the big window; Ruth sat motionless, not glancing up, her face turned from the cafeteria, staring out the window at the street.

"Well," Ben said, drawing out his chair to sit down, "this is an unexpected pleasure. Little lady," he added, and Ruth swung to face him, lips compressed.

"I'll kill you," she murmured. "With my hands. I will absolutely—" She stopped, struggling to keep her face straight. Then she began to laugh, silently, bent over the table, her shoulders quivering. After a moment she looked up, shaking her head, to smile at him. "Ben, what in the world is the matter with you?"

He grinned at her, picking up his fork. "Just in for our annual convention," he said. "Delightful city, San Francisco. Wonderful hospitality." He leered at her again. "And I'm delighted to make your acquaintance. You know," he said, leaning over the table towards her, "my wife doesn't understand me."

"She certainly doesn't," Ruth shook her head. "I never know what idiotic thing you're going to do next. Honestly, in front of all those people. How would you like it," she said, picking up her fork, "if I did things like that? Or like last week?"

"What was that?" He began to eat.

"When we were out with the Weiners. Stopping on the street corner to paw through a city trash basket, shouting after me to come see what you'd found." She smiled.

"I'd love it."

"I'll bet. Now, cut that out!" Ben was nodding and smiling, almost bowing from the waist, at a large middle-aged woman walking past on the sidewalk. She stared at him for a moment, then shrugged a shoulder haughtily, and walked on.

"She was staring down my throat," Ben protested. "Looking over my plate as though—"

"I don't care! And I'm warning you; I'm not putting up with that kind of stuff all afternoon. Understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then hurry up, and finish your lunch. We're meeting the Howsers at two, and it's nearly that now."

They entered Union Square, two blocks away, at just a minute or so past two and sauntered along the wide concrete walk. The square is a solid block of grass, shrubs, wide walks, and many benches, set in the very heart of downtown San Francisco.

Today, with the temperature 65 degrees and the sun shining brightly, the benches were crowded with people, talking, reading newspapers, or just sitting, with faces lifted to the sun. The walks were alive with waddling pigeons.

Ben and Ruth strolled slowly along towards the monument at the centre of the square, enjoying the day, watching for any sign of Charley and June Howser.

Then Ruth quickened her step, saying, "There she is," and Ben saw June entering the square from the Geary Street side. She was wearing a green dress, which suited her tall, slim figure perfectly, and a small matching hat. She was a good-looking girl with magnificent large eyes. Catching sight of Ruth and Ben, she smiled and hurried towards them.

"Hi, you two," she said as she reached them, and they all stopped on the walk to exchange greetings.

"Where's Charley?" Ben asked.

"Oh, he'll be along; he's parking the car. Though if he never showed up, it'd be all right with me."

"What's he been up to?" Ruth said.

"Oh—" June shook her head as though too exasperated to discuss it. But then she sighed, and went on. "We were sitting in the car, lined up along the curb on Geary Street, waiting to get into Union Square Garage; you know how busy it is Saturdays. And after a moment or so, Charley said, 'San Francisco,' just murmuring it, you know, as though he were talking to himself, thinking out loud."

"Then he went on in this reminiscent kind of voice, 'You know, I haven't thought of this for years, but today for some reason I remembered this kid I went to grade school with back in Des Plaines, Illinois. The rest of us were all going to be policemen, or ball players, or millionaires, or something, but Dave was going to own an automobile agency. In San Francisco, where he'd visited relatives once. Be the biggest car dealer in town. He used to talk about it. Crazy about the automobiles. Ransome, his name was—David Ransome. He was my best friend, and I never saw him again after we moved. Always wondered what happened to him, but I don't suppose he ever got out here. Or opened his car agency either.'"

"Well," June said with a shrug, "he went on like that, and I was only half listening, just sitting there and waiting."

To page 26

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2 raspberry-flavoured junket tablets, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 pint milk, 1 heaped tablespoon sugar, 1 level tablespoon sugar, 1 cup whipping cream, maraschino cherries, a few drops cochineal. Dissolve raspberry-flavoured junket tablets in 1 teaspoon cold water. Warm milk and cochineal adding 1 heaped tablespoon sugar. Remove from stove. Add dissolved tablets. Stir a few seconds and pour at once into individual dessert glasses. Let set until firm—about ten minutes. Chill. When ready to serve, whip the cream, adding 1 level tablespoon sugar and mixing well. Put on top of each dessert and decorate with maraschino cherries.

FAIRYLAND FRIED EGGS

1 plain junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 pint milk, 1 heaped tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4 or 5 tinned apricot halves. Dissolve junket tablet in 1 teaspoon cold water. Warm milk, sugar and vanilla to LUKEWARM—not hot. Remove from stove. Add dissolved tablet. Stir a few seconds and pour at once into individual dessert glasses. Let set until firm—about ten minutes. Chill. Just before serving, top each dish of junket with one of the tinned apricot halves with the rounded side up.

RUM JUNKET WITH PRUNE WHIP

1 plain junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 pint milk, 2 heaped tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon rum, 1 egg white, one-third cup prune pulp, 2 teaspoons lemon juice. Dissolve junket tablet in 1 teaspoon cold water. Warm milk and rum to LUKEWARM—not hot, adding 1 heaped tablespoon sugar. Remove from stove. Add dissolved tablet. Stir a few seconds and pour of once into individual dessert glasses. Let set until firm—about ten minutes. Chill. Just before serving, beat egg white until stiff. Add sugar gradually until thoroughly blended. Add prune pulp and lemon juice. Heap the glasses of junket with prune whip and, if desired, garnish with nuts.

LEMON GRAPE-NUT DESSERT

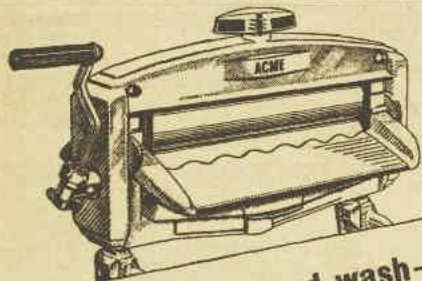
1 plain junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 pint milk, 1 teaspoon lemon flavouring, 4 tablespoons grape-nuts, 1 heaped tablespoon sugar, 4 tablespoons raisins. Mix grape-nuts and raisins. Divide among five dessert glasses. Dissolve junket tablet in 1 teaspoon cold water. Warm milk, sugar and lemon flavouring to LUKEWARM—not hot. Remove from stove. Add dissolved tablet and stir a few seconds. Pour over grape-nuts and raisins. Let set until firm—about ten minutes. Chill and serve. Sprinkle with grape-nuts before serving.



HS2

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Most men have no trouble in finding a wife, but for poor George it was a terribly difficult quest

Audition for MARRIAGE

By S. W. HUMASON

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDSTROM

AS George turned the car into the driveway, a gust of wind swept leaves ahead of it and the air smelled of rain. The yard swarmed with laughing, shouting children. George, father of five of the children, stopped the car under the portecochere and got out. He removed two pairs of roller skates and one stilt from the steps and then helped Marian out.

They surveyed the darting figures in the yard, and she said, obviously trying to make her voice amused instead of scared, "I thought you said five."

George laughed, but his throat was dry. He was scared too. "Unpredictable" was the word that could most consistently be applied to his offspring, but for some reason he had vaguely expected them to be lined up, smiling and in their best clothes, when he brought their prospective step-mother to meet them.

He reflected that he ought to be glad they had shoes on. Then he saw that one of them didn't. "Jane!" he said, guessing. It might be Johnny. But he was right.

"Put some shoes on. And I want you all to come inside." Jane said, "Nuts," but without any particular venom, and lying on her stomach she fetched a pair of loafers out from under the car. Then she whistled twice through her fingers and the running figures in the yard slowed and stood still.

"Inside!" George said. The children moved towards the house in a body. "Not all of you," he yelled hastily, "just mine. The rest of you go home."

Marian thought she saw six children go into the house. She and George and a large yellow dog followed.

"Go upstairs," George said, "and have a good wash, all of you, and then come and meet Miss Morse properly."

Five children went upstairs, crabwise, staring back at Marian over the banister. She gave them what she hoped was a ravishing smile. Only the older girl smiled back. The sixth child—she had been right—went, unaccountable and unchecked, into the living-room.

George got Marian's bag and took her upstairs to a bare but clean little room with a white-painted bureau and an old-fashioned bed with brass knobs.

Left alone, Marian stared out the window at what was now darkness. There were big trees, and the place should be pretty in the spring, she thought. The wind outside was noisy, and inside were scrambling footsteps and voices and a radio and the dog's bark.

"I've always loved children," she had assured George, not quite aware of the fact that she hadn't really seen any children for years, except being herded past the edges of cocktail and dinner parties. Still, she did like them; and the possibility of being stepmother to five poor motherless waifs, though alarming, had definite appeal.

But she had not expected them to be so big! She knew their ages: Philip was fifteen, Carolyn thirteen, Charles ten, and the twins, Jane and Johnny, nearly nine. There was a Mrs. Brill who came by the day to keep house. Their mother had been dead for four years. Marian recited these facts to herself for security.

George, changing into a clean shirt, thought that having Marian out was a frightening business at best. He knew that he should have told the children just who Marian was, but he had not wanted to rouse any hopes in case this thing didn't come off. He had not actually proposed to her, but he was half in love with her and he believed she was in love with him.

And she had said she liked children. Heaven knew, his could do with a mother, George thought. He did his best, but he hadn't time to do all that needed doing. If this visit worked, if Marian liked the kids and they liked her—well, he hoped it would work. Marian was pretty and charming, and the kids, if he did say so, were good kids—noisy, and rather wildly original, maybe, but honest and co-operative and fun to have around.

The five objects of his affection suddenly burst into the room, and he was barraged with questions: "How long is she going to stay?" "Why can't we use the other bathroom?"

"Can we get a television set?" "Why doesn't the carpenter come?" The last was from Charles, who worried.

"I think there's going to be a bad storm," Charles went on. "The barometer's dropping. I put buckets in the attic, just in case."

"Good," George said. "Now go and get dressed, all of you." "Who is this woman—the Queen of Sheba?" inquired Philip and fled from George's face.

In the room that he shared with Charles, Philip looked down at his jeans. "I'm not going to change," he announced.

"Dad wants us to," said Charles, carefully choosing a tin from his stock of four. That his father should be pleased and happy was his chief aim in life. Charles took care of things: mended broken boards, telephoned plumbers, watched which way the wind blew—all winds, seeing to the best of his ability that they did not blow too hard on his father.

The twins had connecting rooms. Johnny got clean jeans out of a drawer. "If you're going to wear jeans, so am I."

"She'll get us mixed up," Johnny said warily.

"No she won't," Jane said. When she was dressed she clasped a single string of pearls around her neck over the cowboy kerchief. Johnny put on his holster with two guns. Thus embellished and identified, they went downstairs.

Carolyn surveyed the dresses in her closet with care and calculation. She had not yet decided what sort of person she would be on entering the living-room tonight. She could wear the dirndl skirt and peasant blouse and be wide-eyed and young. She could wear a flannel skirt and tailored blouse and be capable and crisp.

She thought for a moment of not changing at all, but of putting on her boots and going for a walk down by the river. "I was a strange, wild child," she heard herself saying to some future interviewer. "I liked to go out alone, in the dark and let the wind blow through my hair."

Then she had another idea. She glanced into the hall to be sure no one was looking, and slipped up the attic stairs. Under the west eaves Charles' buckets were already pinging with raindrops.

George was in the living-room putting ice in the mixer when Marian went downstairs. The twins were sitting on the couch reading comic books, and the sixth, unnamed, child—a girl—was sitting in an easy chair by the fire. As Marian came in, she stood and said, "Hey!" to the twins, motioning them to get up. They rose obediently.

"George?" the girl said.

"Oh—Marian, this is Micky, Micky Prescott," George said. "She lives next door. Marian Morse." Micky shook hands with a grip of iron. Marian saw that Micky was not really a child, as she had first imagined; but she looked quite young and, like the twins, was wearing jeans.

"And these," said George, "are the twins."

"Hello," Marian said cordially.

"Hi," said the twins with one voice. They sat down again and opened their comics. Marian made a move to sit between them. They wriggled aside to give her room and went on reading. The dog came and put his head in her lap. She patted him tentatively. She did not really like dogs, but knew this was no time to say so.

"What's your dog's name?" she asked the twins.

"George," Jane said.

"Really?"

"That's right," said Johnny. "We named him after Dad."

George handed Marian a Martini and then gave one to Micky, who was now sitting on the bench in front of the fire. Charles appeared, clean and correct in a white shirt, grey suit and blue tie. His hair was brushed and parted, but stood up on the back of his head in spite of thorough wetting. Introduced, Charles walked over to Marian and made a little bow.

"Pleased to meet you, I'm sure," he said. Her heart warmed to him. He went and sat down beside Micky, who slipped an arm around his shoulders.

"Hurry now and get cleaned up so that you can come back and meet Miss Morse properly," George said, as the children dawdled up the stairs crabwise, all turning to stare at Marian.

Philip came in next. He hadn't changed from his jeans. His eyes, as he glanced at his father, were defiant. George put down his glass and motioned the boy to follow him into the hall. In a moment George was back, and Marian could hear Philip going back upstairs.

Johnny looked at the door. "Holy aspidistra!" he said.

Carolyn had unearthed, from a trunk in the attic, a dress of her aunt's. It was about twelve years old and three sizes too big. It fell to the floor in folds, and Carolyn had to kick it ahead of her in order to walk. There was a big bunch of artificial flowers on the front, and she had torn one off and put it in her hair.

She swooped into the room and sat on the footstool at George's feet. "Daddy dear," she said, "there's roast beef for dinner. I knew you liked it." Micky snorted. Carolyn looked at her with some resentment and spoke to the twins: "I did think you children would dress up a little."

The children were too interested in her performance to answer. "Oh!" she said prettily, "I haven't greeted our guest." She got up again, though it was difficult, and kicked her way across to Marian. "I'm delighted to see you," she said. "I'm Carolyn, the elder daughter."

Into the midst of this entered Philip in a summer tuxedo. It was his first. He had worn it once and spilled tomato soup on the lapel; traces of the soup were still there. Otherwise, he looked very handsome and well groomed. George knew that the tux was sheer insolence, but he was not going to make a thing of it now.

"Are you dining with us, Micky?" said Carolyn.

"No, she's not," said George briefly.

Johnny was indignant. "We invited her," he said.

"Not tonight," Micky said, getting up lazily and putting her Martini glass back on the tray. "I certainly enjoyed the first act"—she patted Carolyn on the head—"little woman." She nodded pleasantly to Marian, said, "Night, George. See you, brats," and left.

"Are you going to let that girl walk home alone?" asked Marian.

George laughed. "Micky's twenty-one," he said. "And she just lives about three hundred yards away." With some misgivings, Marian recognised her impressions of the little girl next door.

Mrs. Brill announced dinner by calling, "Come and get it."

"Will you take me in to dinner Phil?" asked Carolyn gaily. Philip, though he had put on the tux to be rude to his father, was enjoying it. Tomato soup or not, he felt it gave him an air. So he offered his arm to Carolyn.

George, with the sidewise smile that Marian loved, did the same for her. The twins joined arms and followed, singing, "The animals went in two by two," at the top of their lungs. Charles brought up the rear alone, stopping first to put the fire screen in place.

Sometime during the night the wind rose to a howling frenzy, bringing the rain in noisy whirls from the north-east. Marian lay listening to the creaking of the house; it sounded as if it might

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Continuing . . . Audition for Marriage

[from page 21]

fall down any minute, and she thought of her immaculate three-room apartment with considerable longing.

But they wouldn't go on living here. She would be firm about that. She was good at being firm—people had often said so. She heard footsteps overhead and decided that Mrs. Brill must have spent the night.

Actually it was Charles inspecting the leaks. His buckets weren't going to be enough to hold the water. He went down to the kitchen for some big kettles. Just as he passed the stair landing a window pane blew in. Charles broke his first self-written commandment by calling his father.

"What's the matter?" George said, and in a moment he came out. With Charles' help he managed to nail a blanket over the window, though it was soon soaked through and threatened to tear apart.

"Is it a hurricane, Dad?" Charles asked.

"Dashed if I know. We better check with the radio."

They padded downstairs together and turned on the radio. But the all-night announcer had nothing to say except that he was now going to play "Kiss of Fire" for Irene, Mary, Oscar, and Maurice. The barometer was low.

George went up and tapped on Marian's door. She came out, looking pretty but alarmed. "There's water running down on my bed."

How all occasions do inform against me, thought George, whose mind, in moments of stress, often ran to quotations. He patted Marian. "Fine welcome we're giving you," he said. "Go down to the living-room and tell Charles to light a fire. I'll see what goes on in the attic."

In the living-room, Charles had already started the fire. Marian huddled on the bench in front of it, shivering.

"Would you like a cup of tea?" Charles asked. This lady was his father's guest and to be treated as such, the boy thought, though at the back of his mind there was a small nagging fear that he couldn't name.

George came downstairs, looking grim. "The wind's lifted a lot of shingles," he said. He turned on the radio again, but there was no news of the storm.

A sudden gust ripped the blanket off the broken pane on the landing. Charles went to the cellar for boards, and George began nailing them over the window. The other children came out of their rooms to watch, their eyes happy with excitement.

Afterward, when they all went downstairs, Marian was still huddled in front of the fire, thinking of how she must convince George that they should move to the city. She looked up as George and the children came in and forced herself to smile. None of the children had bothered to put on bathrobes.

"Go get something more on, idiots," George said. They reappeared in varieties of shabby bathrobes—except for Carolyn, who had on a French negligee of blue silk with a torn lace top.

Marian remembered that she had once bought one quite like it in Paris many years before. She had not liked Paris very much, but the city had been considerably less strange than this great ark of a house shaking in the wind, filled with these loud, happy children.

"I'll make us a drink," George said. Marian accepted a whisky and soda gratefully. It warmed her and even cheered her a little, though not much. The wind roared, and another

flurry of shingles landed in the yard. George turned on the radio again. A husky baritone was singing "Melancholy Baby," and the children joined in with gusto. Then, suddenly, the power went off. The song stopped and the house was in darkness. The children shouted with joy.

"Right here, Dad," Charles said, reaching to the mantel for the matches and candles he had put there.

"I'm frightened, George," Marian said. He laughed and put his arm around her. In the flickering light she could see the children watching her with puzzlement.

The wind shook a shutter loose, and it banged unbearably against the house. There was a knock on the front door. Marian jumped, but the children just looked up. George unlocked the door and Micky came in, wearing oilskins and looking excited and happy.

"The bridge is out," she said in the tone of one bearing glad tidings, "and the river's way over its banks. It's really something. Come on out and see it, everyone. I have my search-light."

With joyous yelps the children ran for clothes. Micky whistled idly, staring at the fire. "You coming, George?" she said. "Miss Morse?"

George shook his head.

lot of sense. They're in no danger. They can sleep all day tomorrow, and this will be something they'll remember all their lives."

She still said nothing. She was disturbed and disapproving and irritated; she had had plans and hopes, and she did not want them defeated by wind and weather and the girl next door. They could work it out. They would live in the city, and the older children would go away to school. The younger ones, in proper clothes, and going to proper day schools, could be reclaimed to civilisation and the social graces.

She smiled. We'll work it out, she thought, and something about her sent a mild alarm through George's mind. But her smile was friendly, warm, and inviting. She stretched out on the sofa and George sat on the floor with his head against her. She played with his hair. He drowsed, his alarm dying. They would work it out.

The children came crashing back into the room, all talking at once. Micky said, "Stow it," speaking under rather than over the turmoil, and they stopped as if she had turned a tap.

"George, what about Mrs. Eaton?" Micky said. "She's all alone in that little cottage across the river. The water's over the road there."

George whistled. "Maybe the police got her," he said. He tried the telephone, but it was



"Thank you, no," Marian said coldly.

In boots and raincoats, the children swarmed downstairs again. Marian stood up. "Wait a minute," she said. They stopped in surprise. "This is the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of," she said. "It's after three in the morning. There's a terrible storm—I don't know what your father can be thinking of, but I do know that I—"

She was interrupted by Carolyn, who inquired clearly. "Who the heck do you think you are?"

Micky swatted Carolyn on the rear, and George said: "You apologise. Immediately."

Blushing, Carolyn walked over to Marian and made a little bow. "I beg your pardon," she said. "I was rude."

But as they went out Carolyn's clear young voice was raised again: "But who do you think you are?" This was followed by a tinkling laugh.

After they had slammed the door behind them George looked at Marian, who was staring at the floor. She was so pretty, and he had hoped it would work. The children needed a woman in the house—someone besides Mrs. Brill.

He knew they were good kids, but each had individual complexities, needed pulling or pushing—and he was not always sure how hard the pressure should be, or in what direction. It was hard to figure out alone.

Marian had made no comment after her outburst. George said defensively: "They're going across two open fields to the top of a hill, and Micky has a

dead. "We'd better go."

Marian sat up. "Go where?" "There's an old lady who lives alone in a cottage in a hollow," George said. "She may be in danger—scared, anyway."

Marian stood in front of him. "You're not going out in this storm and leave me here," she said. She wanted to push back the ring of faces. They had all turned to stare at her in incredulity and disapproval.

"Come along, then," said George abruptly. He went upstairs to get his boots.

There was silence. In her mind, Marian heard the echo of her words, and knew quite surely that she had killed her hopes and plans, that the question that George had never really asked would never be asked at all, that tomorrow she would go back to her apartment and would not be invited here again.

A log fell in the fireplace, and Charles got the poker and pushed it back. Johnny said slowly, "Well, for cryin' out loud." That was all.

George came back with his boots on, and carrying a coil of rope. "I'm going with you and Micky," Philip said suddenly. "I'm the oldest, and—"

"No," George said. "You may be needed here." Micky dropped her hand for a second on the boy's shoulder, and he muttered, "Okay," and stared into the fire.

would please George now. He did not like this Miss Morse; she had no business telling his father what or what not to do, but she was still a guest.

"Would you like to see my stamp collection?" he asked her. They sat on the sofa and looked at stamps until he slid sideways and slept, his head in her lap. The others slept on the floor, with the dog George in the midst of them. Marian closed her eyes and let a few tears come, for disappointment, frustration, and anger—anger at herself, George, Micky, the children, Mrs. Eaton, and, most of all, the weather. Any anxiety for George's present welfare was nearly buried under her own emotions.

With the first grey daylight, they came—George and Micky and Mrs. Eaton and Mrs. Eaton's cat. Mrs. Eaton was angry, or at least irritated. She had maintained all the way there that she had been perfectly safe and comfortable—though the water was up to her door and George and Micky had found her fully dressed and obviously scared.

"Who're you?" she asked Marian.

"This is Miss Morse," said Micky, coming in with a cup of tea, "a friend of George's." She persuaded Mrs. Eaton to sit by the fire and drink the tea. Mrs. Eaton drank it, though she said she thought the milk was turning.

"You going to marry George?" she asked. Receiving no answer, she shook with some inward secret laughter.

George went to get into dry clothes. "Go to bed," Micky said to the room at large. The children stumbled off. After settling Mrs. Eaton in George's room, Micky said good-night to Marian and went home.

Marian stretched out on the sofa again and put herself to sleep by planning ways to rearrange the furniture in her apartment. George dozed in the easy chair by the fire.

By ten the next morning sun was streaming in the windows. The yard was littered with shingles and small branches, but otherwise there was no sign of the storm. The air was still and clear.

Micky came over with a borrowed jeep and drove Mrs. Eaton and her cat home. She had scouted beforehand and found the river going down and Mrs. Eaton's house quite dry. Mrs. Eaton remarked triumphantly that she had known it would be.

George took Marian, at her request, to an early afternoon train. He did not argue. It was a long drive because of the bridge being out, and they found little to say. He was glad the train was on time.

When he got back the kids and Micky were clearing the yard of twigs and branches and piling them in a corner away from the house.

"We're going to have a bonfire," Johnny said.

"We're going to celebrate," said Jane.

"Celebrate what?"

"That you're not going to marry that woman," said Philip.

"Oh!" George said.

"We'll have a festival," said Caroline; "a festival fire."

George, in a sudden upsurge of spirit, added a large branch to the festival fire. Charles, his arms full of wood, stopped in front of him. "Why don't you marry Micky?" he said.

George stared at him. Then he stared at Micky. To his astonishment, her face was bright red. Then she dropped her branches and ran. George, after a pause, ran after her. Behind him, he thought he heard cheering.

Then he began to laugh; for ordinarily Micky could outrun him, but this time he saw that he was going to catch her quite easily where the driveway curved and the rhododendrons would hide them from the whooping figures in the yard.

(Copyright)



The noise grew deafening as the boys tried to shout one another in singing "Honey Babe."

THE NICEST GIRLS IN TOWN

A complete short story

by **LENORA
MATTINGLY WEBER**

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

IT was getting on towards six o'clock on the Sunday before Labor Day, and Kitty Bechtold had never put in a more trying day. All because her sixteen-year-old, Mary Pat, was having five girls in for a simple Sunday-night supper.

Only Mary Pat wouldn't refer to it as a supper. It was supposed to be a casual, even extemporaneous, little snack. Kitty had heard her on the telephone yesterday. "... Thought maybe you girls could drop in tomorrow evening ... We're the chicken-every-Sunday kind, so maybe we can come up with something in the way of food."

Why Mary Pat couldn't ask those five girls outright to come over to supper, her mother couldn't understand. Even though they were members of a small club called the Luminaries. "They're the most outstanding girls in the whole school," Mary Pat had said again and again.

It seemed the Luminaries had paused in their orbit to notice Mary Pat when the poster entry had won a city-wide contest this summer. It seemed that Mary Pat was n't officially a Luminary yet. She was on probation.

"I'll be here alone," Mary Pat had said into the telephone, "so we can just sit around and talk and have some music."

She would be here alone because her father was away on a business trip and because after the stage was set—and before the Luminaries arrived—she was shunting her mother and her two younger brothers off to the neighborhood movie. The movie was nothing Kitty looked forward to. Something about African head-hunters.

But before she could absent herself, Kitty must make the cinnamon rolls. As she reached for the bowl of dough, her arms twitched from the labor that had gone into setting the stage.

Mary Pat's "something in the way of food" was to be eaten in the patio. Kitty and the two boys had raked up the fallen culls from the apple tree. They had brought up extra chairs from the basement, and carried the tile-covered table on wrought-iron legs out from the hall. Kitty had hunted up the hurricane lamps and washed the chimneys and sent the boys to the drugstore for candles.

She had risen earlier than usual Sunday morning to put two roasting hens in the oven, so that cold chicken should just happen to be in the refrigerator. Two hens, because the Luminaries mustn't have to eat backs and wings. It must just happen that Kitty's warm cinnamon rolls were sitting on the stove, that olives and pickled apples were piled in a flat, leaf-shaped, wooden dish.

Heavens, Kitty thought, I've fed sixteen of Barney's friends with half the wear and tear of this casual feeding of six Luminaries. She felt a twinge of nostalgia for her oldest son. Barney would never have been picky and edgy the way Mary Pat had been all day. Barney would never have ousted his mother and younger brothers just before his company arrived.

But Barney was now in the Marines and stationed at China Lake, not far from Los Angeles. In Barney's latest letter, he informed them that he had bought a honey of a car from a

corporal, who was being shipped overseas, for a song plus the grey suit in which he had graduated from high school thrown in.

When he got his leave at Christmas, he might drive this honey of a car back to Denver. Kitty was not too worried about that. The car probably wouldn't hold together until December.

Mary Pat was now fidgeting over the cake, knifing up the fudge icing, which was too soft to keep its place. The cake too must just happen to be resting in the box when Mary Pat looked inside.

"Wouldn't it look more casual if we took a chunk out of it first?" Deak, the hungrier of Mary Pat's brothers, wanted to know.

Mary Pat gave him a searing look. "All this work for just old girls," Danny complained. "Just old girls!" she flung back in outrage. "I'll have you know these girls are the most outstanding in music and art and—"

Oh, not that outstanding routine again! Kitty said mollifyingly, "It was lucky all five of them could come. You'd have thought some of them would have had Sunday-night dates."

It was Kitty who got the searing look this time. "The trouble with you, Mom, is you expect all girls to be boy crazy. Just like Susan says—" Susan was the lodestar of the Luminaries, and Mary Pat was forever quoting her—

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SOOTHE TIRED EYES

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Optone Eye Drops bring immediate relief to eyes troubled by dust, smoke, wind, glare or strain. The new Optone one-piece flexible dropper-bottle makes application easier than ever before! Just squeeze the bottle gently and drops flow out, one by one. No spilling or flooding. No risk of breakage or contamination.



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KE 380

*REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I WISH that people who give parties would spare a thought for their guests who don't care for alcoholic drinks. When I attend a party I find I must either take alcohol, which I don't like, or an equally unattractive substitute—usually a sweet syrupy mess or gassy soft drinks served up in a kitchen glass which looks as if it has been fished out as an afterthought. Why can't hostesses seek a few good recipes for fruit-juice drinks and why not serve them attractively? At least, I like to drink out of a stemmed glass. If I refuse cake at a party I am politely offered savories or sandwiches. No one dreams of taking away my nice plate and offering me a kitchen one just because I don't like cake. The same courtesy should be observed when serving drinks.

£1/1/- to W. Forrest, 83 Balmoral St., Waitara, N.S.W.

WHAT a shame there are no maternity swimsuits. I am expecting my third baby next month and look forward each weekend to the beach, as I always go for a swim if it gets too hot. But we would all be grateful for smart and feminine swimsuits.

10/6 to Mrs. F. Reynolds, 21 Angel St., Newtown, N.S.W.

WORKING with an English girl, I am constantly reminded how much better things are done "back home." Nothing is quite nice here and she only looks forward to going home one day. Her complaints make her unpopular, homesick, and unhappy. Why doesn't she and others like her try to change their outlook? It would be easier than changing the whole of Australia to suit them.

10/6 to "New Australian" (name supplied), Killara, N.S.W.

YET another overseas visitor is decrying Australian hotels. Are they so bad? My husband and I have sampled various hotels in four Australian States and found them quite satisfactory. We wonder to what standards some of the visitors are accustomed. Observation has taught us that the person used to the least is usually the most demanding when away from home. Our requirements are cleanliness and homely fare, and these are not hard to find. As to service—one's own manners may be considered to set the standard.

10/6 to Mrs. G. Oakes, 32 Edinburgh St., Clayton, Vic.

IN this time of drought, water restrictions, and bans on fires, I wonder why paper-collectors for charity don't call more often. In normal times we would burn in the incinerator food-wrappers and cardboard cartons and keep only the daily newspapers for the collectors, but now burning is not allowed and there seems to be too much for the garbage. What about it, collectors, to help charity?

10/6 to Amy C. Laidlaw, J.P., "Greenholme," 12 Charmian Ave., Maroubra, N.S.W.

MY query is why, when posing for advertisements or fashion photographs, teenage models stand with their feet yards apart? It looks so ugly and spoils the design and attractiveness of the clothes they are showing.

10/6 to "Noticeable" (name supplied), Mackay, Qld.

Debutantes in Australia

THE decision of Her Majesty the Queen to discontinue Court presentations of debutantes is receiving widespread interest all over the world (Mrs. B. M. Wright, 11/12/57). There is said to be much more involved than the ceremony of a young thing making her bow to the Sovereign—the business of money inducing this or that noble lady to sponsor the deb, and much string-pulling in high places. It has been questioned whether the deb sets which are a feature of so many balls in our winter season will be discontinued. Let's not do this. The girls who are today's debutantes would be in the Services if a need arose, and they would not serve less well because there had been a little glamor in their lives. Her Majesty may have discontinued a special function for the privileged few, but that is no reason for the many to miss out on the significance of a special occasion.

10/6 to "Three Feathers" (name supplied), Seaford, Vic.

Family affairs

MOST toddlers go through the annoying stage of picking our most-prized blooms in the garden, after doing irreparable damage to the plants. My two were no exception, and when, with eager, happy smiles, they brought a bunch of wilted flowers to me, I did not like to spoil this lovely gesture by scolding. Instead I invented the "garden game." Each morning we toured together the garden looking for buds about to open. When the flowers were ready I allowed the children to cut them under my supervision, and later help me arrange them in vases. I think I enjoyed the "garden game" as much as they did — and it worked.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. F. Harvey, "Green Gables," Argus St., Cheltenham, Vic.

Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

"CAN I go to Michael's place after school?"
"No, you can play here with Richard and William."

I heard this conversation at home. What fancy names children have now, I thought.

You are always hearing about Michael, Richard, and William. You hardly ever hear of Mike, Dick, or Bill.

It's the same with little girls. In the old days mother called out: "Betty, come inside!" "Chrissie, it's bath time!" "Milly, go and do your practice!"

Now they address them with the formality of diplomats: "Elizabeth!" "Christine!" "Millicent!"

Yet the mothers still have down-to-earth names. Their husbands call them Dolly, Nell, Pat, or Marge.

It's only when speaking of tots that they stand on ceremony.

Some are so strict about it that you have to be careful.

A boy we know, Alfred by name, has been sick. I said to his mother: "How is Alf getting on?" She looked quite offended. She replied coolly: "Alfred is O.K., thanks."

THOMAS, RICHARD, AND HENRY

Another trap is when little girls have double names like Sally Ann, Elizabeth Ann, or Sue Ellen.

Try referring to a Sue Ellen as plain Sue, and see how Mummy reacts.

Names come and go in popularity, of course.

The time was when you wouldn't



have found a Barrie or Rhonda in a day's march.

We have had waves of Glenns and Waynes, Dianas and Robertas. The Craigs and Deborahs are making a strong run right now.

I suppose film stars inspired the

fashion for some names, like Gary and Marlene. Yet other stars, equally famous, had no such effect. There are no Bings, Tallulahs, or Gingers, as far as I know.

Is a crop of Burts and Ginas coming? It could be.

Some of the strangest names for girls are in American magazine stories. They have heroines called Quentin and Amberine and things like that.

I'm glad to say that not many parents fasten these queer labels on their offspring.

Yet this is certainly an age of dignified names.

I don't know why—the children are no more dignified than usual.

Look out in the street at John and Nicholas, wearing Mickey Mouse shirts and playing with mud.

Yet their parents would be shocked at the idea of calling them Jack and Nick.

I don't think it will last, somehow. A big reaction will probably set in, and Australia will be full of Bills and Bettys again.

After all, this is the country that produced Dad and Dave. Nobody ever called them Father and David.

FASHIONS FOR PARIS NIGHT-LIFE

● The four dresses here mirror the mode and mood of Paris after-dark fashions. The silhouettes are shaped to achieve the utmost in glamor and femininity. Variety in skirt lengths and their shaping is exciting. Some rise to just below knee-level.



● **FLAME** faille dance dress (above) has a skirt-line which rises to just below knee-level. The bodice is sleeveless, the ultra-bouffant skirt trimmed with self bows.

● Exotic embroidery (left) highlights a dark blue velvet short-skirted evening dress. The long, slender bodice with its low-cut decolletage, bells gently from the hipline.



● **FORM-FITTING** strapless ball gown (left) is made in yellow embroidered satin and matching organza. The uneven hemline sweeps up in front, and generously looped organza floats into a chic side train.

● **SHORT** evening dress (above) has a fitted bodice and square-cut back-and-front neckline finished with inch-wide looped organza floats into a chic side train.

from page 19

looking ahead through the windshield. Then I happened to glance up, and I actually grabbed Charley's arm, I was so excited.

"Look!" I said, practically shrieking and pointing to the top of a building. "Oh, Charley, he did get out here! Look—he actually did get his agency!" And Charley was saying, "What? Where? What do you mean?" and I actually had to tilt his head to show him the big sign up on top of a building.

"See Dave Ransome first!" the sign said. San Francisco's biggest car dealer! Most liberal trade-ins in town, or something of the sort. And I was saying, "Oh, Charley, after all these years! You've just got to look him up! Your best friend in grade school." And Charley was saying, "Dave probably wouldn't even remember me now," and I was almost shaking him, saying, "Yes, he would, too!"

"You've got to phone him, at least, Charley, and tell him how glad you are that he finally realised his ambition!" And then I saw this funny look in Charley's eyes, and I could have crowned him. Or myself.

Ruth said gently, "He'd seen the sign first, it goes without saying. And made up this story knowing you'd eventually notice the sign, too?"

"Naturally," said June. "And then he sat there shaking with laughter, saying, 'Good old Dave! He made it at last.' And so on, and so on. I finally just got out of the car and came on ahead to meet you. Maybe his merriment will have subsided by the time he gets here."

Ben was grinning. "Your husband is a brilliant man," he said. "I think I'll wander over and meet him," and, as Ruth began describing the episode in the cafeteria, Ben strolled down the walk to meet Charley Howser. He'd walked only half a dozen steps, when, perhaps 50 yards ahead, Charley appeared, a husky, wide-shouldered young man, bare-headed, his red-brown hair cut short and bristling. He was wearing a tweed coat and tan slacks.

As he saw Charley, Ben started to smile in greeting, but at the same moment Charley Howser turned his head away and looked down at the grass beside him, as though Ben were some stranger to be given a casual, uninterested glance and no more. He didn't know why Charley had done this, but whatever his purpose Ben decided to go along with it. He walked on slowly, ignoring Charley, who was walking rapidly towards him and looking straight ahead as though Ben didn't exist.

The two men drew near each other, Charley moving rapidly, Ben slowly. At the moment of passing, Charley leaned slightly to one side so that their shoulders struck, spinning Ben around so that he actually stumbled.

Swinging to face Ben, who was glaring at him, Charley said loudly, "What's the matter with you, stupid! Wake up, and watch where you're going!" He was actually snarling, his upper lip lifted at one side to expose his teeth.

"Listen, you jerk," Ben said loudly, "you think you own the whole sidewalk? You bumped into me!"

"I'll bump into you, buddy!" Charley answered, raising his voice still higher. He lifted a big fist under Ben's nose. "Get smart with me, and you'll bump into this with your teeth!" All along the benches that lined the walk for several yards newspapers were lowered, and eyes turned to stare at

the two men shouting at each other.

"Any time, buster!" Ben said. "Any time! I'll knock you right off the walk!" His chin was thrust towards Charley's face, and the two men stood, fists clenched, chests arched and almost touching. "It was your fault, and you know it!"

Charley's mouth opened in apparent surprise, his eyes narrowed thoughtfully and he turned to stare at the grass for a moment. Then, with his face suddenly lighting up, he looked back at Ben. "By George," he said, "you're absolutely right! You must accept my apology, old fellow. I was clumsy, stupid, careless—"

"Not at all!" Ben said, clapping Charley on his shoulder. "It was my fault! I was strolling along, lost in meditation, eyes on I know not what. It is I who must apologise."

"No, no! Never!" Charley was vigorously wagging a finger in protest. "My oafishness is entirely the cause of this contretemps, and"—he gripped Ben's arm, and the two turned to walk on together—"I insist on your joining me for a flagon of ale. My treat, old man!"

Some of the onlookers on the benches sat staring after them; others, smiling weakly, turned to murmur to their neighbors; one old man raised his newspaper to his face again, rattled it vigorously, and actually snorted with indignation.

The way to be a bore
is to tell everything.
—Voltaire.

Ben and Charley joined the two women, who were walking rapidly ahead towards the Post Street exit from the square. Charley stepped up beside June, and Ben took Ruth's arm.

June turned to smile at Charley. "Well," she said, "was it fun? Did you have a good time?"

"I hope they enjoyed it," Ruth said sweetly. "Because we certainly did. We just laughed and laughed, standing there on the walk with everyone sharing our joy and pride in our husbands." She patted Ben's arm and smiled up at him. "Just as long as you have a good time," she said, "that's all that matters." Ben glanced questioningly over at Charley, who shrugged.

They walked on down Post Street towards The White House, one of San Francisco's largest department stores. June was to select some new draperies; Ruth was to help her. After that Ruth was going to buy a new living-room chair, with June's help. Then, presently, the two couples would go somewhere for dinner. The two women began discussing draperies and furniture.

As the streets were crowded, Ben and Charley dropped behind. At Grant Avenue they all stopped at the kerb. In the centre of the intersection, today, on Saturday afternoon, a policeman stood forbidding left turns.

Presently the neon signs changed from red to green, and Ruth and June stepped out into the street to cross to The White House on the far corner. Ben and Charley were just a step behind them. The two women approached the policeman, a tall young man now standing idly in the pedestrian lane; then, just a step past him, June swung suddenly around to face Charley and Ben.

"Will you stop following

us!" she said furiously, as Ben and Charley stopped abruptly to avoid bumping into her. "We're respectable married women," she said indignantly, eyes flashing in apparent anger, "and I want you to let us alone!"

Then she turned to walk on with Ruth, leaving Charley and Ben directly beside the young policeman, who stood looking at them, eyes narrowed, his mouth opening to speak.

Explanations raced through Ben's mind, all of them, under the circumstances, sounding absurd and unbelievable. Pedestrians streamed around them, glancing curiously over their shoulders at the two men.

With their faces a deep red, Ben and Charley stepped swiftly forward, rapidly overtaking their wives, and hurried through the glass doors of The White House. "Open rebellion," Ben muttered from the side of his mouth. "Can you beat that?"

Charley nodded grimly. "Yeah," he said, stepping into the store. "And it's got to be crushed. Ruthlessly."

Ben nodded as they walked across the main floor of the store towards the elevators. "Sure," he said, shrugging. "But how?"

"Well, they caught us flat-footed," Charley replied. "Unprepared. But we've been warned now, so just keep your guard up. On your toes." They stopped to join a little knot of people waiting at the elevators. "What floor are these draperies on, anyway?"

Ben glanced at the wall directory. "Three," he said, then stood waiting. After a moment or so he was aware that Ruth and June had joined them, standing slightly behind them. But he stared at the closed doors of the elevator shafts, ignoring the two women. Then Ruth gasped—loudly—so that several heads in the waiting group swung to look at her, and Ben turned, too.

She was staring up at him, her mouth open in an astonished smile, her eyes wide in a parody of delight. "It's you!" she said loudly. "It really is!" She lifted a finger to wag it roughly under Ben's nose. "Oh, don't try to deny it!" she squealed. "I'd know you anywhere! I've watched you on television every morning for months! June!"—without taking her eyes from Ben's face she nudged June in the ribs with an elbow—"Look! It's really him! Isn't he wonderful!"

She brought up a hand, revealing a notebook and pen, which she habitually carried in her purse. "May I have your autograph?" she said, smiling in a grimace so wide it revealed all her teeth. "Please?" she added, fluttering her eyelashes. Every face in the waiting group was now staring at Ben.

He smiled at her pleasantly. "Certainly, Miss," he said and took her notebook and pen. "I'm surprised you knew me without my beard," and at this an elderly woman in the waiting group whispered something to her companion, who stared at Ben as Ben wrote in Ruth's notebook. "Here you are, Miss," Ben said, returning Ruth's notebook, and Ruth accepted it, smiling and murmuring her thanks. Two women near her edged closer, peering at her open notebook.

Suddenly the two women swung their heads to stare at Ben openmouthed, and Ruth dropped her eyes to read what Ben had written.

"I'll bet," she read in Ben's large, legible handwriting, "that you're a wonderful armful, honey. Meet me after the

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DRESS SENSE

By Betty Keep



● The scooped-neck sleeveless lace-trimmed one-piece illustrated above was chosen for a country reader who asks for an informal party dress.

HERE is the reader's letter and my reply:

"WOULD you please design for me a cool pretty frock suitable to wear to movies and informal Saturday night dances in a big country town. I have a very nice piece of fine Swiss cotton in pink and white with a square design. I also have 4yds. of white lace for the trimming. My fitting is SSW. Would a pattern be available for the style you choose?"

The design I have chosen in answer to your letter is illustrated above. The bodice has a cool scooped neckline and lace trim, and the skirt falls in open pleats from a fitted waistline.

A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"I HAVE some white-dotted brown silk I want to use for a between-seasons outfit, and would like your advice about the design. I want it to have a white trim which I can remove later—the outfit very new and smart. I have a slender figure."

I suggest a hip-length unbelted overblouse and slender skirt. This casual two-piece look is going to be very new for autumn. Have the top accented with a double collar and matching cuffs of crisp white organdie. A wide-brimmed hat with a shallow crown made in the dress material would add an extra measure of chic.

"HAVING chosen a beautiful silver-and-white brocade for my wedding gown, I can't decide on the style. Could you offer a suggestion? I am quite tall, and my measurements are 35in. bust and 26in. waist. I would also

DS276.—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and 3yds. lace edging. Price 4/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

like an idea for the wedding veil."

When a material has richness of texture (such as brocade) it is best to keep the design simple. For instance, dress with a moulded bodice, high bateau neckline, and belled—from-the-hip skirt would be a perfect design. Have a tulle veil held in place with a tiny cap of orange blossom floating to the floor at the back to form a train.

"MY mother has given me a nice piece of rayon linen which I would like to have made in a semi-casual style. I am SSW fitting, age 17, and would like a suggestion for the style."

A semi-fitted one-piece dress belted at the hips, with a self material band finished with flat tailored bow is my design suggestion. Have the bodice top sleeveless and finished with a round, uncollared neckline.

"I AM planning a summer outfit to be made in printed material. It is a frock and matching jacket, and can't decide on the hat. Would you advise me as soon as possible?"

I suggest a hat of self material. This matching-hat-to-complete-the-costume look is very important and will continue to be in next autumn's fashions.

"COULD you help me with a style for a maternity jacket to wear to an evening party? The material is black crepe and I want to use a contrast to lighten it."

I suggest a loose jacket topped by a yoke of rose-pink satin accented by satin bows at the shoulder.

BOOK NEWS

By HELEN FRIZELL

"Shares in Murder," by Judah Waten (Australasian Book Society). Chilling story of a murder in Sydney and corruption within the Police Force, which allows the real killer to get away with it. Australian Judah Waten tells a seamy tale in which an innocent man is framed, while Police Inspector Brummel, bribed by an influential citizen, is able to retire with enough money in his pocket to establish a well-paying pub. Writing is excellent and most characters convince. "Don Camillo and the Devil," by Giovanni Guareschi (Gollancz). Yes, that Italian priest Don Camillo is still arguing with Peppone the Communist, his favorite antagonist in an Italian village. While the locals take sides in the speech-fest, Camillo calls on the Almighty, and Peppone invokes the name of the Soviet. In this series of short stories, Guareschi's satire is too wordy to have much sting.

ROMANCE IN HOLLYWOOD

FILM FAN-FARE

Conducted by AINSLIE BAKER



★ The particular difficulties of marriage in Hollywood are discussed here by film-writer Lee Carroll, who reports on a marriage that failed and a marriage that is expected.

THE HUDSONS early in their marriage, playing with their miniature French poodle Demi Tasse, nicknamed "Little Bite." They lived in a farmhouse-style home high in the Hollywood hills.

BOB WAGNER says that he thinks the marriage of an actor to an actress has a better chance of survival than a marriage in which only one of the partners is employed in the film industry.



★ The break-up of the two-year marriage of Rock Hudson and his wife, Phyllis, is currently providing plenty of material for Hollywood gossips.

SO far, the Hudsons have not been persuaded to talk—either to friends or newsmen.

However, Rock did tell one group of reporters "there are no other persons involved."

This has the ring of truth about it and, in some ways, confirms the impressions (shared by a number of the Hudsons' friends) that what Rock wants most is to get away from marriage itself.

By temperament, they say, Rock is a lone wolf who needs freedom, privacy, and a life of his own. He hates to feel chained.

"There's a good deal more temperament about Hudson than you think," said a man who used to room with Rock in his early acting days.

"It's not easy to live with someone who suddenly gets a fit of wanting to commune with his soul, or whatever it is, like Hudson used to."

A Hollywood identity who spent a lot of time with the Hudsons during their marriage said after the break-up, "Rock was born to be a bachelor. He would be mis-cast in the role of anyone's husband. He likes to be independent."

For the past year onlookers have felt that things weren't going any too well with the Hudson marriage.

So when Rock walked out of their farmhouse-style home high in the Hollywood hills one night and checked in under an assumed name at the Beverly Hills Hotel, there wasn't too much surprise.

People have been sympathetic towards Rock's wife, Phyllis Gates, who was, per-



NEWEST screen role for Rock is the sea captain in "Twilight of the Gods," from the Ernest Gann novel.

haps, more in love with Hudson than he with her when they married in November, 1955.

She's hardly been seen since Rock left her.

It must be said, too, that Rock looked pretty haggard after his walkout.

Top film stars can't always call their time their own. They have commitments to their studios, their business associates, and to their fans.

The older Hollywood wife knows these things and accepts them as the price that must be paid for the house she lives in, the car she drives, and the money in her bank account.

Although Phyllis had been Rock's agents' secretary, she didn't know the film world from the inside the way an

actress would have known.

Perhaps she never quite lost the feeling of being on the outside looking in, and resented it.

By mutual agreement Phyllis stayed at home when Hudson went to Italy for five months to make "Farewell to Arms," last year.

Before the final break came the Hudsons made one real effort to solve their differences.

Phyllis went with Rock to Hawaii, where he was working in "Twilight of the Gods."

It was apparent to cast and crew that the trip, as an attempt at reconciliation, was a painful failure.

Instead of making it a second honeymoon, as had been hoped, Phyllis and Rock were uneasy and on edge.

Much of Rock's time was spent with fellow actor Arthur Kennedy and water stuntman George Robotham, skin diving and surfboard riding.

Still below par after her long bout of hepatitis, Phyllis went driving in the car Rock had rented, and learned to use his movie camera.

Studio authorities had set up an easy schedule, hoping to make things pleasant for Rock and Phyllis. But Hudson got through his scenes in half the time allotted, and the couple then left for America.

Soon after that came the break.

Rumors of a further attempt at reconciliation were touched off when the Hudsons were seen dining together on their second wedding anniversary.

Since then Rock has been seen occasionally with an old girl-friend, Betty Abbott.

THE announcement had the air of a publicity stunt the two openly opportunistic young people had cooked up between them.

But since then I've altered my views. I think that at any time you could open your paper and read that Natalie had become Mrs. Robert Wagner.

These two people are unpredictable, true Hollywood types. (That applies to Natalie, too, though she's only 19 to Bob's 28.)

They're likely to do any crazy thing at any crazy time, getting married included.

This is despite the fact that Natalie claims Bob—or "R," as she calls him—has "straightened her out," and Bob claims that Natalie has done the same for him.

Friends insist that the two are waiting only for a break between acting commitments to get married.

Several weeks ago Natalie checked out of Warner Brothers' studio after completing "Marjorie Morningstar," her biggest film to date. Since then she has been busy on "Kings Go Forth," with Frank Sinatra and Tony Curtis.

Like the heroine in the film she has just finished, Natalie is emerging into womanhood. She wants to keep her movie career. She also would like to become a wife.

Hollywood marriages such as theirs begin with two strikes against them—two highly strung people living under a single roof—and Natalie and Bob are fully aware of the pitfalls.



NATALIE WOOD, as Marjorie Morningstar, sells tickets to Gene Kelly's summer playhouse in this film scene.

Yet Wagner has certainly been acting like a man with serious intentions.

"Marjorie Morningstar" was filmed in the colorful Adirondack Mountains in New York. Natalie and the movie company spent a month there.

Wagner was there the entire month. He and Natalie were together continuously when she wasn't before the cameras.

But everything was proper. Natalie's mother and younger sister, Lana Lisa, were there as chaperons. Lana Lisa, in fact, had a minor role in the film.

At night Bob and Natalie attended movie theatres nearby or went to stage shows. They played table tennis, swam, danced, and laughed a lot.

★ Nobody took it seriously when, about the middle of last year, Natalie Wood and Robert Wagner said they were going to get married.

"They get along wonderfully," said one studio official.

With Natalie back in Hollywood, the two have settled down to what has become their fixed routine at weekends.

They either go down to Tijuana, Mexico—about 120 miles from Los Angeles—to watch bullfights, or travel to Newport Harbor, where Bob keeps his 33-foot cabin cruiser.

Usually they drive in Wagner's Cadillac, but occasionally Natalie will drive hers. Both own matching black 1957 Cadillac convertibles. Until six months ago she had a Thunderbird sports car.

Natalie and Bob are friends of writer Richard Sales and his wife, and they often make up a foursome at Hollywood restaurants.

Frank Sinatra's "Villa Capri" is one of their favorite dining spots.

Natalie lives with her mother, father, and sister in a modern house she bought with her film earnings some two years ago.

She has a separate telephone and her own private suite, which opens on to a swimming-pool.

Bob lives in a two-bedroom duplex apartment in Beverly Hills.

Taken as further signs of approaching marriage are the knitted rugs Natalie made for the bunks of Bob's cruiser and his gift to her of a mink stole.

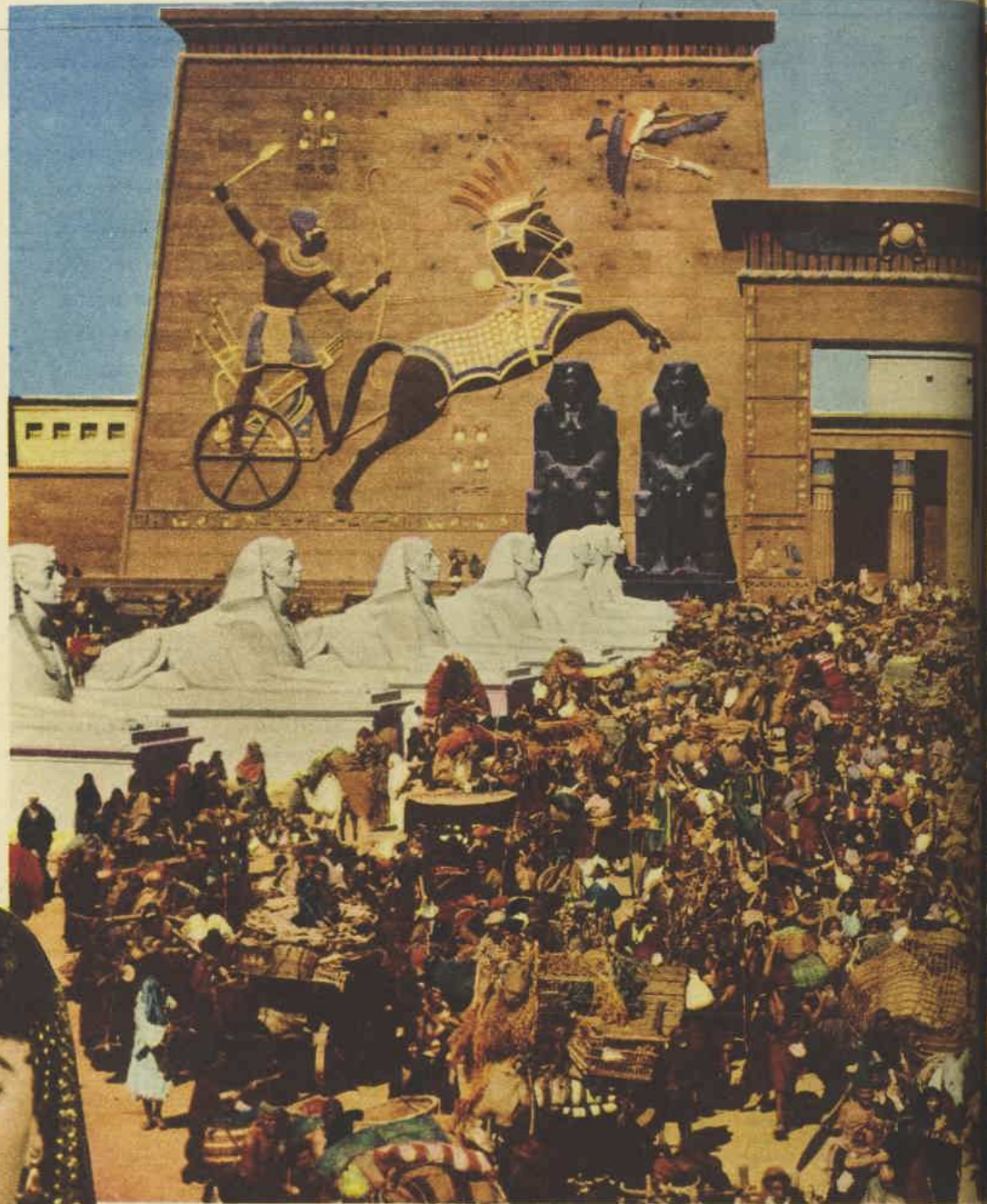
Bob also gave her a Japanese outfit which he brought back after having made "Stop-over Tokyo."

Wagner says he thinks it good for an actor to marry an actress. "We'll have mutual interests. We won't run out of things to talk about."

The Ten Commandments



MOSES (Charlton Heston), about to hurl the tablets inscribed with the ten commandments among the people who have angered him.



LEFT. The mighty Pharaoh of Egypt, Ramses, and his queen are played by Yul Brynner and Anne Baxter.

RIGHT. Israelite slavegirl Debra Paget pleads with the governor of Goshen, played by Edward G. Robinson.



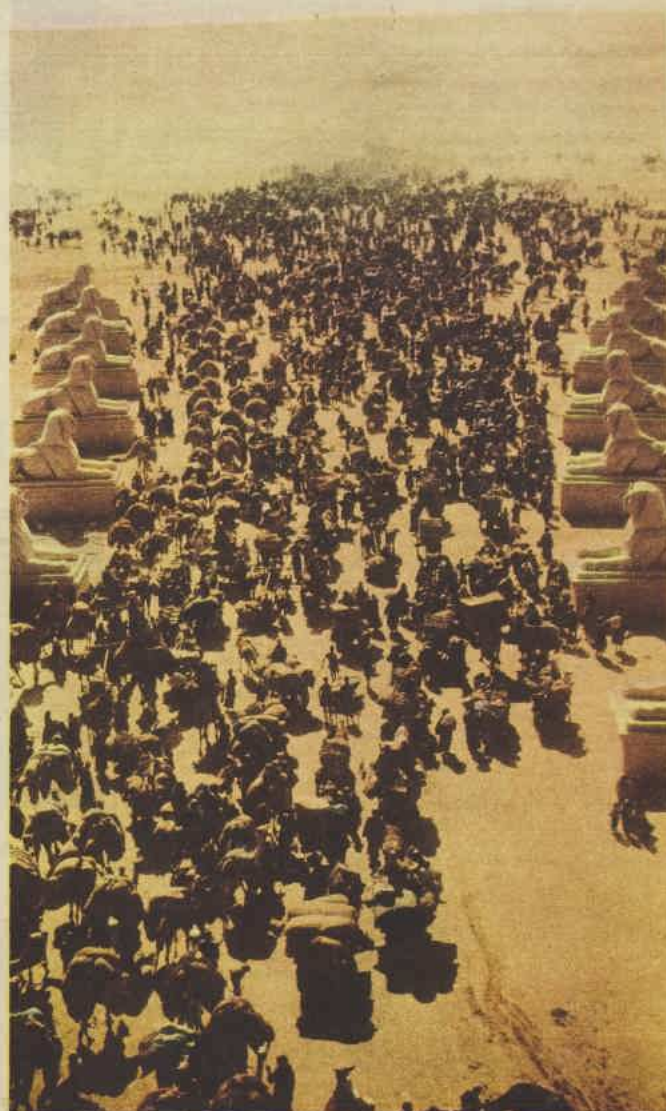
Commandments

Made in Cecil B. DeMille's flamboyant and colorful style, "The Ten Commandments" may well be the last of his "casts of thousands" super epics. Now 76, DeMille has taken something of a critical lambasting for his vulgarity and ostentation, but no one questions his genius for spectacle.



FILM FAN-FARE

MAGNIFICENT crowd scene in the Paramount film "The Ten Commandments."



THE EXODUS. Through the Avenue of Sphinxes, an endless cavalcade of people surges out of the "house of bondage"—the city of Per-Rameses—towards the Promised Land.



MIRACULOUS changing of the waters of the Nile into blood, as related in the seventh chapter of Exodus.

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Continuing

Expression of Love

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show!" Her face reddened, and she snapped the notebook shut. Then, as the elevator door opened, she turned and walked swiftly away, with June and the two grinning men following.

A dozen yards from the elevators and hidden from them by a tall display case, Ruth turned to face Ben. "All right," she said grimly. "Touche, or whatever you're supposed to say. Shall we call it a draw now? And declare a truce?"

"Oh," Ben said, thoughtfully, "I don't know. I rather hate to see budding talent nipped prematurely; I thought that gag with the policeman was terrific. You nearly got us arrested. Of course if you ladies admit defeat and you are begging for mercy—"

June sniffed indignantly. "We're doing nothing of the kind. But I can tell you this much: I want those draperies, and I'm not going to have you wise guys turning the store into a three-ring circus. We're going up there alone; right, Ruth?"

"Right. And that goes for my new chair, too. We'll meet you somewhere afterward—"

She raised a wrist to glance at her watch. "At five o'clock, say. That time enough, June?"

"I think so."

"Okay," Charley said. "You needn't hint any more; we know when we're not wanted. How about the Top of the Mark? Is five o'clock all right?"

The women glanced at each other, June nodded, and they turned towards the escalators ahead. "Your slip's showing, honey," Charley called after them softly, and June stopped, one long leg thrust slightly backward, to turn and peer over one shoulder down her back.

Her slip was not showing, and she said, "Oh, for heaven's sake," and walked on with Ruth.

GRINNING, the two men stood watching them, and as the women stepped on to the moving stairs and turned to glance back at their husbands, the men bowed from the waist, smiling and nodding, and the women shrugged and looked away.

Ben then turned to Charley. "Well," he said, "draperies. What can we arrange about the drapery department?"

But Charley was shaking his head. "Not a thing, believe me," he said. "I know that look in June's eye. She wants those draperies, and we'd better stand clear." He was glancing around the store as he talked. Now he nodded at the book department towards the rear of the store. "We might find something over there, though," he said.

"Such as what?"

"Oh—there's probably an interesting book title to be found and placed in the coat pocket with the title protruding. 'What Every Young Man Should Know,' or something."

Ben nodded. "Yeah. Or we could come running after them, waving the book. 'Hey, lady, you dropped this!'" He began to stroll forward through the store, Charley beside him. After a moment Ben nodded at a sign over the stationery counter, "Your letterhead printed while you wait." "Might do something with that," he said.

"Yeah," Charley nodded. "June Hower, Fortunes Told, Or Ruth Callander, Harpsichord Lessons." He nodded towards a counter top crowded with purses.

"I'll tell you what. We could buy a cheap purse over there, maybe just a change purse. And

pick up a two-bit diamond ring at a five-and-ten. Put it in the purse with a dollar bill and some change, a couple of movie-ticket stubs, or whatever else we find in our pockets, then sneak up to wherever they are, and plant it where they'll be sure to spot it. It'd have 'em in a tizzy for the rest of the day."

He stopped short, smiling. "We could even put a name and address in it. Somebody they don't know; Lennie Forbes, maybe; he'd be good. We brief him first, by phone, then they call up, dripping with righteousness, to report finding his purse, and he denounces them. Claims there was a hundred and two dollars in the purse, threatens to call the cops, and—"

Ben was shaking his head. "No," he said, "that might work ordinarily, but not today. As things stand now, if they actually spotted a bona fide purse, they'd just kick it under a counter, figuring we'd planted it."

"I guess you're right." They stood leaning back against a display case, eyes narrowed in thought.

Presently Charley said, "How about this? June's usually pretty prompt, keeps an eye on the clock; it worries her to be late. So they arrive at the Top of the Mark at five, and we're not there yet. Only one thing to do: get a table, order a drink, and wait for us. We show up at five-fifteen, and meanwhile — we've got a good two hours — there's that big costume-rental place over on Market Street."

"We come walking in and join the ladies, with you in a moth-eaten admiral's outfit, maybe. One of those gold-plumed admiral's hats and a long sword on a belt. And me in I-don't-know-what. An Erich von Stroheim outfit, maybe; leather puttees, cap on backward, and a monocle."

Ben smiled as he considered this. "Yeah," he said slowly, "only then we'd have to sit there wearing those outfits. That first moment when we walk in would be good, but afterward—would you have the nerve?"

"Maybe not."

They were silent for some moments. Presently Ben said slowly, "There's something bothering me about this; I'm not sure just what. But for one thing, though I don't doubt that we could come through with something pretty good, to-day they're expecting it. Almost anything we do will have lost the element of surprise — almost bound to be anti-climatic — and they'd get mad, maybe really mad. But that's not all—"

Frowning, he scratched his head, trying to find words. Then he said, "Charley, I've sometimes wondered about this business of husbands pulling gags on their wives. I may be wrong, but I have the feeling that it's almost entirely an American custom. It's widespread here, and I've wondered what they might mean."

"Here's what I think. This may sound funny, but it seems to me that in an odd sort of way the gag I played on Ruth in the cafeteria today, for example, is—well—almost an expression of love. That somehow, strange as it sounds, that's just what it conveys, and Ruth knows it. Certainly it wouldn't be possible with a woman you didn't love; if you were bored with her, or resented her, or—do you know what I mean?"

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1 ABOVE. Schoolfriends Dean (left) and Alan successfully crash a party given by Natalie (left), and pair off with Natalie and Maureen.



2 RIGHT. On his first date with Natalie at a beach party, Dean calls her a prude when she rebuffs him. Then he asks for another chance.

THE CARELESS YEARS



3 NOW seeing each other constantly, Dean and Natalie know they are becoming too deeply involved and Dean says he will go away. Then suddenly he suggests that they get married.



4 ASKED by their parents to wait, Dean thinks this a plot to part them and suggests an elopement. Dean's father finds them at the motel where they plan to live, and there is a quarrel.

★ Former boy actor Dean Stockwell, now a young man with a film future, and fresh young actress Natalie Trundy play the lead roles in United Artists' "The Careless Years," with Maureen Cassidy and Alan Dinehart III cast as their best friends.

At 16 Natalie is a veteran of Broadway and U.S. television. She has made only one other film, "The Monte Carlo Story," in which she played Marlene Dietrich's youthful rival for DeSica.



5 REALISING now that marriage under such conditions won't work, Natalie has a bitter argument with Dean, who refuses to follow her reasonings, and decides that she should go home.



6 LEFT. Reunited with his family, Dean tells them that he is now ready to settle down and study really hard in preparation for going on to a college education.

7 ABOVE. Calling at Natalie's home, Dean is surprised at the pleasant welcome he receives and the two young people part knowing that the future can still be theirs.



It seems to me

ONE can't help feeling sympathetic with those old die-hards who made a last-ditch stand against women in the House of Lords.

The British Government proposes to create men and women "life" peers (whose titles cannot be inherited) and allow them to sit in the Lords.

An amendment to restrict the life peerages to men was defeated, but not before some harsh things had been said of the ladies.

Specially pathetic was the protest by the 83-year-old Earl of Glasgow, who said: "This is about the only place left in the kingdom where men can meet without women."

What he meant was that it was the only place where men could escape from women.

You can argue—and I'll bet the others did—that the purpose of Government is not to provide refuge for henpecked or women-hating gentlemen.

Yet you can understand how he feels, or you can if you're fair-minded.

Men can do without women far better than women can do without men.

If you don't believe this you have only to compare a bucks' party with a hen-party.

Men organise these all-male feasts with real enthusiasm. No matter how devoted they are to family life, how much they appreciate the little woman at home, they adore getting together and feeling independent of female dominance.

Women organise girls' parties mainly because there are certain affairs—such as kitchen teas—to which men will not go. Or because they can't find enough men and pretend to make a virtue of necessity. But watch them brighten up when the odd husband or boyfriend calls to take his partner home.

WHEN this issue was going to press, actor Rex Harrison revealed that he intended to have a Christmas celebration with his current wife, two ex-wives, and assorted children.

An actor who plays as much comedy as Rex Harrison probably believes that witty dialogue takes care of such situations.

But I doubt it. On the stage you can drop the curtain on a sharp line. Trouble is you can't in real life.

PLACARD, "Singing Locusts, 9d.," quickly attracted buyers to a man selling toys on the footpath of a Sydney street just before Christmas.

The locusts (which should properly have been labelled Singing Cicadas if the vendor had been pedantic) were good value.

In fact, they were so good that within ten minutes he had raised the price to 1/6.

It's a wonder that a man with that sort of business acumen isn't controlling a toy empire.

By



SPECULATION about the real authorship of "They're A Weird Mob," the runaway Australian best-seller, has reached a point where the secret is bound soon to emerge.

The first print of this book, 6000 copies, sold within a month, and during the last few days before Christmas booksellers blanched at its name.

Purporting to be by Nino Culotta, an Italian migrant, it presents what is probably the truest and funniest reproduction of informal Australian dialogue ever put down on paper.

It wasn't long out before readers began to doubt that the author was what he claimed to be, though this did not diminish their enjoyment of the story. Briefly it tells of an Italian who, having a formal knowledge of English, learned Australian as a builder's laborer and eventually married an Australian girl.

At first, he explains, he had to translate everything twice, first into English and then into Italian—"So my replies were always slow, and those long pauses prompted many belligerent remarks such as 'Well, don't stand there like a dill; d'yer wanta beer or dontcha?'"

Whatever the author's nationality, he has a sharp ear for the vernacular. Even if he has lived in this country all his life, his is still a feat of ear and reproduction.

"Certainly," he writes, "from the point of view of a European migrant the citizens of Sydney are a weird mob. It takes years to understand them, but the understanding, when it comes, is infinitely rewarding. It is not possible to understand them at all until you have learned their queer, abbreviated language."

The publishers (Ure-Smith, Sydney) are reprinting the book shortly, and Mr. Sam Ure-Smith told me that the firm had been deluged with appreciative letters, telegrams, and phone calls.

One man wrote to say that he overheard the following remark in a Melbourne bar: "Reading a beaut book called 'They're A Weird Mob.' Only b——— book I've ever read that's written in b——— English. Fair dinkum, too."

And that, as a review, should delight the author's heart.

FROM a newspaper article about the repair of dolls: "An old doll can have a new hairstyle for 25/6."

A young doll's hair's not costly.

Her tresses, truth to tell,

Like her complexion, mostly,

Look fine au naturel.

When an old doll gets her hair set

With youthful tints and tricks,

If it's good, she thinks it's worth it,

At twenty-five and six.

Continuing . . . Expression of Love

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Charley nodded. "Yeah," he said quietly, "I do. Somehow what you say is present in every one of the gags I play on June."

"Yeah," said Ben. "So here's what's bothering me. To have it turn into a sort of battle of the sexes is—well, it's always possible to win the battle and lose the campaign."

Again Charley nodded, and Ben continued, "So what I was thinking"—he pushed himself erect from the showcase, and the two men began walking slowly towards the Post Street exit of the store—"is something like this. It's only a rough idea, but see what you think."

They walked on, Charley's head bowed in attention as Ben talked. After a dozen steps or so, Charley began to nod.

At two minutes to five, Ruth Callander and June Hower stepped out of the elevator into the great circular room on the very top of the Mark Hopkins Hotel. The late-afternoon sun was slanting in through the westernmost of the huge plate-glass windows that encircled the room, and the two women stood for a moment, blinking in the clear bright light, searching the vast room.

Most of the tables were occupied, and the famous room was already filled with the murmur of conversation and the sound of soft music from loudspeakers set in the ceilings and walls. Then they saw their husbands rising to their feet, beckoning to them from a table for four near a great window overlooking San Francisco Bay.

They walked towards the table. The waiting men smiled in greeting. As they reached the table, Ben and Charley stepped courteously aside to allow the two women to slip into the boothlike seats beside the window.

"Hi," Ben said, smiling at Ruth.

And Charley said, "Did you get the draperies all right?"

"Yes," June said, "and they're lovely; they'll be delivered Tuesday." She was looking warily from Charley to Ben; then she glanced at Ruth as though for reassurance.

"Good," Charley said pleasantly. "Well," and he nodded as though genuinely pleased.

"What about the chair?" Ben said to Ruth. "Find one?"

"Yes, but I'm going to think about it for a day or so. Then if I still like it, I'll phone and order it; I've got the number." She flicked a glance at June.

A red-coated waiter was approaching the table. As Ben looked up and saw him, he nodded at the man, and the waiter smiled and nodded back. Seeing this, Ruth watched the waiter intently. She saw that he was carrying two small white-wrapped packages, one in each hand, and she sat back to wait, glancing suspiciously from the waiter to Ben.

The man stopped at the table. Bowing smartly from the waist, he extended the two small pear-shaped packages to the two women. "For the ladies, I believe," he said, smiling.

For a moment they didn't move, each glancing at the other; then, there being nothing else to do, they each reached slowly forward to take a package, smiling stiffly at the waiter in thanks.

Slowly the two women unwrapped their packages.

"Watch out," June said to Ruth, "that it doesn't explode or squirt water in your face." Then, catching a glimpse of what the packages contained, the two women removed the wrappings completely.

June held a tiny foil-and-lace-paper-wrapped corsage of violets, their tiny petals beaded

with droplets, and Ruth had an identically wrapped corsage of lilies of the valley. In the centre of each of the little bouquets was thrust a small white card, each identically inscribed: "From an Admirer."

After a moment Ruth looked up at Ben. "Why, they're lovely," she said. There was still a hint of suspicion in her voice and face. As though to hide this, she ducked her head to sniff the bouquet. "Thank you, darlings," she said.

Ben smiled and reached out to put his hand on hers.

June thanked Charley for her corsage, and at that moment they heard the sound of a record from the speaker in the wall just above them. June looked at Charley, her face startled. "Why," she said, "that's—"

"That's right," Charley interrupted. "Our song." He burst the words slightly, but at the same time grinned fondly at June. "Arranged with the head waiter at enormous expense, but worth it."

After a moment June said slowly, "Yes, it is. It's been a long time since we heard that."

The waiter brought tall glasses of ginger ale, and, when they'd all had a sip, Ruth said, "Well, what've you boys been doing all afternoon?"

"Oh," Ben said, "just wandering around. Looking in store windows. We saw a couple of things, incidentally, that we thought you ladies might like."

HE drew a small, square, flat package, white-tissue-wrapped, from his coat pocket, and at the same time Charley brought a tiny package out of his pocket.

Again—silently, wonderingly, glancing at each other—the two women unwrapped their packages. Then Ruth gasped with pleasure; in her hands she held a tiny slim wallet of exquisitely dainty petit point, a delicate pastel pattern of roses and swirling green leaves. "Oh, Ben, it's beautiful!" she said, and actually clutched it to her for a moment in pleasure.

"Well, your old one was getting a little shabby," Ben said, "and I saw this, so . . ." He shrugged and smiled a little sheepishly at her.

June was opening the little box she'd unwrapped, and now she brought out what seemed to be two tiny violets matching those in the miniature bouquet on the table beside her. Then she saw that they were earrings of enamelled metal, the little flowers entirely lifelike. She exclaimed with pleasure, and Charley grinned at her.

When presently the two women had finished examining their own and each other's gifts, Ruth said, "You know, maybe I shouldn't, but I feel sort of — ashamed. I can't help it; I really do feel ashamed."

"Why?" Ben said.

"Oh," she paused, embarrassed, and took a sip of ginger ale. Then she continued, "We came here, June and I, all primed with — jokes. To get even with you two. And not even very good jokes at that; we're just not very expert at that kind of thing."

June said, "We stopped at one of those little magic-trick and joke shops, and Ruth got a pair of glasses with a false nose attached, and" — she smiled shamefacedly — "I've got a big rubber cigar in my purse. We were just so sure you'd meet us with some kind of big gag, and—"

"And all the time you were thinking of us," Ruth said. "Getting us these." She picked up her corsage, looked at it fondly, then began pinning it to her coat. "And that." She nodded at her wallet. "So I can't help it; I feel sort of ashamed."

"Relax," Charley said. "We thought about taking you ladies to the Cliff House for dinner, if that suits you. It's a little early, but it'll take us a while to get there, and we thought it would be nice arriving in time to sit there with you and watch the ocean sunset from a window table."

The women agreed to this, very pleased with the idea. Ben finished his drink, then picked up the check, saying, "I'll get this, Charley," and reached into his pocket. Ruth, tucking her new wallet into her purse, turned to look at Ben.

As he glanced up, she pursed her lips at him, making the sound of a tiny kiss. He smiled, leaning back in the booth, his hand searching his pocket. Then, his brows rising, he said to her, "I'm afraid I've blown most of my holdings on high living and gifts for expensive women; you got any money?"

Still smiling at him fondly, she opened her purse again. "Yes, maybe you'd better carry it," she said, and brought out a small roll of four or five bills. She extended the money to Ben, but he still searched through his pocket and did not appear to see it.

"Here you are," she said, extending the roll of bills still further across the table. Now he saw it and grinned.

He reached out for it, his fingers opening to take the money. But he moved slowly, and then, not quite touching the bills, he stopped, his hand motionless in midair, just short of the bills in Ruth's hand. Suddenly, in a voice not precisely loud, but not soft either, and distinctly audible to the people at the three or four tables nearest them, he said, "I'm just a gigolo!" pronouncing the words very distinctly.

At the tables around them drinks were suspended in mid-air as conversations ceased and people turned to look, then grin. Ben's fingers had closed tightly on the money in Ruth's extended hand, and before she could let go and withdraw her hand he continued, "I'm selling each romance. That's what everyone is saying."

He was holding the wad of bills up before his eyes now, gazing down at it and sadly shaking his head. June, pushing against a grinning Charley, was trying to scramble from the booth. Ruth, with her elbow, was forcing Ben to slide from the booth, as he still sadly shook his head and repeated, "Just a gigolo."

The men were standing beside the booth now, Ben dropping a bill on the tray beside the check. The women, red-faced, swung their feet to the aisle. As June stood up and turned towards the elevators, Charley, his arm hanging loosely at his side, pinched her sharply as she stepped forward.

She jumped awkwardly, her hips shooting forward. Then the two women, lips pursed, faces flushed, walked on towards the elevators; the men, grinning happily, followed behind them.

In the lobby, waiting at the elevator doors, Ruth looked up at Ben standing beside her. "I'll kill you," she said quietly. "I mean it. I will absolutely murder—"

Then her eye was caught by the corsage on her coat, and her hand, involuntarily, moved up to touch it. Then she looked at Ben and smiled.

(Copyright)

Continuing . . . The Nicest Girls in Town

from page 23

"most girls waste their high-school years worrying about this boy or that boy, about what they have dates or won't they. Where does that get a girl on a career? You don't understand how outstanding the Luminaries are."

Kitty gave the rolling-pin a vicious spin over the thin dough. She thought, I won't let her get my Irish up. I'll be a good mother, the kind Jim is always holding up to me. I'll be a cousin Cora if it kills me.

Jim's Cousin Cora was the irritant in Kitty's life. Cousin Cora was older than either Kitty or her husband. Jim had boarded with Cousin Cora when he attended college in the town sixty miles away. And had been given a preview, you might say, of a paragon mother bringing up a paragon son by the name of John.

Cora was now a widow, and she often occupied the Bechtold guest-room when she came to Denver for dental appointments or for starting off on trips.

Kitty could imagine her visiting all her relatives and friends and remarking placidly, "John never gave me a minute's worry. I trained him to reason things out for himself. And to realise that he must be responsible for his own misdeeds."

The worst of it was, it was true. John was now a physicist leading an exemplary life on the East Coast and sending his mother clippings of his successes.

Jim always had a more critical attitude towards Kitty after one of Cora's visits. When Kitty, whose maiden name had been Callahan, yelled towards the kitchen at Deak and Danny, "Stop arguing about whose turn it is to empty the garbage, or I'll bash your heads together," Jim's condemning look said, "Cora never had to raise her voice to John."

When Kitty picked up Barney's overshoes in the middle of the wide hall and whacked him with them, saying, "I told you three times to put these in the closet," Jim's lips tightened, and Kitty would remember, "Cora never had to lay a hand on John."

The only bitter fights Kitty and her husband had were because Kitty couldn't seem to emulate Cora's even-voiced reasoning in bringing up children. "The trouble with you," Jim would end coldly, "is that you're too emotional."

Kitty put the last cinnamon roll into the pan and set them on the stove to rise. Ten minutes and they could go into the oven.

From the back porch came an anguished cry from Mary Pat. "Mom, it's raining! Just look."

A look was unnecessary. Rain slashed at the windows and thrummed on the porch roof. "Now we'll have to eat in the house," Mary Pat wailed.

"It's been done before," Kitty couldn't help saying.

They all had to scurry out in the downpour and carry back to the basement the chairs they had carried out, back to the hall the unwieldy table. The hurricane lamps and the cushions were left on the back porch to dry.

Mary Pat was wet and shivery and more woefully tense. "It'll be cold as a barn in the house. But I don't suppose I dare suggest a fire in the fireplace."

"Oh, no!" groaned both boys. Kitty glanced at the kitchen clock. After six. The Luminaries had been asked to drop in about six-thirty. "Go on and get dressed, Mary Pat. And Danny, you and Deak get some wood in the garage and make a fire." She thought wearily, if I could only sit in front of it, instead of tramping through rain to look at African

head-hunters with spears wading through swamps. Mary Pat paused on the stair landing with one more worried injunction.

"Mom, will you take all the jazz and popular records and—stick them some place? Susan is a concert pianist, and I want her to feel I'm the kind they want in their club—"

"Run along and dress," Kitty said, and thought, give me strength.

The first record she put out of sight in the window seat was "The Blue Skirt Waltz." She had taught Barney and his pals to dance to that. Barney, the gather-in. The house always overflowed with boys who teased Mary Pat, ate her fudges and sometimes took her to their favorite drive-in for hot dogs.

Maybe the poor kid was lost without Barney's providing a happy-go-lucky male background for her. Maybe that was why she clutched so feverishly at the Luminaries and pretended that boys were only useless clutter.

A step sounded on the front porch. Through the window, Kitty glimpsed a transparent plastic covering over a neat little hat on neat greying hair. Who but Cousin Cora would have a plastic hat protector in her handbag, ready for a sudden rainstorm?

Kitty thought as she opened the door, we'll have to take her to the African head-hunters with us.

Cousin Cora was saying, "Do forgive me for coming in on you without letting you know. But I had my phone service discontinued because I'm starting on one of my little jaunts tomorrow. So if I could use your guest-room—"

No family with a Cousin Cora should have a guest-room, Kitty thought.

The fireplace in the living-room off the wide hall was smoking. It was Cousin Cora who said helpfully, "Boys, hold a newspaper in front of it to help it draw." Mary Pat was descending the stairs in a fiesta blouse and tier skirt, and asking uneasily, "Don't you think this is too dressy?" when she saw Cousin Cora.

Kitty explained, "Mary Pat is having in some girl-friends—"

"Outstanding," a brother contributed, "and we've all got to fade."

"How very nice, Mary Pat," Cousin Cora said. "I'll fade too, but perhaps there're a few last-minute things I could help you with."

"I was thinking about the silverware," Mary Pat said, frowning. "If we could take it out of the chest and just have it there in the sideboard drawer, sort of—"

The door into the hall was pushed open with such gustiness that it hit the piano and the door knocker clattered. There was a loud bellow of "Anybody home?"

Kitty let out an inarticulate "Barney!" as wet arms pulled her against the wet chest of her first-born. Barney, the Marine—only he was in bedraggled civvies—and behind him loomed a lanky six-footer with a shock of red hair and serious eyes. Barney introduced him around as "Old Squidge," explaining that old Squidge had a twenty-day leave and no place to spend it, so Barney had just brought him home. "I've been telling him about my little clobber-head of a sister."

"But, Barney," Kitty got in, "why didn't you let us know?"

"I just decided it'd be fun to come in and surprise you. When old Squidge got his leave, I decided all of a sudden to drive him back. We'd have been in yesterday afternoon, only my car—"

"Conked out cold." Old

Squidge sighed. "Had to hitch-hike the last hundred and twenty miles."

"How long a leave do you have, Barney?" his mother asked.

There was an awkward, hedging silence, a little too much jauntiness in Barney's answer, "Me? Oh, I'll have to streak right back. But I can make it easy—I can catch a ride on a Navy plane."

Kitty felt a twinge of uneasiness. Old Squidge had a leave. Barney had to streak right back. She looked at Cousin Cora, and Kitty was suddenly a mother bear defending her cub. She said, "You boys come on upstairs and get into some dry clothes. Come on."

Upstairs, while Squidge rubbed his wet mop of hair with

"I can make it okay. Soon as I find some dry shoes. I'll call Operations at the Navy base and catch a flight back for free."

"I'll call them for you," Kitty said.

She did. Operations told her there was a plane for the West Coast, carrying seventy passengers, at five-twenty in the morning. In great relief, she went upstairs to relay this to Barney.

Already the room Barney had shared with his brothers was in a state of disarray with his and Squidge's clothes. Barney was turning out drawers in quest of dry socks.

"Thank heaven, that's taken care of," Kitty said. "We'll set the alarm and I'll call a taxi



a towel and Barney took off wet shoes, Kitty pried out the story.

Barney's leave was only from Friday noon until six-o'clock reveille Tuesday morning after the Labor Day holiday. But he and Squidge had figured they could drive straight through and make the nearly two hundred miles home in twenty-four hours.

And they would have pulled in yesterday afternoon easy if the float hadn't stuck in the carburettor and they hadn't had to stop and tinker with it—and then darned if the fool car hadn't thrown a rod. So Barney sold it at a filling station for twenty bucks—

"But, Barney, you have to be back at six Tuesday morning—day after tomorrow." California suddenly seemed as far away as Casablanca.

in the morning. Operations said for you to be in uniform, and have your leave papers."

A jolted look passed between the two boys. And silence. Then Barney said, "Mom, I guess I better fly back commercial."

Kitty's probing brought out the unhappy information that Barney didn't have an out-of-bounds pass. Unless a fellow had an out-of-bounds, he wasn't supposed to be more than a hundred and fifty miles from his base.

"Oh, Barney," she breathed, feeling the sharp teeth of military regulations.

"I got the dough for a plane ticket," he assured her. "Or I will have, soon as I call Dunbar—you remember old Dun? He still owes me some money from before I went in the Marines. I'll get hold of him."

He was down the stairs in three leaps to the telephone, which sat on a shelf in that narrow rectangle called the butler's pantry. It was like old times, seeing Barney balancing the receiver on his shoulder and stretching the cord into the kitchen and looking appraisingly about for something eatable.

His eyes lighted on the chocolate cake and the icing Mary Pat was worrying with. "How about a chunk?" he demanded while he waited for old Dun to answer at the other end.

"It's for company," she told him grimly. "Five girls that are the most outstand—"

"Women!" Barney yelled, making a hugging motion with both arms. "Real live women. Whoopee! . . . Don't believe old Dun's home."

He dialled Freddy next. He chortled over Freddy's amazement. Freddy evidently told him that someone named Art was home on leave, too, for Barney yelled out, "Old Arthur in person, huh?"

From either Arthur or Freddy he heard that old Dun was up at the Wayside Drive-in with some of the fellows, and Barney said, "You guys go and drag him out and bring him over. Food, women, music—and tell Dun I got to have that money."

Kitty had temporarily forgotten the Luminaries, but Mary Pat had not. As Barney went back up the stairs she came to her mother, wringing her hands. "I told Susan we'd have a quiet evening. Mother, you don't understand—they haven't accepted me yet."

Kitty didn't answer. She was turning through the pages in the telephone book for Airlines. She must get a ride for Barney just to ease her mind. A flight from Denver to Los Angeles. He could take the bus to China Lake from there.

She dialled, looking to see where the ubiquitous Cousin Cora was. She was with Mary Pat in the dining-room in conference over napkins.

For the first time Kitty regretted the utter unprivacy of their telephone. Its cord could be stretched into the kitchen a la Barney, or into the reception hall or into a pantry corner, but there was no spot where you couldn't be heard if anyone wanted to hear. If only the butler's pantry had a door!

"United Airlines. Miss Denton speaking. May I help you?"

Confidently Kitty asked the flight times of planes to Los Angeles the next day; she went into the comparative costs of first-class flights and air coach.

She didn't realise that she was wasting her time and Miss Denton's until she said, "Could we have a reservation on the two p.m. air coach?" and Miss Denton answered in a slightly scandalised voice, "Oh, no, ma'am. Every seat in every plane leaving tomorrow is taken."

"Oh!" limply. And then, "But aren't there—often—cancellations?"

They already had a long waiting list for cancellations.

"Do you know if there'd be a seat on some other airline?"

"I'm afraid not, ma'am. It's Labor Day and the beginning of school, and I imagine they're completely sold out, too. It's wise to make a reservation well in advance for any holiday."

Kitty kept her finger on Continental's phone number in the book while Mary Pat and Cousin Cora pushed by her to get to the chest of silver.

Cousin Cora mustn't hear what Kitty was phoning about. The exemplary John would never have done such a crazy, foolhardy thing as to set out for home in a car for which he had paid very little money and a grey suit. And with only three and a half days.

Kitty suggested hopefully, "Maybe you'd like to go up to your room and freshen up a little, Cora?"

"Oh, no. I'm helping Mary Pat get everything in readiness. Her friends will be here any minute now."

Alone in the pantry, Kitty dialled Continental. A male voice gave her the same information as Miss Denton.

She had no sooner replaced the receiver with a shaky hand than the phone rang. It was one of Barney's gang. She called to him, and he came racing down the stairs.

Mary Pat bobbed up to her mother to say in an injured tone, "You forgot all about the cinnamon rolls. I don't know what temperature you set the oven at."

A numbed and fear-filled Kitty moved into the kitchen. What would they do to Barney if he didn't make it back in time? She lit the oven, listened to Mary Pat's lamenting, "They'll be here any minute and we haven't even opened the olives or pickled apples."

"Olives—pickled apples?" Kitty repeated dully. If only Jim were home. Surely he'd know someone who could do something.

Barney was saying largely and loudly over the telephone, "Sure, bring old Morton and Bill along, too. We got plenty of women, plenty of food—"

"Listen to him," Mary Pat seethed. "Here I plan a quiet evening, and it'll be worse than Union Station. I shoved Danny and Deak off to the show, but you promised me you'd go—"

"I can't. I have to telephone." Automatically, Kitty reached for the flat wooden dish for the olives.

"Of course, a little thing like my whole future doesn't count."

Her future with her prissy little Luminaries, when Barney's honorable or dishonorable future was at stake. All Kitty's panic and frustration and nameless rage began welling up in her.

Mary Pat was bending over to slide some cinnamon rolls into the oven. She flung out again, "Of course, I shouldn't expect a mother to care—"

Kitty whirled in blind fury. She whacked the leaf-shaped wooden dish hard on Mary Pat's bottom, and knew vicious satisfaction as the whack sounded. "That's enough out of you, duchess!" The stem handle was still clutched in her hand as the broken half of the dish fell to the floor.

The person who leaned over to pick up the slab of wood was Cousin Cora. Kitty could only stand, drained of everything but shame. Of all people, Cousin Cora! Cousin Cora was saying, "Let me take that piece of the dish, too." Without looking at her, Kitty's fingers slowly unclenched themselves from the stem handle.

Mary Pat had not uttered a sound. For a dazed moment she held her hand to the stinging part of her anatomy, and then she slid the rolls into the oven and shut the door.

Barney, having completed his phone call, was motioning to his mother. As she made her shaky way to the pantry doorway, Squidge converged upon them, too, his eyes concerned as a collier's. Barney asked brightly, "Get me a ride?"

Kitty shook her head sickly, muttered low, "There's not a ride to be had. It's Labor Day."

Barney's face went slack. "No kiddin', Mom?"

So that terrible cockiness of eighteen could be pierced! "Barney, what will they do if you're not at reveille Tuesday morning?"

Both boys' eyes cringed away from hers, dropped.

"What will they do?" she demanded in a vehement whisper.

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Here's your answer

● It is always heartening for girls, who seem to get more mixed up than boys with problems of the heart, to find for sure that young men, those superior creatures, have their doubts and uncertainties about girls. If you'll remember that, their behaviour will seem more understandable.

HERE'S a letter from an uncertain young man: "I am almost 18. I like a girl who is about 12 months younger than I, and in the class below. I have only spoken to her a few times because I am rather shy. How should I go about asking her to go to a dance with me, and should I obtain her parents' consent? If I am walking with a girl, should I put

my arm around her? What is the best way to start a conversation with a girl? How long should I go out with her before I kiss her?"

"Ignorant," Qld.

Just bust right up and ask her about going to the dance. There is no need to ask her parents' consent until you've asked her. Then I think it is courteous to mention it to her parents and tell them you will take care of her.

Certainly don't put your arm around her. All that is required of an escort or friend walking with a girl is a helping hand for the rough patches of the road.

As for starting a conversation—well, you can always talk about the weather and the music at the dance, and don't ask me about this kissing time. Kisses are not good if planned; the best ones are the ones that you can't help.

"MANY of my friends have heard me singing and insist that I take it up. Please could you tell me what I must do?"

B.C., W.A.

Friends are the most wonderful things, but it is an unhappy fact that it is only the rare friend who is completely honest. No doubt you have a nice voice, but would they know if it was good enough to warrant "taking up?"

What you must do is go to some expert at your State conservatorium and ask for an honest opinion about it. Go to an independent authority who doesn't stand to make any money by giving you lessons. He'll speak frankly.

"I AM quite pretty and am popular with the boys. My problem is I want to break off a romance with my boyfriend and yet I just can't bring myself to hurt him. I have been going with him for over six months and I am getting rather sick of him. He is a real nice boy and is very considerate towards me. He is always passing remarks about 'when we are married,' and as I am only 16 I am getting rather frightened he is getting too serious. Please tell me what to do. I know another nice boy who wants to go steady with me and I would

—BERNARD FLETCHER



A word from Debbie . . .

BABY-SITTING comes everybody's way during the holidays. If you're asked to sit, remember it's a compliment, because the baby's mother believes you're a responsible person.

Remember when you are sitting that the baby is more important than the telephone, the doorbell, the TV, or the record-player. Never leave him alone in the tub, on a couch or bed. Be sure he is safe in his playground or cot before you leave the room. Watch the tiny baby to see that he does not pull the clothes over his head or get the sun in his eyes.

If you're sitting a baby at the beach, don't leave the baby on the sand while you take a swim, or go into deep water while he paddles. When you are in charge of children you must stay with them, for they can disappear in a split second.

***** DISC DIGEST *****

SEVEN years ago when the fad for reviving the fashions and foibles of the 1920s first appeared it was all very quaint and amusing. Nowadays it provokes nothing but a bored yawn; in fact, it's embarrassing at parties and dances to see people dressed up as "bright young things." The music, however, is another matter and if you want to hear exactly how it was played in those bouncy years listen to "The Roaring Twenties" on OCLP.7512. Well, not exactly, because this 12-inch LP has the benefit of hi-fi treatment, but the style and arrangements are perfectly in tune with the razz-ma-tazz period. Conductor Enoch Light has gathered together nine musicians for this happy-go-lucky excursion into the not-so-distant past.

AMONG the twelve top hits of those times you'll hear "Show Me The Way To Go Home," "Paddlin' Madelin' Home," "Varsity Drag," "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," and "That Certain Party." Even if you don't like this disc—which is hardly likely—you can bet that Mum or Dad will love it when the next birthday or wedding anniversary comes around.

THERE have been countless recordings of Chopin's Etudes (or Studies), but waxings of Debussy's Etudes are very rarely heard. Walter Gieseking recorded the Books 1 and 2, twelve studies in all, shortly before he died in 1956. They have now been issued on a 12-inch LP (330-CX.1261) together with "D'un Cahier d'Esquisses," a sensitive little

sketch with no more pretensions than its title suggests: "From a Sketch Book."

THERE are two types of collectors who don't have to be urged to hear this record—Debussy enthusiasts and students of the piano. To the latter Debussy himself says: "These Etudes will be a useful warning not to take up the musical profession unless they have remarkable hands." Truly this music soars to the summit of execution.

As for myself, I put out of my mind the fact that the studies are formidable musical exercises and listened to the disc purely as piano played by a great artist. The music is so subtle that I will keep on discovering fresh delights every time I play it.

—BERNARD FLETCHER

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Barney hedged, "I'm just out of bounds—"
"It'll be A.W.O.L. in their book," Squidge said morosely. She dragged it out of them. In worried whispers the words came—demotion from Pfc., court-martial, the brig. Shuddering words for a mother to hear.

There must be someone—
Desperately she dredged her memory. That man she and Jim met at a dinner party—he was something at the airport. Why, he was the manager. A heavy-set man with puffy features, and his name was Burton Col-Colton-no, Colby.

Thin hope galvanised her. One hand grabbed for the telephone book, the other tugged Barney closer. "We met the airport manager once, I'll phone him. Only, Barney, I don't want Cousin Cora to hear. I don't want her to know that you—" her voice strangled.

"Aw, Mom, I know," he said.

She smoothed the lumps out of her voice, said, "Squidge, you help Mary Pat watch the cinnamon rolls—they burn so easily." She was feeling contrite. "Oh, gosh, there's the door. It's the Luminaries."

Mary Pat, a look of doom on her set face, passed the butler's pantry on her way to the door. Squidge, wanting to be helpful, got to the door first. Three Luminaries. Barney was not so downcast that he did not lift his eyes and rake them over the three. "I'll help them off with their raincoats," he volunteered.

Kitty's finger was moving shakily down the listings under the Municipal Airport: Airport Rest—City Airport Ofc.—That must be where Burton Colby sat behind a desk. It was Sunday, but airports had to be managed on Sunday, didn't they?

Yes, Mr. Colby was on duty. But he didn't answer in his office. The operator thought he might have stepped down to the restaurant. Would she care to leave her number, or hold the line?

"I'll hold the line." Kitty

said. She had the feeling that by holding the line she had a small hold on Burton Colby's coat-tails.

Barney was taking his time in helping one of the Luminaries, a poised and petite brunette, out of a raincoat.

Kitty signalled to him and whispered, "One of those girls—Susan, her name is—plays the piano. Get her to play so Cora can't hear—I'm calling the airport manager."

What a long time it took to track down Colby! She waited, the receiver hugged to her ear. The piano was being played, but not very loudly. Kitty noted dully the arrival of the last two Luminaries, noted that the door admitted what looked like a small invasion of boys. She noted dully, but with an undercurrent of anger, how readily the stricken Barney could become unstricken. She saw Dun and Freddy and Arthur, with his lopsided grin, in his Marine uniform. Barney challenged the girls: "Let's see which one of you witches can talk him out of his sharpshooter medal first."

Witches! The Luminaries? But later—later, when Barney had a plane ride to Los Angeles, would be time enough to grieve over Mary Pat's supper party going completely awry.

Barney was again beside her. "What'd he say?"

"I'm still waiting. Cousin Cora keeps passing by. Can't that Susie play anything louder than 'Rustle of Spring'?"

"Burton Colby speaking."

"Mr. Colby, do you remember me?" With her free hand she was pointing towards the piano, going through a pantomime of pounding piano keys. Barney nodded knowingly and headed back to the piano. "I'm Jim Bechtold's wife, Kitty—you remember we met you at the Fishers—the Wade Fishers?"

He said he remembered, but he didn't sound as though he did. He sounded wary, as though he expected her to ask a favor.

Continuing . . . The Nicest Girls in Town

[from page 32]

She backed into the butler's pantry as far as the cord would stretch. The piano-playing was heartier now. Barney's hands were evidently helping Susan with the chording. Kitty bared her soul and her son's soul to this Burton Colby that she couldn't even picture, except that he had bulged under his coat and had talked pompously about his Dalmatians. Or boxers.

She told him about the old car that had conked out on them. She confessed that Barney didn't have an out-of-bounds pass, and that he faced dishonor if he did not answer

Cousin Cora took that moment to inject her presence into the butler's pantry, and Kitty surprised Mr. Burton Colby by saying, "Yes, wasn't it fun at the Dunning's that night? I loved hearing about your Dalmatians—"

She didn't even hear him correct her—it was at the Fishers', and he raised boxers—for her eyes were on Cousin Cora, who was taking a fluted relish dish out of the cupboard to replace the wooden one. Cora left the pantry.



reveille at China Lake on Tuesday morning. "So couldn't you possibly get him a ride somehow?"

The airport manager went into lengthy detail about how his managerial duties had nothing to do with reservations. She heard the same explanation about heavy Labor Day travel. Every seat had been taken weeks ago.

"He wouldn't mind standing, and we'd pay the same fare—"

He squelched that plea instantly. Civil Aeronautics regulations. Every passenger must be seated.

smell told Kitty that the cinnamon rolls would have blackened edges.

Her thoughts scampered in hopeless directions. If only the family car was home, she'd say, "Come on!" to Barney, and they'd start out through the rain and the night—But Jim had the car.

She thought wildly of friends who had cars. No, the only two she might ask were out of town over the holiday.

Her beaten look was enough answer to Barney's. "Nothin' doing, huh, Mom?"

And here was Cousin Cora in a silly organdie apron over her dark suit skirt. She reached out and laid a hand on Kitty's shoulder.

"Kitty, Barney can use my plane ticket to Los Angeles tomorrow. I've had my reservation for five weeks. I planned to stay a month in La Jolla, but I can go after Labor Day just as well."

Kitty was incapable of uttering a sound. But Barney threw his arms around her and yelled, "Cora, you're a doll—you're a living doll! I'm still in the Marines!"

Kitty found her voice. She turned explosively on the elated boy. "You!" she scolded. "You! You don't deserve it. You ought to be thrown in the brig at hard labor. Coming back here and worrying me out of my wits."

"I know, Mom, I know—" But Barney felt quite at home in a berating atmosphere. "I'll never do such a darn fool thing again."

Mary Pat and Squidge had come pushing into the crowded pantry. Mary Pat said, "Squidge just told me about Barney and court-martial and everything. Golly, Mom, I didn't know you were so worried—and I was so nasty—I don't blame you for losing your temper—"

"Everything's all right," Cousin Cora said.

"How's about getting on with the party?" Barney said.

Kitty and Cousin Cora were alone in the half-privacy of the

pantry. Kitty spoke in a frayed voice. "You see, if I'd been a better mother, Barney wouldn't have come tearing home like this. Your John never gave you a minute's worry."

Cousin Cora was slow in answering. Kitty lifted her eyes to see that she too was crying and dabbing her eyes on a corner of the organdie apron. "That's right," she said. "He never gave me a minute's worry. But he never—figured it'd be a thrill to come home—and surprise me."

Kitty's self-recriminations went on. "I wish I were more like you. Jim always said I was too emotional."

"Sometimes I wish I'd been a little more emotional—maybe I was too serious with John. I wish now we'd been a little closer."

They sat on, wiping their eyes and murmuring regrets. Two mothers feeling their own inadequacies, admitting that they didn't know all the answers.

The noise about them was growing deafening. The Marines were trying to outshout each other in singing "Honey Babe." If that was Susan playing the piano, it didn't sound like a would-be concert pianist.

Side by side, Kitty and Cousin Cora stood in the pantry doorway, watching. Two more boys than girls, Kitty counted, so that even the plain, bespectacled Luminary was being taken care of. On the piano bench, Barney was beating time with a drumstick and taking bites out of it and tendering it to Susan to do the same.

Kitty had to move out into the hall to locate Mary Pat, for she was dancing in a corner with Squidge, who was eating a cinnamon roll well burned on the edges. Mary Pat looked blissful.

The Luminaries might be outstanding and have shining futures. But they were shining in a special way tonight with assorted boys who were thinking only of the present.

It was Cousin Cora who said, "Don't you think we could both do with a cup of coffee, Kitty?"

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Sow in January



CINERARIAS: These lovely "painted daisies" (above) flower very early, grow to 30in., and prefer semi-shade, with a moist, rather acid soil. They are subject to aphid and leaf miner attack, for which early DDT spray is the best control. Reduce buds for bigger flowers. Seed very small, cover lightly, water carefully. Picture taken at home of Mrs. W. J. Hull, Burwood, N.S.W.



SWEET WILLIAMS (above) are usually regarded as perennials, but are best treated as biennials. Colorful, fragrant, low-growing border plants, they should be raised from seed sown now. Set out when big enough to handle. They need a well-drained, sunny position. Plants become clumpy, but can be lifted and divided after spent flowering stems have been removed. Obtainable in many contrasting colors.

SWEET PEAS (above) are hardy annuals of great beauty, and they're noted for color and fragrance. Sow in well-trenched ground 4 to 6in. apart. New multiflora types, which bear five to nine blooms per stem, are a great improvement on the Spencer variety, but blooms are smaller. Provide tall support and pinch out plants when 8 to 10in. tall for shrubby growth and more flowers. Subject to mildew. Spray with colloidal sulphur. Protect from birds when the plants are small.



SCHIZANTHUS (above). Rather tender hardy annuals. Do best if grown indoors. Sow seed in boxes and transplant in 8 to 9in. pots when they're big enough to handle. Subject to aphid and red spider. Can be grown in a well-protected position outdoors. Need light stakes and rich soil. Pinch back early to induce shrubbiness.

NEMESIA (left). Colorful border or edging plant. Variety strumosa is 15in. tall; nana compacta 8 to 9in. Available in many beautiful colors, including blue. Need an open, sunny, well-drained position. Sow seed now and transplant when big enough to handle. Picture taken at home of Mrs. A. Symons, West Ryde, N.S.W.

Continuing . . . 4.50 From Paddington

from page 17

prescribe a little stimulant. "Brandy."

They went back together towards the house.

"Sir. Please, sir."

Inspector Bacon turned. Two boys had arrived on bicycles. Their faces were full of eager pleading.

"Please, sir, can we see the body?"

"No, you can't," said Inspector Bacon.

"Oh, sir, please, sir. You never know. We might know who she was. Oh, please, sir, do be a sport. It's not fair. Here's a murder, right in our own barn. It's the sort of chance that might never happen again. Do be a sport, sir."

"Who are you two?"

"I'm Alexander Eastley and this is my friend James Stoddart-West."

"Have you ever seen a blond woman wearing a light-colored dyed squirrel coat anywhere about the place?"

"Well, I can't remember exactly," said Alexander astutely. "If I were to have a look—"

"Take 'em in, Sanders," said Inspector Bacon to the constable who was standing by the barn door. "One's only young once!"

"Oh, thank you, sir." Both boys were vociferous. "It's very kind of you, sir."

Bacon turned away towards the house.

"And now," he said to himself grimly, "for Miss Lucy Eyelesbarrow!"

After leading the police to the Long Barn and giving a brief account of her actions, Lucy had retired into the back-ground, but she was under no illusion that the police had finished with her.

She had just finished preparing potatoes for chips that evening when word was brought to her that Inspector Bacon required her presence. Putting aside the large bowl of cold water and salt in which the chips were reposing, Lucy followed the policeman to where the inspector awaited her. She sat down and awaited his questions composedly.

She gave her name—and her address in London, and added of her own accord:

"I will give you some names and addresses of references if you want to know all about me."

The names were very good ones. An Admiral of the Fleet, the Provost of an Oxford College, and a Dame of the British Empire. In spite of himself, Inspector Bacon was impressed.

"Now, Miss Eyelesbarrow, you went into the Long Barn

to get some paint. Is that right? And, after having found the paint, you got a crowbar, forced up the lid of this sarcophagus, and found the body. What were you looking for in the sarcophagus?"

"I was looking for a body," said Lucy.

"You were looking for a body—and you found one! Doesn't that seem to you a very extraordinary story?"

"Oh, yes; it is an extraordinary story. Perhaps you will let me explain it to you."

"I certainly think you had better do so."

Lucy gave him a precise re-



ital of the events which had led up to her sensational discovery.

The inspector summed it up in an outraged voice.

"You were engaged by an elderly lady to obtain a post here and to search the house and grounds for a dead body? Is that right?"

"Yes."

"Who is this elderly lady?" "Miss Jane Marple. She is at present living at 4 Madison Road."

The inspector wrote it down. "You expect me to believe this story?"

Lucy said gently: "Not, perhaps, until after you have interviewed Miss Marple and got her confirmation of it."

"I shall interview her all right. She must be cracked."

Lucy forbore to point out that to be proved right is not really a proof of mental incapacity. Instead she said: "What are you proposing to tell Miss Crackenthorpe? About me, I mean?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Well, as far as Miss Marple is concerned, I've done my job. I've found the body she wanted found. But I'm still engaged by Miss Crackenthorpe, and there are two hungry boys in the house, and probably some more of the family will soon be coming down after all this upset. She needs domestic help. If you go and tell her that I only took this post in order to hunt for dead bodies she'll probably throw me out. Otherwise I can get on with my job and be useful."

The inspector looked hard at her.

"I'm not saying anything to anyone at present," he said. "I haven't verified your statement yet. For all I know, you may be making the whole thing up."

Lucy rose.

"Thank you. Then I'll go back to the kitchen and get on with things."

"We'd better have the Yard in on it; is that what you think?"

The Chief Constable looked inquiringly at Inspector Bacon. The inspector was a big, solid man—his expression was that of one utterly disgusted with humanity.

"The woman wasn't a local, sir," he said. "There's some reason to believe—from her underclothing—that she might have been a foreigner. Of course," added Inspector Bacon hastily, "I'm not letting on about that yet a while. We're keeping it up our sleeves until after the inquest."

The Chief Constable nodded. "The inquest will be purely formal, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. I've seen the Coroner."

"And it's fixed for—when?"

"Tomorrow. I understand the other members of the Crackenthorpe family will be here for it. There's just a chance one of them might be able to identify her. They'll all be here."

He consulted a list he held in his hand.

"Harold Crackenthorpe; he's something in the City—quite an important figure, I understand. Alfred—don't quite know what he does. Cedric—that's the one who lives abroad. Paints!" The inspector invested the word with its full quota of sinister significance. The Chief Constable smiled in to his moustache.

"No reason, is there, to believe the Crackenthorpe family are connected with the crime in any way?" he asked.

"Not apart from the fact that

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If undelivered, please return to Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.			

the body was found on the premises," said Inspector Bacon. "And, of course, it's just possible that this artist member of the family might be able to identify her. What beats me is this extraordinary rigmarole about the train."

"Ah, yes, You've been to see this old lady, this—er—" (he glanced at the memorandum lying on his desk) "Miss Marple?"

"Yes, sir. And she's quite set and definite about the whole thing. Whether she's barmy or not, I don't know, but she sticks to her story—about what her friend saw and all the rest of it. As far as all that goes, I dare say it's just make-believe—sort of thing old ladies do make up, like seeing flying saucers at the bottom of the garden, and Russian agents in the lending library. But it seems quite clear that she did engage this young woman, the lady help, and told her to look for a body—which the girl did."

"And found one," observed the Chief Constable. "Well, it's all a very remarkable story. Marple, Miss Jane Marple—the name seems familiar, somehow. Anyway, I'll get on to the Yard. I think you're right about it's not being a local case—though we won't advertise the fact just yet. For the moment we'll tell the Press as little as possible."

The inquest was a purely formal affair. No one came forward to identify the dead woman. Lucy was called to give evidence of finding the body and medical evidence was given as to the cause of death—strangulation. The proceedings were then adjourned.

It was a cold, blustery day when the Crackenthorne family came out of the hall where the inquest had been held. There were five of them all told—Emma, Cedric, Harold, Alfred,

Continuing . . . 4.50 From Paddington

(from page 35)

and Bryan Eastley, the husband of the dead daughter Edith. There was also Mr. Wimborne, the senior partner of the firm of solicitors who dealt with the Crackenthornes' legal affairs. He had come down specially from London at great inconvenience to attend the inquest. They all stood for a moment on the pavement, shivering. Quite a crowd had assembled; the piquant details of the "Body in the Sarcophagus" had been fully reported in both the London and the local Press.

A murmur went round: "That's them . . ."

Emma said sharply "Let's get away."

The big hired Daimler drew up to the kerb. Emma got in and motioned to Lucy. Mr. Wimborne, Cedric, and Harold followed. Bryan Eastley said: "I'll take Alfred with me in my little bus." The chauffeur shut the door and the Daimler prepared to roll away.

"Oh, stop!" cried Emma. "There are the boys!"

The boys, in spite of aggrieved protests, had been left behind at Rutherford Hall, but they now appeared grinning from ear to ear.

"We came on our bicycles," said Stoddart-West. "The policeman was very kind and let us in at the back of the hall. I hope you don't mind, Miss Crackenthorne," he added politely.

"She doesn't mind," said Cedric, answering for his sister. "You're only young once. Your first inquest, I expect?"

"It was rather disappointing," said Alexander. "All over so soon."

"We can't stay here talking," said Harold irritably. "There's quite a crowd. And all those men with cameras."

At a sign from him the chauffeur pulled away from the kerb. The boys waved cheerfully.

"All over so soon!" said Cedric. "That's what they think, the young innocents! It's just beginning."

"It's all very unfortunate. Most unfortunate," said Harold. "I suppose—"

He looked at Mr. Wimborne, who compressed his thin lips and shook his head with distaste.

"I hope," he said sententiously, "that the whole matter will soon be cleared up satisfactorily. The police are very efficient. However, the whole thing, as Harold says, has been most unfortunate."

HE looked, as he spoke, at Lucy, and there was distinct disapproval in his glance. "If it had not been for this young woman," his eyes seemed to say, "poking about where she had no business to be—none of this would have happened."

This sentiment—or one closely resembling it, was voiced by Harold Crackenthorne.

"By the way—er—Miss—er—er—Eyesbarrow, just what made you go looking in that sarcophagus?"

Lucy had already wondered just when this thought would occur to one of the family. She had known that the police would ask it first thing: what surprised her was that it seemed to have occurred to no one else until this moment.

Cedric, Emma, Harold, and Mr. Wimborne all looked at her.

Her reply, for what it was worth, had naturally been prepared for some time

"Really," she said in a hesitating voice, "I hardly know . . . I did feel that the whole place needed a thorough clearing out and cleaning. And there was," she hesitated—"a very peculiar and disagreeable smell . . ."

She had counted accurately on the immediate shrinking of everyone from the unpleasantness of this idea . . .

Mr. Wimborne murmured: "Yes, yes, of course . . . about three weeks the police surgeon said . . . I think, you know, we must all try and not let our minds dwell on this thing." He smiled encouragingly at Emma, who had turned very pale. "Remember," he said, "this wretched young woman was nothing to do with any of us."

"Ah, but you can't be so sure of that, can you?" said Cedric.

Lucy Eyesbarrow looked at him with some interest. She had already been intrigued by the rather startling differences between the three brothers. Cedric was a big man with a weatherbeaten, rugged face, unkempt dark hair, and a jocund manner. He had arrived from the airport unshaven, and, though he had shaved in preparation for the inquest, he was still wearing the clothes in which he had arrived and which seemed to be the only ones he had; old grey flannel trousers and a patched and rather threadbare baggy jacket. He looked the stage Bohemian to the life and proud of it.

His brother Harold, on the contrary, was the perfect picture of a City gentleman and a director of important companies. He was tall with a neat carriage, had dark hair going slightly bald on the temples, a small black moustache, and was impeccably

dressed in a dark, well-cut suit and a pearl-grey tie. He looked what he was, a shrewd and successful businessman.

He now said stiffly: "Really, Cedric, that seems a most uncalled-for remark."

"Don't see why? She was in our barn, after all. What did she come there for?"

Mr. Wimborne coughed, and said: "Possibly some—er—assignment. I understand that it was a matter of local knowledge that the key was kept outside on a nail."

His tone indicated outrage at the carelessness of such procedure. So clearly marked was this that Emma spoke apologetically.

"It started during the war. For the A.R.P. wardens. There was a little spirit stove and they made themselves hot cocoa. And afterwards, since there was really nothing there anybody could have wanted to take, we went on leaving the key hanging up. It was convenient for the Women's Institute people."

"If we'd kept it in the house it might have been awkward—when there was no one at home to give it them when they wanted it to get the place ready. With only daily women and no resident servants . . ."

Her voice trailed away. She had spoken mechanically, giving a wordy explanation without interest, as though her mind was elsewhere.

Cedric gave her a quick, puzzled glance.

"You're worried, sis. What's up?"

Harold spoke with exasperation. "Really, Cedric, can you ask?"

"Yes, I do ask. Granted, a strange young woman has got herself killed in the barn at Rutherford Hall (sounds like a Victorian melodrama) and, granted, it gave Emma a shock at the time—but Emma's always been a sensible girl—I don't see why she goes on being worried

now. Dash it, one gets used to everything."

"Murder takes a little more getting used to by some people than it may in your case," said Harold acidly. "I dare say murders are two a penny in Majorca and—"

"Iviza, not Majorca."

"It's the same thing."

"Not at all—it's quite a different island."

Harold went on talking: "My point is that, though murder may be an everyday commonplace to you, living amongst hot-blooded Latin people, nevertheless in England we take such things seriously." He added with increasing irritation: "And really, Cedric, to appear at a public inquest in those clothes—"

"What's wrong with my clothes? They're comfortable."

"They're unsuitable."

"Well, anyway, they're the only clothes I've got with me. I didn't pack my wardrobe trunk when I came rushing home to stand in with the family over this business. I'm a painter, and painters like to be comfortable in their clothes."

"So you're still trying to paint?"

"Look here, Harold, when you say trying to paint—"

Mr. Wimborne cleared his throat in an authoritative manner.

"This discussion is unprofitable," he said reprovingly. "I hope, my dear Emma, that you will tell me if there is any further way in which I can be of service to you before I return to town?"

The reproach had its effect. Emma Crackenthorne said quickly: "It was most kind of you to come down."

"Not at all. It was advisable that someone should be at the inquest to watch the proceedings on behalf of the family. I have arranged for an

To page 37

'Vaseline' WONDER-FOAM—the shampoo especially made for the girl who shampoos every week—(or more often.)

Margo McKendry

—charming Australian mannequin, parades in crowded showrooms—where dust can soon dull hair. Like busy girls everywhere she shampoos at least once a week. That's why Margo chooses gentle 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam—keeps hair shining soft and easy to manage—no matter how often she uses it.

Cleanses softly, gently, safely—cannot dry your hair like harsh shampoos

Here's why you can use 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam as often as you like—'Vaseline' Wonder-foam bursts into a new kind of lather—a pure, soapless foam. Tiny bubbles free the oils of your scalp of dirt and dandruff but never wash natural oils away. So don't take risks with strong shampoos or soaps that leave dulling film and take too much oil out of your hair. You can use 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam time and time again—a vital point to remember when choosing your shampoo. So enjoy the gentle luxury of 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam and give your hair glorious sheen, a fresh feeling and new softness.



One of Margo's beauty secrets is ballet exercises. Here she practises on a quiet Sydney beach before her weekend dip.



Trade Mark
'Vaseline' Wonder-foam Shampoo

Available at all chemists and stores. Bubble 1/3, Small 3/9, Large 5/6, Family Economy 8/6.

'Vaseline' is a registered trade mark of Chesebrough-Pond's International Ltd.

SIX HUNDRED senior Boy Scouts are making their contribution to the jubilee year of world scouting.

They are taking part in a "Snowy Venture"—11 days camping on the Australian Alps.

They're travelling (on foot) from Tumut and Nimmo to Cooma, taking a close-up view of progress in the Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric Scheme.

The project is being organised with typical Scout efficiency.

The Scouts are safeguarded by two-way radio, and each group is guided by a special "pathfinder." Fresh meat and ice-cream are provided at various camps along the route, and food for each Scout is packed in individual plastic bags.

And there is a carefully planned programme of talks, films, and exhibitions.

The entire venture costs each Scout just £14.

Magic carpet from Singapore

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Chris Hill-Willis sailed into Sydney recently on their 62ft. ketch, Bintang Terang (Bright Star, in English), they brought a magic carpet with them from Malaya.

And Mr. Willis, a master mariner, who was harbor-master to the Sultan of Johore, swears he could have made the journey as accurately by carpet as by the charts in the ketch's chartroom.

The carpet is a scale map of their route via Borneo, Darwin, Cairns, to Sydney.

It was made by Captain Donald Stewart, of the Agapenor—a friend of Mr. Hill-Willis since prisoner-of-war days in Germany.

He made the carpet during a voyage from Singapore to London and back—and finished it just in time to hand it to them before they sailed.

It had pride of place in the main cabin of the ketch.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill-Willis have returned to make their home in Australia after 10 years in Malaya.

CLOSE your eyes and try giving a minute description of the person you know best.

Can you? The odds are against it, according to Policewoman Audrey Foley, who works for an American Bureau of Missing Persons.

She says the reason why most people can't or won't give a useful description of a relative or friend missing is often due to pride.

A woman will describe her husband as four or five inches taller than he is.

And men, says Policewoman Foley, are seldom correct on their wives' measurements.

Worth Reporting

Continuing . . . 4.50 From Paddington from page 36

From bulldozers to baby-sitters

PARENTS . . . were you given a baby-sitter for Christmas?

A newly formed service bureau in Melbourne, with more than 100 firms on its books, had plenty of unusual suggestions for Christmas presents, ranging from bulldozers to baby-sitters.

The bureau issued Christmas gift card dockets, entitling the recipient to a certain number of hours' service from a baby-sitter.

Most unusual request came from an Adelaide customer who wanted a baby hippopotamus for Christmas.

While the bureau was trying to fulfil the request, the customer decided to cancel his order.

He didn't have anywhere to keep a baby hippo.

THEY must all be very charming girls in Portland, Maine, U.S.A.

The city's plans for a weekly charm school collapsed. No one showed up.

Exhibition of Queensland art

BRISBANE artist C. H. Lancaster has some admirers in the Blue Star Shipping Line.

The line bought two of his paintings for their ships Townsville and Rockhampton Star, which will make their maiden voyages to Australia early in 1958.

The paintings were exhibited at a show of oils and watercolors by Queensland artists, held at Queensland House, the Strand, London.

And to Londoners—in the middle of winter—they gave not only a vivid impression of the Queensland scene but of the friendly warmth of the State's climate.

Other artists exhibiting were Mrs. H. Carstens, Ralph Weppner, Mrs. E. Lilian Pederson, G. Wilson Cooper, and Frank Sherrin.

Stravinsky with the soup

"WE believe that good music and good food go together," said Jim Howard, Western Australian president of the A.B.C. Youth Concerts committee.

Beginning on January 6, the committee will hold a series of "musical dinners" at a Perth nightclub.

"We plan to have Stravinsky with the soup, Tchaikovsky with the chicken, and Rachmaninoff with the cheese," Mr. Howard told us.

"We intend to prove that a concerto can be just as exciting as a floor show," he added.



"I want a longer lunch-time, more money, more..."

Escape with a baby accordion

EIGHT years ago, a Berlin musician packed her piano accordion and a few personal belongings in a pram, tucked them under a blue blanket, and wheeled her "baby" out of East Berlin past the Russian guards to freedom.

In Sydney was her childhood sweetheart, watchmaker Fred Brandman, who had escaped from Germany in 1939 and was working as interpreter with the C.I.B.

With the help of his boss, Detective-Inspector A. A. Wilks, and the head of the Australian Military Mission in Germany, Brigadier F. G. Gallegan, Elsa came to Australia, married her Fred, and is now a Maroubra housewife.

In Berlin Mrs. Brandman had had her own dance band—"Seven men and myself, called 'Lizzy's Seven'." In Sydney she played her accordion to amuse her husband and two children, Margaret (6½) and John (2), then decided to turn teacher.

Now she has 50 pupils. One of them, Alan Langford (15), of Maroubra, recently won an Amateur Hour radio contest.

This year at her pupils' annual concert she invited two special guests of honor, Brigadier Gallegan and Detective-Inspector Wilks, the two men who helped give her a new life.

Then a brave woman started to talk

MEN seem to like perpetuating the fallacy that it's women who hang on to the telephone for hours and do most of the talking, so we were happy recently to catch up with one woman who proves them wrong.

In Sydney for four days en route for a New Zealand holiday were a charming Canadian pair, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Johnson, of Montreal.

The retired chairman of Bell Telephone Company in Canada, Mr. Johnson told us that Mrs. Johnson "just loves" to talk on the telephone.

"She's got a private line at home exclusively for her use right beside her chaise-longue in the bedroom," he said.

But Mrs. Johnson wasn't letting her husband have the last word. "Yes, but you've forgotten to mention the nine telephones YOU have right by your favorite chair."

Mr. Johnson suddenly decided he must attend to his luggage and left in a hurry.

There's a lot in nylon stockings

ON the subject of nylon stockings perhaps you didn't know that:

- It takes six hours' work to make just one stocking.

- About 3,000,000 Australian women buy 10 pairs each a year.

- The 15 denier thread, the most popular weight in Australia, is three times finer than a human hair.

- Unravelling the yarn from a pair of 15 denier stockings stretches for two miles.

- And, finally, that seamless nylons are tops in fashion overseas now.

Like a new hat on a swaggie

THREE young men from widely scattered corners of the globe have pooled their talents to help bring a new look to Newtown, one of Sydney's old industrial suburbs.

They are an Australian wool-classer, a piano-playing Dutch caterer, and a Hungarian who has been "just about everything" from plumber to buffalo-hunter.

Their joint enterprise is an espresso coffee-shop-cum-restaurant whose smart black-and-white facade stands out among its neighbors like a new hat on a swaggie.

Theatregoers from the Elizabethan Theatre share the tiny dance floor with students from nearby university colleges and hospitals while the three hosts beat out Latin-American music on piano and conga drums.

The game of bushfires

CHILDREN the world over create games from life.

One day, while we were holidaying in the far west of New South Wales, the temperature soared to 106 degrees.

With smoke from distant bushfires adding to discomfort, we ignored the two small boys playing on the wide verandah until they came abreast of our deck chairs and we were asked to move "out of danger."

With orange chalk one small boy was drawing tongues of flame in a zig-zagged line.

Fiercely he chalked, his flames leaping along the wooden planks.

Even more fiercely came the second child with a billy of water and a rag, washing out the flames as fast as they were drawn.

Better to be Scotch than Dutch

IT doesn't pay to be Dutch if you visit the tax-free shop at Schipol Airport, Amsterdam.

Dutch residents can buy only cigars, cigarettes, liquor, and chocolate.

But other air travellers can buy, as well, photographic equipment, watches, perfumes, alarm clocks, and such delicacies as caviare, pate de foie gras, and lobster—all at from 20 to 60 per cent. below the official retail prices.

interview with the inspector at the house. I have no doubt that, distressing as all this has been, the situation will soon be clarified. In my own mind, there seems little doubt as to what occurred.

"As Emma has told us, the key of the Long Barn was known locally to hang outside the door. It seems highly probable that the place was used in the winter months as a place of assignation by local couples. No doubt there was a quarrel and some young man lost control of himself. Horrified at what he had done, his eye lit on the sarcophagus and he realised that it would make an excellent place of concealment."

Lucy thought to herself: "Yes, it sounds most plausible. That's just what one might think."

Cedric said: "You say a local couple—but nobody's been able to identify the girl locally."

"It's early days yet. No doubt we shall get an identification before long. And it is possible, of course, that the man in question was a local resident, but that the girl came from elsewhere, perhaps from some other part of Brackhampton. Brackhampton's a big place—it's grown enormously in the last twenty years."

"If I were a girl coming to meet my young man, I'd not stand for being taken to a freezing-cold barn miles from anywhere," Cedric objected. "I'd stand out for a nice cuddle in the cinema, wouldn't you, Miss Eyesbarrow?"

"Do we need to go into all this?" Harold demanded plaintively.

And with the voicing of the question the car drew up before the front door of Rutherford Hall and they all got out.

On entering the library Mr. Wimborne blinked a little as his shrewd old eyes went past Inspector Bacon, whom he had already met, to the fair-haired, good-looking man beyond him. Inspector Bacon performed introductions.

"This is Detective-Inspector Craddock, of New Scotland Yard," he said.

"New Scotland Yard—hm." Mr. Wimborne's eyebrows rose. Dermot Craddock, who had a pleasant manner, went easily into speech.

"We have been called in on the case, Mr. Wimborne," he said. "As you are representing the Crackenthorpe family, I feel it is only fair that we should give you a little confidential information."

Nobody could make a better show of presenting a very small portion of the truth and implying that it was the whole truth than Inspector Craddock.

"Inspector Bacon will agree, I am sure," he added, glancing at his colleague.

Inspector Bacon agreed with all due solemnity and not at all as though the whole matter were prearranged.

"It's like this," said Craddock. "We have reason to believe, from information that has come into our possession, that the dead woman is not a native of these parts, that she travelled down here from London, and that she had recently come from abroad. Probably (though we are not sure of that) from France."

Mr. Wimborne again raised his eyebrows.

"Indeed?" he said. "Indeed?"

"That being the case," explained Inspector Bacon, "the Chief Constable felt that the Yard were better fitted to investigate the matter."

"I can only hope," said Mr. Wimborne, "that the case will be solved quickly. As you can no doubt appreciate, the whole business has been a source of much distress to the family. Although not personally concerned in any way, they are—"

He paused for a bare second, but Inspector Craddock filled the gap quickly.

"It's not a pleasant thing to find a murdered woman on your property? I couldn't agree with you more. Now I should like to have a brief interview with the various members of the family—"

"I really cannot see—"

"What they can tell me? Probably nothing of interest—but one never knows. I dare say I can get most of the information I want from you, sir. Information about this house and the family."

"And what can that possibly have to do with an unknown young woman coming from abroad and getting herself killed here?"

"Well, that's rather the point," said Craddock. "Why did she come here? Had she once had some connection with this house? Had she been, for instance, a servant here at one time? A lady's maid, perhaps. Or did she come here to meet a former occupant of Rutherford Hall?"

Mr. Wimborne said coldly that Rutherford Hall had been occupied by the Crackenthorpes ever since Josiah Crackenthorpe built it in 1884.

"That's interesting in itself," said Craddock. "If you'd just give me a brief outline of the family history—"

Mr. Wimborne shrugged his shoulders.

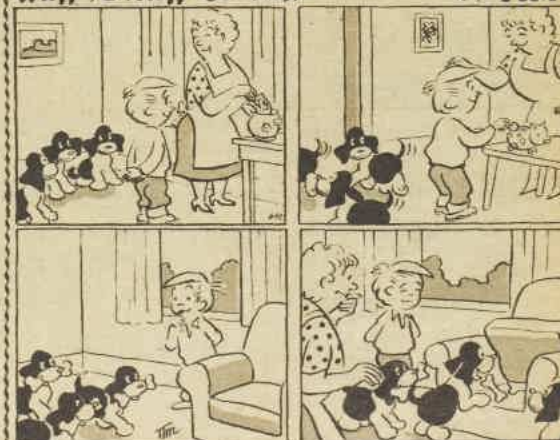
"There is very little to tell. Josiah Crackenthorpe was a manufacturer of sweet and savory biscuits, relishes, pickles, etc. He accumulated a vast fortune. He built this house."

To page 44

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



YOW! REACH FOR...

Hit the wrong nail? Smooth on soothing, healing 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly—the first aid kit in a jar. At all chemists and stores—3/9 and 2/3.

'Vaseline' is a registered trade mark of Chesebrough-Pond's International Ltd.



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Lustrtile panels give bathroom walls the luxury surface of porcelain tiles at a fraction of the cost, in less than half the time.

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Lustrtile

The Marlited Tileboard that gleams like porcelain.

Wonderful Masonite Lustrtile has a high gloss baked enamel surface that seals in all the colour beauty and seals out moisture, grease, acids and mildew. This special Marlited process is exclusive to Masonite Lustrtile.

Lustrtile never cracks, so it's ideal for covering old walls. You buy it in 6 ft. x 4 ft. sheets in either 6 ins. or 4 ins. tile patterns and it's so easy to fix you can quickly do it yourself. Special metal mouldings in matching Marlited colours give corners and joints a smooth professional finish.



Bathroom in blue and cream Masonite Lustrtile. Just one of the many delightful colour combinations from the Lustrtile range.



Ask for Masonite Lustrtile at hardware stores and timber yards everywhere.

It's impossible to reproduce all the tone beauty of the 15 lovely colours (including stippletones) in the Lustrtile range. But your Masonite dealer will be glad to show you samples of the full colour range.



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OUR HOME PLAN No. 609, shown in perspective above, has an interesting roof treatment which gives the home a pleasing appearance. A large gable extends across the living-room, while a smaller one over the main bedroom gives shelter to both the room and to the front entrance, and a third gable shuts out the glare from the dining-room.

AN IDEAL HOME FOR A FAMILY

● Our home plan this week has been designed on conventional lines to give comfortable living for a family of six. It is ideal in semi-rural and suburban areas where the land is flat and the sharper lines of contemporary styling would look out of character.

DESIGNED by Melbourne architect Mr. F. T. Humphrys, the plan is available at our Home Planning Centres, for which addresses are given below.

The three-bedroom home is designed to fit on a 50ft. block, and is suitable for construction in any building material.

Approximate costs of building the home would be:

LARGER VERSION

In New South Wales: Brick, £5350; timber, £3900; fibro, £3625.

In Victoria: Brick, £4650; brick veneer, £4200; timber, £3500; fibro, £3400.

In South Australia: Brick, £4025; asbestos, £3350.

In Queensland: Brick, £5300; timber, £3525; fibro, £3400.

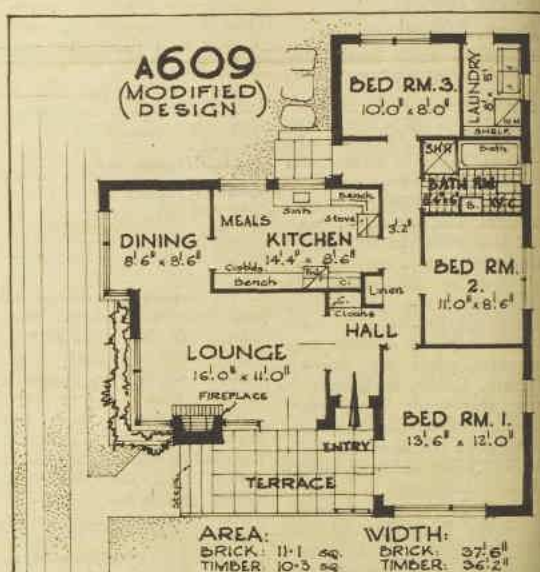
MODIFIED VERSION

In New South Wales: Brick, £4700; timber, £3550; fibro, £3290.

In Victoria: Brick, £4200; brick veneer, £3800; timber, £3175; fibro, £3075.

In South Australia: Brick, £3650; asbestos, £3000.

In Queensland: Brick, £4700; timber, £3200; fibro, £3100.



The plan, complete with specifications, costs £77/- and can be bought at our Home Planning Centres, established in conjunction with leading stores in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane.

The centres offer a comprehensive service to intending home-builders.

FLOOR PLAN of the modified version of the home shows the well-designed interior layout. The kitchen is spacious, with a work area and a well-fit meals bay.

● All standard plans published in The Australian Women's Weekly are available at the centres simultaneously with publication.

● Hundreds of other standard plans are available from stock. All standard plans cost £77/- and are available in six variations.

● Plans will be prepared to any individual design at a fee of £1/1/- per square, based on total area.

Plans can be ordered by mail, enclosing fee. Addresses of the centres are:

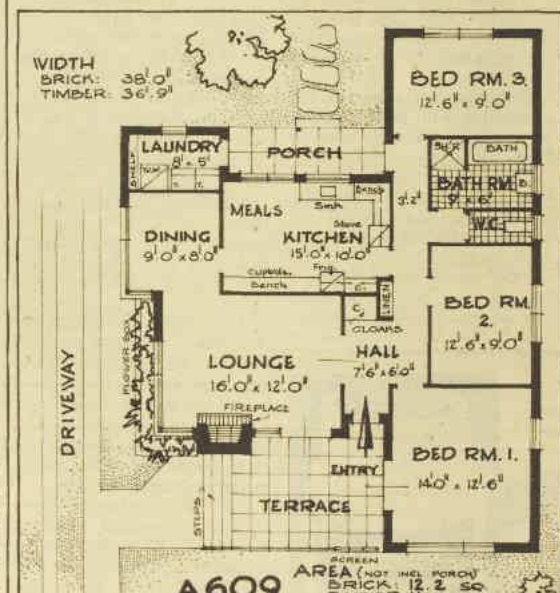
SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. (Third Floor), Brickfield Hill.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium Ltd. (Sixth Floor), Lonsdale St. Mail to Box 5038Y, G.P.O.

GEELONG: Our representatives will be at the Myer Emporium in Geelong every Friday and Saturday to advise readers on home plans.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd. (Second Floor), The Valley. Mail to Box 151, Broadway P.O.

ADELAIDE: John Martin & Co. Ltd. (Second Floor), Rundle St. Mail to Box 629E, G.P.O.



THE LARGER VERSION of the home, which has double doors opening from the main bedroom and the lounge to the front terrace, giving an illusion of greater space to both these rooms. Front entry is into a wide vestibule.

England's "prefab." is a housewife's dream

From our London office

● A compact, modern home for four that can be built from foundations to wallpaper in only six weeks must be nearly every homemaker's dream.

JUST such a house is the House of Productivity and Design, planned and built in England, and offered as a prize at the Festival of Women at Wembley.

Mrs. Margaret Ingledown won the house from 30,000 other women and it will be re-built on her own site as a home for herself, her husband, and small son and daughter.

The method of construction allows the house to be re-built and ready to live in within six weeks of finding the site.

Built of many prefabricated parts, it can be put together almost as easily as a Meccano set and the parts can be varied and assembled in many different ways, although Mrs. Ingledown wants the house left exactly as it is.

The house, designed and furnished by a young woman architect, Miss Elaine Denby, has captured the contemporary spirit, both with its layout for efficient and comfortable family living and its economy and speed in assembly.

The outside walls come in completed units which need only two men to place in position, while the plumbing is comprised of a single unit made up of hot and cold water tanks, supply and waste pipes, and connections.

Put in position in the shell of the house, the plumbing is easily connected with baths and basins when the building is completed.

Another time-saver is the inner construction of the house, which needs no drying-out period for plaster, and wallpaper can be put on immediately the interior walls are in place.

Clever layout

The ground floor of the two-storied house is arranged on a modified open plan. There is a separate entrance-hall and kitchen, and then one large partitionless L-shaped living-room.

The fireplace, television, and sitting-room area is in one branch of the "L," while the dining-room is in the other.

"I love this arrangement," said Mrs. Ingledown. "There is more room for living in. John, my six-year-old, doesn't

have to sprawl under our feet while he's playing. He can play in the dining-room, and yet still be with us."

Simple unit-furniture has been used in the living-room. One whole wall is taken up by a unit which comprises drawers, cupboard, a writing-desk, and open spaces for books and ornaments.

Upstairs are three bedrooms which have built-in furniture. The wardrobes and cupboards are made as wall-units. In what will be John's room is a clever dressing-table with an upright mirror which, when closed, converts into a writing-desk.

Another wall of the boy's bedroom features a large cork-board attachment on which John plans to pin up his collection of cigarette cards.

Model kitchen

Much as she likes the rest of the house, Mrs. Ingledown is most thrilled with the modern kitchen and its many labor-saving devices.

Twin stainless-steel sink-bowls are set into a laminated plastic bench - cum - draining-board. Under one of the sinks is an electrically driven rubbish-disposal unit, which grinds up vegetable peelings and so on and ejects them into the main drain.

A kitchen fan ventilates the room and keeps the house free from cooking smells and steam.

Other comfort features of the home include the under-floor heating system, so necessary in England's climate. This gives the whole house a steady, gentle warmth in winter, while electric fires in

the bedrooms provide added warmth.

Insulation throughout keeps heat losses to a minimum, while double windows keep out cold draughts.

The windows themselves are a housewife's dream. Each one is pivot hung, and can be unhinged when cleaning to swing completely round. This means that the outside of the windows can be cleaned from inside the house without dangerous leaning or ladder climbing.

Mrs. Ingledown won the house when she summed up why she preferred it to one built in the traditional manner. Her answer read: "Optimum degree of thermal insulation, use of advanced and most economical space and water-heating technique, low upkeep, superior window design, and area."



PREFABRICATED, England's House of Productivity and Design was planned for economy and comfort to suit English conditions. It is the prototype of a home which could be erected within six weeks.



THE MASTER BEDROOM is restful in predominantly grey and apple-green colorings. The curtains provide splashes of contrast on a neutral background. Double glass is used extensively in doors and windows to keep out draughts.



A WALL UNIT which can be taken apart and rearranged, or each piece used individually, and a yellow brick wall over the fireplace dominate the living-room. As part of the L-shaped ground floor, this room appears to be quite spacious.



THE KITCHEN is a housewife's dream. Its labor-saving appliances include an exhaust fan, twin stainless-steel bowls, a garbage-disposal unit, and good bench space, which all make it a pleasant place to work. Note the big centre windows.



THE DINING-ROOM is separated from the kitchen by a panelled room-divider. In keeping with the living-room, which forms the other arm of the L-shaped ground floor, the color scheme is in terracotta, lime, black, and white.

It's the Mayonnaise that makes the salad!...

- and you can make it the
NESTLÉ'S *2 minute* way!

Really! It's as easy as one, two, three!

In just two minutes you can make the freshest, creamiest mayonnaise you've ever tasted. Mix it the way you want it—to your very own taste. Start serving mayonnaise the Nestlé's Condensed Milk way—you can experiment a little with the measures until you get the mixture that's just right for you.

First of all, pour half a tin of Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk in a bowl.

Then season with half a teaspoonful of salt, half a cupful of vinegar and one teaspoonful of Keer's mustard.

Now beat for a few seconds until mixture thickens and there it is, the most delicious mayonnaise you've ever tasted.



NESTLÉ'S
SWEETENED CONDENSED
MILK

A NESTLÉ'S QUALITY PRODUCT



MAKE IT THIS EASY BREEZY WAY!

Ingredients: One 12-oz. tin Ideal Evaporated Milk, 2 oz. sugar, 1 teaspoonful gelatine, 1-1½ teaspoonfuls vanilla essence.

Place unopened tin of Nestlé's Ideal Milk in refrigerator overnight. 20 minutes before making, set control at maximum. When ready to make, add one tablespoonful of cold water to gelatine and allow to swell, then heat until dissolved, and cool. Open tin of Ideal Milk and pour contents into bowl. Add sugar and essence. Add dissolved and cooled gelatine. Whip until thick. With control at maximum, place in freezing trays in refrigerator until frozen for serving.

Any time
is **IDEAL**
time for
ICE
CREAM



Feeding a family can be fun when you serve a treat they all want to eat! This is the weather for ice cream, something creamy, something special, something that satisfies all the family. Ice cream makes any meal a festival—especially when you make it yourself, whipped to your own taste with Nestlé's Ideal Milk.

Yes, it's **IDEAL** time for ice cream—here's a tip—pour *Ideal* straight from the tin on your fruit salads and pie—it's the tasteful touch that makes a flavour of difference.

NESTLÉ'S IDEAL

FULL CREAM EVAPORATED

MILK

INEXPENSIVE RECIPES FROM PACKAGE-FOOD



**DEVILLED MEAT BALLS—
COCKTAIL SIZE**

CREAMED CHICKEN, BRAN SCONES

• One cup sliced mushrooms; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chicken fat; $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour; salt, pepper, nutmeg; 1 cup chicken stock; 1 cup milk; 2 cups diced cooked chicken; $\frac{1}{2}$ red pepper cut in strips.

Cook mushrooms about 3 minutes in heated chicken fat. Stir in flour and seasonings; blend well. Add chicken stock and milk gradually, stirring constantly. Cook until thickened. Add chicken and red pepper. Pour into buttered shallow casserole. Top with bran scones. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes or until browned.

SCONES: $\frac{1}{4}$ cup All-Bran; $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sour milk; $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour; 1 teaspoon salt; 2oz. shortening.

Combine All-Bran and milk, let stand $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Sift together flour and salt. Cut-in shortening until mixture resembles coarse breadcrumbs. Add All-Bran mixture, stir lightly. Turn dough out on lightly floured board; cut into shapes.



**PARTY
SHRIMP PIE**

BOITE AU CHOCOLAT

• One 7in. square or round plain sponge; 4oz. sweet chocolate; 1 dessertspoon rum; 1 large tin peaches; 1 cup cream, whipped and sweetened to taste with sugar and vanilla and lightened with the addition of 1 stiffly beaten egg-white.

Place sponge on to serving-plate and sprinkle with the rum. Break the chocolate into small pieces and heat over boiling water until chocolate is just melted, spread evenly on to a large sheet of greaseproof paper, and, when beginning to set, mark into small squares with a sharp knife. Set aside to harden. Spread top and sides of cake with whipped cream, peel paper off squares and press chocolate round sides of the cake, overlapping slightly. Arrange peach slices on top, chill in the refrigerator, and decorate with cream before serving.

This week we invited experts in packaged and preserved foodstuffs to give us their favorite recipes for our cookery index file series. On this page and overleaf are the eight kitchen-tested recipes, which make an interesting collection. Each recipe was selected for (a) appetite appeal, (b) ease and speed in preparation, which will be specially appreciated by housewives, and (c) for nutritive value. All are dishes which keep well within ordinary family budget limits.

ECONOMY SALAD MAYONNAISE

• Half a tin of Nestle's sweetened condensed milk; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar; 1 teaspoon dry mustard.

Pour the condensed milk into a bowl, then add the $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar, and 1 teaspoon dry mustard. Mix all ingredients together, thoroughly stirring until the mixture thickens, then allow to stand for a few minutes until the mayonnaise stiffens. Delicious served on all salads.

This recipe can be used as a basic mayonnaise, and extra flavorings such as chopped hard-boiled eggs, shallots, capers, chives, or gherkins can be added if desired.

Stored in the refrigerator in a screw-top jar, this mayonnaise will keep at least two weeks.



**IDEAL
ICE CREAM**

SAVORY RISSOLES AND SPAGHETTI

• One pound cold cooked meat; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cooked mashed potatoes; 1 tablespoon Rosella tomato sauce or Worcestershire sauce; salt and pepper to season; seasoned flour; egg-glazing; breadcrumbs; 1 large can Rosella cooked spaghetti with cheese.

Mince the meat and add to it the mashed potatoes and sauce. Season with salt and pepper. Roll into small rissoles. Dip each rissole in seasoned flour, then in egg and breadcrumbs. Fry a golden brown in deep pan of fat. Heat the Rosella spaghetti and place in the centre of an entree dish, border round with the rissoles, and serve at once.

This simply prepared luncheon or buffet-supper dish is ideal to serve when planning to use left-over meats.



**COFFEE
BISCUITS**

I was embarrassed

... me with dingy dentures!
... yet I clean them every day



but do you clean them properly?

False teeth
need

STERADENT

specially made to clean
dentures properly

AT CHEMISTS ONLY

HP247

Scientists find safe, easy way to remove facial hair at home without electrolysis

Leaves skin velvety smooth

Hair on a woman's face is an unsightly blight to her appearance. But fortunately women can now be free from embarrassing hair on the face, as well as the arms and legs, because two scientists have developed a most simple, easy and medically-proven way to remove excess hair at home... Neelo, a cosmetic creme.

Thanks to Neelo, women no longer have to resort to electrolysis which is so expensive, often painful. No longer do women have to resort to the vicious habit of shaving, which keeps bringing the hair back so coarse. This highly successful

method of removing hair is used by more women today than any other. Do not confuse Neelo with old fashioned, evil smelling depilatories which irritate and take so long to use. Neelo is a pink, odorless cosmetic creme and so easy to use. Just smooth Neelo on like a face cream — then wash hair off in a minute. Neelo gently dissolves hair below the skin's surface. That's why the skin always feels so velvety smooth without coarse regrowth.

Don't let unwanted hair ruin your appearance. Buy new, odorless Neelo at your chemist today. KY223

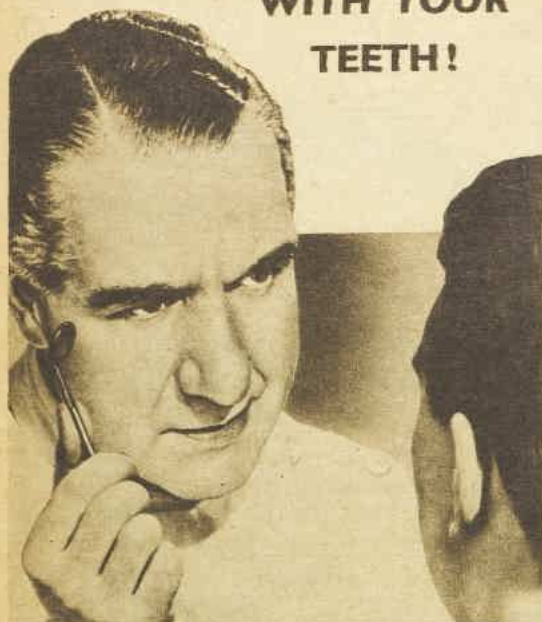
YOUR SHOES NEED

MELTONIAN

CREAM & SUEDE SHOE DRESSINGS
So good for shoes

ALL Fashionable Colours
... ALSO IN HAND-TUBES

**DON'T TAKE CHANCES
WITH YOUR
TEETH!**



New MACLEANS

PEROXIDE TOOTH PASTE

**keeps teeth whiter
and healthier...**

Use Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste . . . feel the tingle as its unique ingredient goes to work, killing decay germs, protecting your teeth and gums! Try Macleans and see how white your teeth are — that means they're cleaner and therefore safer from decay. You'll love the cool, refreshing taste of Macleans — and your breath will be sweet the whole day long.



MT Aus. 8/57

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Staisweet
Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet
♥♥♥♥♥

**Give Baby
Lovely
Curls**

CURLYPET makes baby's hair grow curly . . . removes nasty cradlecap. Get a month's supply of CURLYPET from your Chemist or Store for 4/10.

Curlypet

MORE DISHES YOU CAN FILE FOR REFERENCE

ECONOMY SALAD MAYONNAISE



IDEAL ICE CREAM

• One 12oz. tin "Ideal" evaporated milk; 2oz. sugar; 1 teaspoon gelatine; 1 to 1½ teaspoons vanilla essence.

Place unopened tin of Nestlé's Ideal Milk in refrigerator overnight. Twenty minutes before making, set control at maximum. When ready to make, add one tablespoon of cold water to gelatine and allow to swell, then heat by placing over hot water until dissolved; cool. Open tin of Ideal Milk and pour contents into bowl. Add sugar and essence. Add dissolved and cooled gelatine. Whip until thick. With control at maximum, place in freezing-trays in refrigerator until frozen for serving.

Other flavors such as coffee, chocolate, peppermint, or almond may be added to the basic ice-cream mixture if desired.

SAVORY RISSOLES AND SPAGHETTI



COFFEE BISCUITS

• Four ounces margarine; 3oz. sugar; 1 egg; 8oz. plain flour; pinch of salt; 2 teaspoons Nescafe (dry).

Cream fat and sugar and beat in egg lightly until smooth. Sieve flour, salt, and Nescafe, and add to creamed mixture. Add a little milk if necessary to bind mixture together. Knead dough lightly and roll on floured board until 1/8in. thick. Prick all over with fork and cut into ovals or rounds. Place on greased baking-tray and bake in moderate oven until golden brown (about 15 minutes).

FILLING: 2 teaspoons Nescafe; 4oz. icing sugar; 2oz. margarine. Beat all ingredients together until light and creamy.

COFFEE ICING: 1oz. icing sugar, 1 teaspoon Nescafe (dry). Mix Nescafe with a few drops of hot water. Blend with icing sugar to consistency desired.

Sandwich biscuits together with filling and then ice. Decorate with walnuts before icing sets.

• Below are four more delicious recipes selected by nutrition experts for you to add to your recipe index file. Put together with the other four on the previous page, these should enable you to turn out a number of dishes with ease and speed to satisfy everyone. The recipes are printed back-to-back with the ingredients on one side and the illustrations opposite on the other. Cut the recipes along the dotted lines and each one is complete. All spoon measurements are level.

DEVILLED MEAT BALLS— COCKTAIL SIZE

• One jar Gorgonzola cheese spread; ¼ cup prepared mayonnaise; 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce; 1 teaspoon prepared mustard; 2 cups cornflakes; ¼ cup milk; 1 egg, slightly beaten; 1lb. minced steak; 1½ teaspoons salt; 1/8th teaspoon pepper.

Blend cheese with a fork; add mayonnaise, Worcestershire sauce, and mustard. Crush cornflakes slightly; add remaining ingredients and Gorgonzola spread and mix well. Form into small balls about 1 inch in diameter. Grill or pan-fry until well done. Serve hot on toothpicks. Makes 2½ dozen meatballs an inch in diameter.

CREAMED CHICKEN, BRAN SCONES



PARTY SHRIMP PIE

• Half a cup butter or margarine; ¼ cup flour; ¼ teaspoon salt; 1/8th teaspoon pepper; ¼ teaspoon mace; 3 cups milk; 1 tablespoon sherry; 1 can salmon or 1 cup cooked flaked fish; 1 cup prawns; 1 tablespoon lemon juice; ¼lb. sliced fresh mushrooms; 1 cup Rice Bubbles; 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine.

Melt ¼ cup of the butter; stir in flour and seasonings. Add milk slowly, stirring constantly; cook until thickened, stirring occasionally. Stir in sherry. Sprinkle fish and prawns with lemon juice. Cook mushrooms in remaining butter until golden brown. Reserve a few prawns and mushrooms for garnish if desired. Fold remaining fish and mushrooms into sauce. Pour into buttered 1½-quart casserole. Mix Rice Bubbles with melted butter; sprinkle over mixture. Garnish with prawns and mushrooms. Bake in moderately hot oven about 20 minutes or until browned.

BOITE AU CHOCOLAT



From Corn the richest grain, comes the richest flavour!



So crisp, so delicious, so satisfying! Nutrition experts say that one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar gives the same energy as 2 big helpings of bacon and tomatoes.

**FULL OF ENERGY
FROM THE SUN**

CORN — WHEN YOU NEED STAYING POWER

Corn soaks up more of the sun's goodness than any other grain. That's why corn tastes best. That's why corn is best. And that's why Kellogg's Corn Flakes are the most tempting and the most *sustaining* breakfast you could ever serve! Each big crisp, golden flake is packed with richer, deeper flavour... crammed with the kind of lasting energy every member of your family needs day after day. In fact, scientists say that one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar gives the same energy as two big helpings of bacon and tomatoes.

Memo to Mothers: If anyone needs a sustaining breakfast, it's *you*! So — make those crunchy Kellogg's Corn Flakes *your* steady breakfast date, too.





Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning Jan. 8

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20 	* Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in ambition.	* Specially important for those who are applying for their first job. Others present requests to those who can grant favors. Moderate risks are well aspected.	* Co-operation works to the advantage of all concerned, and a complete rest from domestic worries and responsibilities would be a tonic. Prefer congenial tasks.	* Discard the boy-friend who makes you feel like a poor banger. Don't reach out of your own environment. There may be a more dependable one nearer home.	* Mental attitudes have a lot to do with social progress. If you are restless and dissatisfied, yourself you are not likely to attract new friends or keep old ones.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20 	* Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in know-how.	* Revitalize your energies. There are adjustments ahead in your working world, and you will need to be at your best and most efficient. Keep fit by watching diet.	* Make your head save your feet. Avoid making two trips where one should be sufficient. Plan to conserve your time and energy for greater leisure and new interests.	* Don't expect too much of a date you get by heroic efforts. If so much effort must be made to attract his attention he may not be worth the bother.	* If you are interested in others they will respond, but if it is all one-way traffic your audience will soon be bored. Use your imagination and creative talent.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 20 	* Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, cream. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in a savings campaign.	* Make use of individual or joint financial resources with security in mind. Cut down on activities which could overthrow your budget, and look to future demands.	* Get to work with a will up whatever project you have in mind. Be methodical and see that all tools and equipment are to hand before starting out.	* If you build up with your beloved a reputation for loquaciousness sooner or later a cold resentment will develop in his thoughts of you. Be a good sport.	* This week may be distinguished by events of temporary interest, but by activities which can be pursued alone. Time spent in relaxation may be accompanied by planning.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 21—JULY 20 	* Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in a partnership.	* Listening to others has its compensations when you arrive at the right conclusion. A new ambition may be aroused, and a way found to make it practicable.	* If the family are home, welcome their friends and entertain them informally. If the members of the household are mostly away, have a reunion for old pals.	* Be sympathetic to the boy-friend who likes you more than you do him. No girl ever had too many friends, and giving the brush-off won't solve anything.	* In some cases neighbors or relatives may come to visit because they want something. Others are drifting along, and have little to give in ideas or conversation.
LEO The Lion JULY 21—AUGUST 20 	* Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in a personal matter.	* The margin for error is too large for speculating on future gain. Better stick to tried methods, playing safe in all departments. Practical returns will be greater.	* Perhaps that domestic spring-clean set for after the holidays can wait after all. You may become absorbed in a stimulating diet or improvement plan.	* If your heart-throb is running short of cash after the holidays, go dutch treat, or settle for an economical outing. Tact of this sort can earn golden opinions.	* The companionship of cheerful people should help you escape from any problems. Don't give in to frustration if things have not been going exactly as you had hoped.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 21—SEPTEMBER 20 	* Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in love or speculation.	* Promising developments should bring joy to your heart. If events are shaping in your favor, do not hasten the climax. Wait until opportunity comes unlooked for.	* Many of you won't be home long enough to worry. You may water the garden, and be off, or you may just let the house look after itself.	* There could be a secret understanding between you that your engagement will be announced when he has attained a certain stage in his job. Otherwise new romance.	* The days are passing during which the holiday mood rules. Make the most of any social opportunities that come your way. Make an effort to join the crowd.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 21—OCTOBER 20 	* Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in a happy ending.	* Other people may give you the run-around if you are too trusting. Attend to your affairs yourself. Some of you retire from one job and commence another.	* You may abolish a nuisance which has irritated you for a long time. This could be a simple repair job, or rearrangement of your household possessions.	* When the family are cautious in their enthusiasm for your new thrill, don't grow discontented. Figure out ways to show him off to best advantage. Give him a boost.	* If you are resolved to sever certain contacts, don't look back over your shoulder. You cannot keep on the same activities forever, and new interests will soon arrive.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 21—NOVEMBER 20 	* Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a consensual company.	* Follow the usual routine, keep to fastidiousness, and do not assume authority where it has not been expressly granted. You will avoid unpopularity and loss of prestige.	* Take precautions against ordinary domestic hazards. Those who stand on a chair or a table may come to grief. Others may find that household appliances go on strike.	* Should you hear gossip about your beloved, don't go off the deep end until you know the rights and wrongs of the matter. There could be a reasonable explanation.	* Outings are still well aspected. If you're back at work, the weekend may be more important than ever. Wherever you go, look for the unusual and the educational.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 21—DECEMBER 20 	* Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in buying and selling.	* The financial picture continues to be promising if you stick to a middle-of-the-road policy. Don't be pushed into silly enterprises which will not pan out.	* Differences over household finances need not be taken personally. If your pet improvement must wait you will appreciate it all the more when it arrives.	* You and the one you love best may be engaged in a plan which brings pleasure to a number of people. Organising and working together help to increase your love.	* You have a practical purpose in view, and gain it through personal efforts or indirectly through others. This calls for patience, but the goal is worth while.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19 	* Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in leadership.	* There may be a few emotional upsets in connection with your job. Concentrate on your work, and keep clear of excitable people. Do not lend or borrow money.	* Many of the plans you set out to achieve are likely to be completed this week, when you can afford to enjoy the results of your efforts.	* If a girl, you can't tell the boy-friend that you love him, but you can create the right setting and atmosphere for romance. Be the glamor-girl.	* Lead the way and others will follow. Spend carefully to the point where you obtain the greatest enjoyment for the least money. You set the tone for a whole group.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 18 	* Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, mauve. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in watchful waiting.	* Examine all propositions before accepting. Deceptive influences could cause you to act on incorrect information, or rely on irresponsible people who only promise.	* You have made up your mind and you will do as you see fit. You may be certain to be independent, and possibly acerbic over your intentions for a while.	* The target for your thoughts may come face to face with you when neither of you are expecting it. Do not desert your own party. Just be friendly.	* Posing over trifles can spoil any amusement, so if you enjoy yourself in your own manner, and go about your business, you will at least carry out your own intentions.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 19—MARCH 19 	* Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, silver. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in popularity.	* Carry out decisions already reached, but listen to friends who may be able to help through advice or personal influence. Cultivate ability to mix in all circles.	* Those still away on holidays regret the idea of returning to a dusty house. Those at home close their eyes to all but essential householdwork. Sociability appeals.	* This is the great love that cancels out previous love affairs. You believed that before, but this time you mean it. You shine with an inner glow.	* Emphasis is on youth. Young in heart, you may be actively engaged in things you haven't done for years. You'll be out in front leading the group.

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The only setting lotion that gives brilliant highlights as it sets your hair.

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Speedy relief from BACKACHE

Does every move you make cause agonising backache? Do legs throbb even after a short walk? Then lose no time in trying Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Lazy kidneys can cause leg-pains, aching joints, disturbed nights, rheumatic pain, headaches, etc., because they are neglecting their smooth job of cleansing and purifying the blood. Doan's is a famous stimulant-diuretic, promoting healthy kidney action, which has brought relief to sufferers all over the world. No need to put up with discomfort—get Doan's today!

THE BEST COOKS use FAULDING essences



Luther Crackenthorpe, his eldest son, lives here now.

"Any other sons?"

"One other son, Henry, who was killed in a motor accident in 1911."

"And the present Mr. Crackenthorpe has never thought of selling the house?"

"He is unable to do so," said the lawyer dryly. "By the terms of his father's will."

"Perhaps you'll tell me about the will?"

"Why should I?"

Inspector Craddock smiled. "Because I can look it up myself if I want to, at Somerset House."

Against his will, Mr. Wimborne gave a crabbed little smile.

"Quite right, Inspector. I was merely protesting that the information you ask for is quite irrelevant. As to Josiah Crackenthorpe's will, there is no mystery about it. He left his very considerable fortune in trust, the income from it to be paid to his son Luther for life, and after Luther's death the capital to be divided equally between Luther's children, Edmund, Cedric, Harold, Alfred, Emma, and Edith. Edmund was killed in the war, and Edith died four years ago, so that on Luther Crackenthorpe's decease the money will be divided between Cedric, Harold, Alfred, Emma, and Edith's son, Alexander Eastley."

"And the house?"

"That will go to Luther Crackenthorpe's eldest surviving son or his issue."

"Was Edmund Crackenthorpe married?"

"No."

"So the property will actually go—"

"To the next son—Cedric."

"Mr. Luther Crackenthorpe himself cannot dispose of it?"

"No."

"And he has no control of the capital?"

"No."

"Isn't that rather unusual? I suppose," said Inspector

Continuing . . . 4.50 From Paddington

Craddock shrewdly, "that his father didn't like him."

"You suppose correctly," said Mr. Wimborne. "Old Josiah was disappointed that his eldest son showed no interest in the family business—or, indeed, in business of any kind. Luther spent his time travelling abroad and collecting objects d'art. Old Josiah was very unsympathetic to that kind of thing. So he left his money in trust for the next generation."

"But in the meantime the next generation have no income except what they make or what their father allows them, and their father has a considerable income but no power of disposal of the capital."

"Exactly. And what all this has to do with the murder of an unknown young woman of foreign origin I cannot imagine."

"It doesn't seem to have anything to do with it," Inspector Craddock agreed promptly. "I just wanted to ascertain all the facts."

Mr. Wimborne looked at him sharply, then, seemingly satisfied with the result of his scrutiny, rose to his feet.

"I am proposing now to return to London," he said. "Unless there is anything further you wish to know?"

He looked from one man to the other.

"No, thank you, sir."

The sound of the gong rose fortissimo from the hall outside.

"Dear me," said Mr. Wimborne. "One of the boys, I think, must be performing."

Inspector Craddock raised his voice, to be heard above the clamor, as he said "We'll leave the family to have lunch in peace, but Inspector Bacon and I would like to return after it—say, at two-fifteen—and have a short interview with every member of the family."

"You think that is necessary?"

"Well"—Craddock shrugged

SWEET and SOUR

Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners:

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

I AM a New Australian. My husband came to Australia in 1951. While his own fare was being deducted from his pay he saved every penny to enable me to follow him. The other day we were joking with friends about how expensive it had been for my husband to get a wife. My husband looked at me and said: "Well, it was a lot of money, but she is worth every penny of it."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. H. Scheimann, 44 Meadow Avenue, Coopers Plains, Brisbane.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

WE had relatives in for a record-playing evening. When supper came my mother proudly passed round a super sponge cake. Obviously enjoying her ample slice, my great-aunt exclaimed: "Why dear, this is the nicest sponge I've ever tasted."

"I always did like a sponge with a bit of chew in it."

£2/2/- awarded to Miss Carole Wise, 236 Labouchere Road, Como, W.A.

Send your entries to The Nicest Compliment or The Best Backhander, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

his shoulders—"it's just an off chance. Somebody might remember something that would give us a clue to the woman's identity."

"I doubt it, Inspector. I doubt it very much. But I wish you good luck. As I said just now, the sooner this distasteful business is cleared up the better for everybody."

Shaking his head, he went slowly out of the room.

Lucy had gone straight to the kitchen on getting back from the inquest, and was busy with preparations for lunch when Bryan Eastley put his head in.

"Can I give you a hand in any way?" he asked. "I'm handy about the house."

Lucy gave him a quick, slightly preoccupied glance. Bryan had arrived at his small M.G. car, and she had not as yet had much time to size him up.

What she saw was likeable enough. Eastley was an amiable-looking young man of thirty-odd with brown hair rather plaintive eyes, and an enormous fair mustache.

"The boys aren't back yet," he said, coming in and sitting on the end of the kitchen table. "It will take 'em another twenty minutes on their bikes."

Lucy smiled.

"They were certainly determined not to miss anything."

"Can't blame them. I mean to say—first inquest in their young lives and right in the family, so to speak."

"Do you mind getting off the table, Mr. Eastley? I want to put the baking-dish down there."

Bryan obeyed.

"I say, that fat's corking hot. What are you going to put it?"

"Yorkshire pudding."

"Good old Yorkshire. Real"

A PRIZE CAKE

● An economical and simply prepared raisin apple-cake which has a moist texture and a spicy flavor wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest for readers.

THE prize-winning cake may also be cooked in a 9in. x 9in. lamington tin and cut into finger-lengths for serving.

Consolation prizes are awarded to recipes for ox-tongue marinade and coconut date slices.

All spoon measurements are level.

RAISIN RING CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups

flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon each of salt, nutmeg, and spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups unsweetened apple pulp, 1 cup raisins, extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour.

Cream shortening and sugar. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with apple pulp, and lastly add raisins which have been mixed with extra flour and walnuts. Bake in greased 8-inch ring-tin in moderate oven for 1 hour. Cool slightly in tin, turn on

to cake-cooler, and dust lightly with icing sugar.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Foley, Wynnum Rd., Murarie, Brisbane.

OX-TONGUE MARINADE

One fresh ox-tongue, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon salt, 2 sliced onions, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 dessertspoon thyme, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. mustard, 1 cup red wine, 2 cups vinegar, 1lb. flour, water.

Wash and dry tongue, trim roots; prick well with skewer. Soak in a marinade of sugar, salt, onions, garlic, thyme, mustard, wine, and vinegar for three days, turning frequently. Remove tongue from marinade and dry. Place in baking-dish and cover completely with a scone dough made by mixing flour with $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water. Pour marinade liquid over tongue; bake in a moderately slow oven 4 hours or until tender. Remove scone covering and skin from tongue before serving.

Consolation Prize of £1 to B. Erpf. (Please forward address.)

COCONUT DATE SLICES

Biscuit: Six ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla, 6oz. sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Cream shortening and sugar, add vanilla, egg-yolks. Mix well. Work in sifted flour



SOFT-TEXTURED CAKES, such as the apple-flavored raisin-ring illustrated above, are easy to turn out if left in the tin for about five minutes after baking. The recipe, given on this page, also makes a nice dessert when served hot with custard or cream.

Building character

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

● A child's success or failure at school and throughout life depends a great deal upon habits formed and training in the home before school years begin.

THE first step in building good character is the formation of good habits, and the time to start forming these habits is as soon as a baby is born. Remember it is far easier to form good habits in the first place than to break bad ones.

For each good habit of sleeping, eating, and so on, there is the opposite bad habit. Either a baby forms the good habit of sleeping at regular

times, or he forms the bad one of sleeping at irregular times.

A chapter dealing with baby's mental health and with habit formation is contained in my parentcraft book "You and Your Baby."

This book can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 15/- plus 9d. postage. Please print names and addresses clearly.

FAMILY DISH

SAUSAGE meat with added flavors makes an appetising family dish this week. It costs approximately 4/- and serves four.

SAVORY SAUSAGES

One and a half pounds sausage mince, 6 tablespoons brown breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 2 tomatoes, 1 large apple, 1 onion, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 dessertspoon flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint boiling water.

Combine sausage mince, curry powder, and chopped onion. Form into sausage shapes and roll in breadcrumbs. Arrange in large well-greased pan. Slice tomatoes, peeled and cored apple, and onion, place on top of sausage. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, mustard, and flour mixed together. Pour in boiling water, cover, and cook about 45 minutes. Baste with gravy, re-cover, and cook for a further 20 minutes.

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Home from School and HUNGRY

give them these famous easy-to-make treats



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THESE FAMOUS BRANDS



1. BUTTERFLY CAKES

4 oz. butter, 1 oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 2 oz. Wade's corn flour, 4 oz. plain flour, 1½ level teaspoon baking powder, 2 tablesp. milk. Beat butter and sugar to cream, add eggs, milk and then dry ingredients, beat to a stiff consistency. Grease patty tins, half fill with mixture. Bake 10 mins. in fairly hot oven. Cut pieces of cake from centre and fill with whipped cream, and arrange cake as wings on top.

MOCK CREAM: 2 oz. butter, 2 oz. sugar (caster preferred), ¼ tsp. vanilla. Cream the butter and sugar until white and fluffy. Cover with cold water and pour off carefully—repeat this process 4 or 5 times, mixing well in between each "washing" until all the sugar has dissolved. Flavour with vanilla and use as a filling for scones and cakes. To make a larger quantity of cream, economically, blend 1 level teaspoon corn flour with ¼ pint milk—heat and cook 3 mins. Cool and gradually beat into the above mixture.

2. YO-YO BISCUITS

3 oz. butter or margarine, 3 oz. plain flour, 1½ oz. Uncle Toby's Custard Powder, 1 oz. sifted icing sugar, 1 tsp. grated lemon rind. Cream together the butter, sugar and lemon rind. Knead in the sifted flour and Uncle Toby's Custard Powder. Roll into small balls, press with a fork and place on a greased tray. Bake in a moderate oven for 10 minutes. When cold, join together with filling, made by creaming one dessertspoon butter with two tablespoons sifted icing sugar and 1 teaspoon jam.

3. OAT STOP-GAPS

1 cup flour, 2 cups Uncle Toby's Oats, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablesp. boiling water, 1 level teaspoon bicarb soda, ½ cup melted butter or margarine, 1 tablesp. golden syrup. Mix the golden syrup, boiling water and soda together till they froth. Add melted butter and stir in rolled oats, sugar and flour. Spoon onto greased biscuit tins about 2 inches apart and bake in a moderate oven 10-15 minutes or until golden brown. Store in an airtight tin immediately they become cold.

4. DATE AND WALNUT BARS

¼ cup Uncle Toby's Oats, ¼ cup brown sugar, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1½ cups wholemeal S.R. flour, ½ level teaspoon salt, 3 oz. butter or margarine, ¼ cup honey or golden syrup.

FILLING: 1 lb. dates, ¼ cup water, ¼ cup honey, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, ¼ tsp. grated lemon rind.

LEMON ICING: 4 oz. icing sugar, 1 dessertsp. honey, 1 dessertsp. lemon juice, ½ teaspoon butter. Chop dates and cook gently with water, honey, lemon juice and rind until soft. Cool. Combine oats, brown sugar, walnuts, flour and salt. Melt shortening and honey, mix well into dry ingredients. Press half mixture into well-greased tin. Spread date mixture over and cover with remaining biscuit mixture. Bake in mod. oven 20 mins. Cool. Heat honey, lemon juice, butter and add gradually to sifted icing sugar to spreading consistency. Ice and decorate with walnuts. When set, cut into slices.

5. PEANUT OAT CRUMBLES

2 cups Uncle Toby's Oats, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup plain flour, 1 level teaspoon baking powder, ½ cup salted peanuts, ½ cup melted butter, 1 egg. Mix into basin the rolled oats, brown sugar, flour, baking powder and chopped peanuts. Add melted butter into which the egg has been beaten. Place in a moderate oven for 15-20 minutes, or until golden brown. Remove from oven and loosen on tray. When cool, store in airtight tin.

6. RAISIN CUSTARD BISCUITS

1½ cups S.R. flour, 2 tablesp. Uncle Toby's Custard Powder, 2 tablesp. sugar, 1 egg, 4 oz. butter. Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten egg. Then add sifted flour and custard powder. Roll out on floured board and cut into shapes. Place on greased tray and bake in mod. oven for 15 mins. When cool, join together with raisin filling.

FILLING: 3 oz. raisins, 2 oz. butter, 5 tablesp. icing sugar, 1 tsp. vanilla. Add chopped raisins and vanilla to the butter and icing sugar, beat well and join the biscuits together.

7. MANHATTAN MOCHAS

6 oz. butter or margarine, 2 oz. icing sugar, 1 small egg yolk, 1 tsp. vanilla, 1 tsp. coffee essence, 4 oz. Wade's corn flour, 4 oz. S.R. flour. Cream together butter and icing sugar, add egg yolk, vanilla and coffee essence and beat in well. Sift together corn flour and flour and mix into the above mixture. Place in small quantities on greased biscuit trays, or roll out on floured board and cut in shapes. If you prefer, use a biscuit forcer. Cook in very moderate oven 20-25 minutes. Loosen on tray with knife and leave to cool. Top each biscuit with chocolate icing and decorate.

CHOCOLATE ICING: Mix together 4 oz. icing sugar, 1 oz. dark grated chocolate, 1 tablesp. Wade's corn flour (and 1 tsp. coffee essence if desired). Add sufficient water to make a soft mixture. Warm over heat or boiling water one minute and use immediately.

8. SCOTCH MISTS

3 oz. icing sugar, 6 oz. butter or margarine, 5 oz. Wade's corn flour, 5 oz. S.R. flour, 1 tsp. vanilla. Cream butter or margarine and sugar. Sift corn flour, flour. Add to mixture with vanilla. Form into small balls and bake in a moderate oven for 15 to 20 mins. or until light brown. When cold, ice separately or join together with pale pink icing and top with a piece of cherry.

9. CUSTARD CAKE

FILLING: 1½ dessertsp. shortening, 1 tablesp. sugar, 1 tablesp. Uncle Toby's Custard Powder, ¼ pint milk. Cream shortening with sugar and custard powder. Gradually add boiling milk. Stir over low heat in saucepan until mixture boils and thickens. Allow to cool.

CAKE: 4 oz. shortening, 2 tablesp. sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup S.R. flour, ¼ cup Uncle Toby's Custard Powder. Cream together shortening and sugar. Add beaten egg gradually. Stir in sifted flour and custard powder. Spread half mixture on bottom and sides of greased 8" sandwich tin. Pour in filling, cover with remainder of cake mixture. Bake in mod. oven 30 mins. Cover top with lemon icing.

MORE RECIPES TO FILE



MRS. BETTY DUNLEAVY

Famous throughout Australia as Clifford Love's cookery expert, Mrs. Dunleavy brings a refreshing touch to all the dishes that she prepared. Some of them are featured here.

● On this page and overleaf are six more delicious recipes to add to your kitchen file. All these dishes have been supplied by cookery experts who have used either packaged or preserved foodstuffs in their preparation.

MISS JUNE CLYDE

Miss Clyde is Home Economist for Mother's Choice flour. She is a specialist in nutrition and the planning of healthy family meals for housewives forced to keep to a budget.

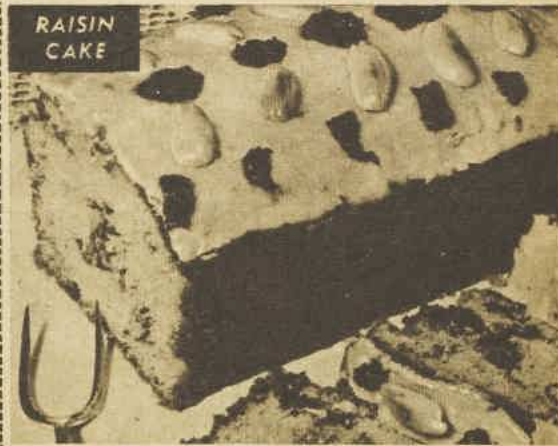


SAVORY MEAT LOAF

NUT CREAM ROLL

Four ounces glacé cherries, 2 eggs, 5 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Mother's Choice self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon hot milk, butter icing, chopped nuts.

Sprinkle chopped cherries over base of greased and floured 7 x 11 in. cake-tin. Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add sugar and continue beating until sugar is dissolved and mixture will stand in peaks; add egg-yolks. Fold in sifted flour, cornflour and salt, then lastly milk. Pour mixture into tin over cherries. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Turn out on to a sheet of greaseproof paper which has been dusted with castor sugar, trim edges, and roll up from the longest side, as for Swiss roll. Allow to cool. Cover with butter icing and roll in nuts.



RAISIN CAKE

MARSHMOCCA CAKE

Two cups Mother's Choice self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons cocoa, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or substitute, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon Mother's Choice coffee essence, 1 tablespoon sherry, 5 tablespoons milk, 4oz. marshmallows (plain or toasted).

Sift the flour, salt, and cocoa, into a large bowl. Add sugar, shortening (softened but not melted), unbeaten eggs, coffee essence, sherry and milk. Beat for 2 minutes in an electric mixer or briskly with a wooden spoon until smooth. Pour into a well-greased 8 in. ring-tin and bake in a moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Turn carefully on to a cake-cooler and when cool top with marshmallows which have been melted over a saucepan of hot water and beaten until smooth and thick.

FRUIT CREAM PARFAIT



LUSCIOUS LEMON PIE

Pastry: Three ounces Uncle Toby's custard powder, 3oz. plain flour, 3oz. shortening, 2oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon

baking powder.

Cream shortening and sugar; beat in milk gradually. Stir in sifted custard powder, plain flour, and baking powder. Turn on to a lightly floured board, and roll to size and shape required. Press into pie-dish and bake in moderate to hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Filling: One cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons Uncle Toby's custard powder, 2oz. butter, juice and rind of 3 lemons.

Blend custard powder and sugar with water and lemon juice in a saucepan. Stir over low heat until mixture boils and thickens. Cook two minutes.

Beat in butter and lemon rind. When cooled pour into pastry-case. Pile a meringue mixture over the top and place in a slow oven until set.

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Beware! Junior's just oiled his bike—is advancing to the bathroom—target—your towels! Act quickly—set a decoy with a box of Kleenex—its your only chance.

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NEWS!

Kleenex now in Pink (3/9 size only) as well as White.

And choose a new plastic wall dispenser—six colours.



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RECIPES TO ADD TO YOUR INDEX FILE

RAISIN CAKE

Half cup butter or substitute, 2 cups Mother's Choice self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar, 1 cup finely chopped raisins, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, extra raisins, toasted almonds.

Topping: One tablespoon butter, 1 cup sifted icing sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk.

Rub shortening into sifted flour and salt in basin; add brown and white sugars and chopped raisins; beat in eggs and milk. Fill mixture into greased 10 x 4 in. bar tin and bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Prepare topping. Heat butter in small saucepan until golden brown, mix in icing sugar and milk. Spread quickly over cake, using a broad-bladed knife or spatula. Decorate with extra whole raisins and toasted almonds.

NUT CREAM ROLL

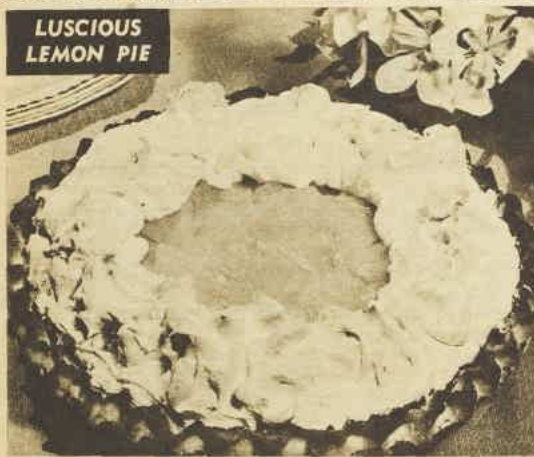


SAVORY MEAT LOAF

One pound finely minced steak, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sausage meat, 2 rashers bacon, 1 onion, 1 clove garlic (if desired), 1 cup skinned tomatoes (cooked), 1 cup Uncle Toby's Oats, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon salt, little pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Mince bacon with the meat, place in a basin, and add finely chopped onion, garlic, tomato, and oats. Mix the mustard with sufficient water to make a thin paste, add the egg and sauce, and beat well. Add this to the meat mixture with salt and pepper, and mix well. Spoon mixture into a greased loaf-tin, cover with lid or greaseproof paper, and cook 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours in a moderately slow oven. Delicious served hot with vegetable or sliced and served cold with a salad.

LUSCIOUS LEMON PIE



FRUIT CREAM PARFAIT

Half cup sugar, 4 tablespoons Wade's cornflour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups fruit juice—pineapple, orange, grape, etc., 1 tablespoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup whipped cream, 1 cup chopped mixed fruits (bananas, pineapple, peaches, etc.), and walnuts and glace cherries.

Blend sugar, cornflour, salt, lemon rind and cinnamon together in a saucepan. Stir in fruit juices and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until very thick. Remove from heat; cool and chill in the refrigerator. Spoon into parfait or dessert glasses with chopped mixed fresh or preserved fruit in alternate layers, and top with a swirl of whipped sweetened cream. Sprinkle with chopped walnuts or finish with a glace cherry before serving.

MARSHMOCCA CAKE



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beef of old England; is that the menu for today?"

"Yes."
"The funeral baked meats, in fact. Smells good." He sniffed appreciatively. "Do you mind my gassing away?"

"If you came in to help I'd rather you helped." She drew another pan from the oven. "Here—turn all these potatoes over so that they brown on the other side . . ."

Bryan obeyed with alacrity. "Have all these things been fizzling away in here while we've been at the inquest? Supposing they'd been all burnt up."

"Most improbable. There's a regulating number on the oven."

"Kind of electric brain, eh, what? Is that right?"

Lucy threw a swift look in his direction. "Quite right. Now put the pan in the oven. Here, take the cloth. On the second shelf—I want the top one for the Yorkshire pudding."

Bryan obeyed, but not without uttering a shrill yelp.

"Burn yourself?"

"Just a bit. It doesn't matter. What a dangerous game cooking is!"

"I suppose you never do your own cooking?"

"As a matter of fact, I do—quite often. But not this sort of thing. I can boil an egg—if I don't forget to look at the clock. And I can do eggs and bacon. And I can put a steak under the grill or open a tin of soup. I've got one of those little electric whatnots in my flat."

Continuing . . . 4.50 From Paddington

[from page 44]

"You live in London?"
"If you call it living—yes." His tone was despondent. He watched Lucy shoot in the dish with the Yorkshire pudding mixture.

"This is awfully jolly," he said, and sighed.

Her immediate preoccupations over, Lucy looked at him with more attention.

"What is? This kitchen?"
"Yes. Reminds me of our kitchen at home—when I was a boy."

It struck Lucy that there was something strangely forlorn about Bryan Eastley. Looking closely at him, she realised that he was older than she had at first thought. He must be close on forty. It seemed difficult to think of him as Alexander's father. He reminded her of innumerable young pilots she had known during the war when she had been at the impressionable age of fourteen.

She had gone on and grown up into a post-war world—but she felt as though Bryan had not gone on, but had been passed by in the passage of years. His next words confirmed this. He had subsided on to the kitchen table again.

"It's a difficult sort of world," he said, "isn't it? To get your bearings in, I mean. You see, one hasn't been trained for it."

Lucy recalled what she had heard from Emma.

"You were a fighter pilot, weren't you?" she said. "You've got a D.F.C."

"That's the sort of thing that puts you wrong. You've got a gong and so people try to make it easy for you. Give you a job and all that. Very decent of them. But they're all admin. jobs, and one simply isn't any good at that sort of thing. Sitting at a desk getting tangled up in figures. I've had ideas of my own, you know; tried out a wheeze or two. But you can't get the backing. Can't get the chaps to come in and put down the money. If I had a bit of capital—"

He brooded.
"You didn't know Edie, did you? My wife. No, of course you didn't. She was quite different from all this lot. Younger, for one thing. She was in the W.A.A.F. She always said her old man was crackers. He is, you know. Mean as hell over money. And it's not as though he could take it with him. It's got to be divided up when he dies. Edie's share will go to Alexander, of course. He won't be able to touch the capital until he's twenty-one, though."

"I'm sorry, but will you get off the table again? I want to dish up and make gravy."

At that moment Alexander and Stoddart-West arrived with rosy faces and very much out of breath.

"Hallo, Bryan," said Alexander kindly to his father. "So this is where you've got to. I say, what a smashing piece of beef. Is there Yorkshire pudding?"

"Yes, there is."
"We have awful Yorkshire pudding at school—all damp and limp."

"Get out of my way," said Lucy. "I want to make the gravy."

"Make lots of gravy. Can we have two sauce-boats full?"

"Yes."

"Good-oh!" said Stoddart-West, pronouncing the word carefully.

"I don't like it pale," said Alexander anxiously.

"It won't be pale."

"She's a smashing cook," said Alexander to his father.

Lucy had a momentary impression that their roles were reversed. Alexander spoke like a kindly father to his son.

"Can we help you, Miss Eyelesbarrow?" asked Stoddart-West politely.

"Yes, you can. Alexander, go and sound the gong. James, will you carry this tray into the dining-room? And will you take the joint in, Mr. Eastley? I'll bring the potatoes and the Yorkshire pudding."

"There's a Scotland Yard man here," said Alexander. "Do you think he will have lunch with us?"

"That depends on what your aunt arranges."

"I don't suppose Aunt Emma would mind . . . She's very hospitable. But I suppose Uncle Harold wouldn't like it. He's being very sticky over this murder." Alexander went out through the door with the tray, adding a little additional information over his shoulder. "Mr. Wimborne's in the library with the Scotland Yard man now. But he isn't staying to lunch. He said he had to get back to London. Come on, Stoddart. Oh, he's gone to do the gong."

At that moment the gong took charge. Stoddart-West was an artist. He gave it everything he had, and all further conversation was inhibited.

Bryan carried in the joint, Lucy followed with the vegetables—returned to the kitchen to get the two brimming sauce-boats of gravy.

Mr. Wimborne was standing in the hall putting on his gloves

—as Emma came quickly down the stairs.

"Are you really sure you won't stop for lunch, Mr. Wimborne? It's all ready."

"No. I've an important appointment in London. There is a restaurant car on the train."

"It was very good of you to come down," said Emma gratefully.

The two police officers emerged from the library.

Mr. Wimborne took Emma's hand in his.

"There's nothing to worry about, my dear," he said. "This is Detective-Inspector Craddock from New Scotland Yard, who has come down to take charge of the case. He is coming back at two-fifteen to ask you for any facts that may assist him in his inquiry. But, as I say, you have nothing to worry about." He looked towards Craddock. "I may repeat to Miss Crackenthorpe what you have told me?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Inspector Craddock has just told me that this almost certainly was not a local crime. The murdered woman is thought to have come from London and was probably a foreigner."

Emma Crackenthorpe said sharply:

"A foreigner. Was she French?"

Mr. Wimborne had clearly meant his statement to be consoling. He looked slightly taken aback. Dermot Craddock's glance went quickly from him to Emma's face.

He wondered why she had leaped to the conclusion that the murdered woman was French, and why that thought disturbed her so much?

The only people who really did justice to Lucy's excellent lunch were the two boys and Cedric Crackenthorpe, who appeared completely unaffected by the circumstances which had caused him to return to England. He seemed, indeed, to regard the whole thing as a rather good joke of a macabre nature.

This attitude, Lucy noted, was most unpalatable to his brother Harold. Harold seemed to take the murder as a kind of personal insult to the Crackenthorpe family, and so great was his sense of outrage that he ate hardly any lunch. Emma looked worried and unhappy and also ate very little. Alfred seemed lost in a train of thought of his own and spoke very little. He was quite a good-looking man with a thin dark face and eyes set rather too close together.

After lunch the police officers returned and politely asked if they could have a few words with Mr. Cedric Crackenthorpe.

Inspector Craddock was very pleasant and friendly.

"Sit down, Mr. Crackenthorpe. I understand you have just come back from the Balearics? You live out there?"

"Have done for the last six years. In Iviza. Suits me better than this dreary country."

"You get a good deal more sunshine than we do, I expect," said Inspector Craddock agreeably. "You were home not so very long ago, I understand—for Christmas, to be exact. What made it necessary for you to come back again so soon?"

Cedric grinned. "Got a wire from Emma—my sister. We've never had a murder on the premises before. Didn't want to miss anything—so along I came."

"You are interested in criminology?"

"Oh, we needn't put it in such highbrow terms! I just like murders—Whodunnits, and all that! With a Whodunnit parked right on the family doorstep, it seemed the chance of a lifetime. Besides, I thought poor Em might need a spot of

help—managing the old man and the police and all the rest of it."

"I see. It appealed to your sporting instincts and also to your family feelings. I've no doubt your sister will be very grateful to you—although her two other brothers have also come to be with her."

"But not to cheer and comfort," Cedric told him. "Harold is terrifically put out. It's not at all the thing for a City magnate to be mixed up with the murder of a questionable female."

Craddock's eyebrows rose gently.

"Was she—a questionable female?"

"Well, you're the authority on that point. Going by the facts, it seemed to me likely."

"I thought perhaps you might have been able to make a guess at who she was?"

"Come now, Inspector, you already know—or your colleagues will tell you, that I haven't been able to identify her."

"I said a guess, Mr. Crackenthorpe. You might never have seen the woman before—but you might have been able to make a guess at who she was—or who she might have been?"

Cedric shook his head.

"You're barking up the wrong tree. I've absolutely no idea. You're suggesting, I suppose, that she may have come to the Long Barn to keep an assignment with one of us? But we none of us live here. The only people in the house were a woman and an old man. You don't seriously believe that she came here to keep a date with my revered Pop?"

"Our point is—Inspector Bacon agrees with me—that the woman may once have had some association with this house. It may have been a considerable number of years ago. Cast your mind back, Mr. Crackenthorpe."

Cedric thought a moment or two, then shook his head.

"We've had foreign help from time to time, like most people, but I can't think of any likely possibility. Better ask the others—they'd know more than I would."

"We shall do that, of course." Craddock leaned back in his chair and went on:

"As you have heard at the inquest, the medical evidence cannot fix the time of death very accurately. Longer than two weeks, less than four—which brings it somewhere around Christmas-time. You have told me you came home for Christmas. When did you arrive in England and when did you leave?"

Cedric reflected.

"Let me see . . . I flew. Got here on the Saturday before Christmas—that would be the 21st."

"You flew straight from Majorca?"

"Yes. Left at five in the morning, and got here mid-day."

"And you left?"

"I flew back on the following Friday, the 27th."

"Thank you."

Cedric grinned.

"Leaves me well within the limit, unfortunately. But really, Inspector, strangling young women is not my favorite form of Christmas fun."

"I hope not, Mr. Crackenthorpe."

Inspector Bacon merely looked disapproving.

"There would be a remarkable absence of peace and goodwill about such an action, don't you agree?"

Cedric addressed this question to Inspector Bacon, who merely grunted. Inspector Craddock said politely:

"Well, thank you, Mr. Crackenthorpe. That will be all."

"And what do you think of him?" Craddock asked as Cedric shut the door behind him.

Bacon grunted again.

"Cocky enough for anything," he said. "I don't care for that type myself. A loose-living lot, these artists, and very likely to be mixed up with a disreputable class of woman."

Craddock smiled.

"I don't like the way he dresses either," went on Bacon. "No respect—going to an inquest like that. Dirtiest pair of

To page 51

Fashion FROCKS



• Ready to wear . . . or cut out ready to make.

"Gillian"—Shortie pyjamas in junior sizes are made in printed summer-breeze cotton with a pretty lace trim. The color choice includes rose-pink and white, blue and white, lemon and white, and pale green and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 2 years, 26/9; 3 to 4 years, 28/3; 5 to 6 years, 29/9; 7 to 8 years, 31/6; 9 to 10 years, 33/9. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

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NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 51. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



trousers I've seen in a long while. And did you see his tie? Looked as though it was made of colored string. If you ask me, he's the kind that would easily strangle a woman, and make no bones about it."

"Well, he didn't strangle this one—if he didn't leave Majorca until the 21st. And that's a thing we can verify easily enough."

Bacon threw him a sharp glance.

"I notice that you're not tipping your hand yet about the actual date of the crime."

"No, we'll keep that dark for the present. I always like to have something up my sleeve in the early stages."

Bacon nodded in full agreement.

"Spring it on 'em when the time comes," he said. "That's the best plan."

"And now," said Craddock, "we'll see what our correct city gentleman has to say about it all."

Harold Crackenthorpe, thin-lipped, had very little to say about it. It was most distasteful—a very unfortunate incident. The newspapers, he was afraid . . . reporters, he understood, had already been asking for interviews . . . All that sort of thing . . . Most regrettable.

Harold's staccato unfinished sentences ended. He leaned back in his chair with the expression of a man confronted with a very bad smell.

The inspector's probing produced no result. No, he had no idea who the woman was or could be. Yes, he had been at Rutherford Hall for Christmas. He had been unable to come down until Christmas Eve—but had stayed on over the following week-end.

"That's that, then," said Inspector Craddock without pressing his questions further. He had already made up his mind that Harold Crackenthorpe was not going to be helpful.

He passed on to Alfred, who came into the room with a nonchalance that seemed just a trifle overdue.

Craddock looked at Alfred Crackenthorpe with a faint feeling of recognition. Surely he had seen this particular member of the family somewhere before? Or had it been his picture in the paper? There was something discreditable attached to the memory. He asked Alfred his occupation and Alfred's answer was vague.

"I'm in insurance at the moment. Until recently I've been interested in putting a new type of talking machine on the market. Quite revolutionary. I did very well out of that as a matter of fact."

Continuing . . . 4.50 From Paddington

[from page 50]

Inspector Craddock looked appreciative—and no one could have had the least idea that he was noticing the superficially smart appearance of Alfred's suit and gauging correctly the low price it had cost. Cedric's clothes had been disreputable, almost threadbare, but they had been originally of good cut and excellent material. Here there was a cheap smartness that told its own tale. Craddock passed pleasantly on to his routine questions. Alfred seemed interested—even slightly amused.

"It's quite an idea, that the woman might once have had a job here. Not as a lady's maid; I doubt if my sister has ever had such a thing. I don't think anyone has nowadays. But, of course, there is a good deal of foreign domestic labor floating about. We've had Poles—and a temperamental German or two. As Emma definitely didn't recognise the woman, I think that washes your idea out, Inspector. Emma's got a very good memory for a face. No, if the woman came from London . . . What gives you the idea she came from London, by the way?"

He slipped the question in quite casually, but his eyes were sharp and interested.

Inspector Craddock smiled and shook his head.

Alfred looked at him keenly. "Not telling, eh? Return ticket in her coat pocket, perhaps, is that it?"

"It could be, Mr. Crackenthorpe."

"Well, granting she came from London, perhaps the chap she came to meet had the idea that the Long Barn would be a nice place to do a quiet murder. He knows the set-up here, evidently. I should go looking for him if I were you, Inspector."

"We are," said Inspector Craddock, and made the two little words sound quiet and confident.

He thanked Alfred and dismissed him.

"You know," he said to Bacon, "I've seen that chap somewhere before . . ."

Inspector Bacon gave his verdict.

"Sharp customer," he said. "So sharp that he cuts himself sometimes."

"I don't suppose you want to see me," said Bryan Eastley apologetically, coming into the room and hesitating by the door. "I don't exactly belong to the family . . ."

"Let me see, you are Mr. Bryan Eastley, the husband of

Miss Edith Crackenthorpe, who died five years ago?"

"That's right."

"Well, it's very kind of you, Mr. Eastley, especially if you know something that you think could assist us in some way?"

"But I don't. Wish I did. Whole thing seems so ruddy peculiar, doesn't it? Coming along and meeting some fellow in that draughty old barn in the middle of winter. Wouldn't be my cup of tea!"

"It is certainly very perplexing," Inspector Craddock agreed.

"Is it true that she was a

phagus murders, have you? One of these fellows with an urge—or a complex? Thinks he's Caligula or someone like that?"

Inspector Craddock did not even trouble to reject this speculation. Instead he asked in a casual manner: "Nobody in the family got any French connections, or—or—relationships that you know of?"

Bryan said that the Crackenthorpes weren't a very gay lot.

"Harold's respectably married," he said. "Fish-faced woman, some impoverished peer's daughter. Don't think Alfred cares about women much—spends his life going in for shady deals which usually go wrong in the end. I dare say

"Please ask me anything you like."

"As Mr. Wimborne told you, we have reached the conclusion that the dead woman was not a native of these parts. That may be a relief to you—Mr. Wimborne seemed to think it would be—but it makes it really more difficult for us. She's less easily identified."

"But didn't she have anything—a handbag? Papers?"

Craddock shook his head. "No handbag, nothing in her pockets."

"You've no idea of her name—of where she came from—anything at all?"

Craddock thought to himself: She wants to know—she's very anxious to know—who the woman is. Has she felt like that all along, I wonder? Bacon didn't give me that im-

pression — and he's a shrewd man."

"We know nothing about her," he said. "That's why we hoped one of you could help us. Are you sure you can't? Even if you didn't recognise her—can you think of anyone she might be?"

He thought, but perhaps he imagined it, that there was a very slight pause before she answered.

"I've absolutely no idea," she said.

Imperceptibly, Inspector Craddock's manner changed. It was hardly noticeable except as a slight hardness in his voice.

"When Mr. Wimborne told you that the woman was a foreigner, why did you assume that she was French?"

Emma was not disconcerted. Her eyebrows rose slightly.

"Did I? Yes, I believe I did. I don't really know why—except that one always tends to think foreigners are French until one finds what nationality they really are. Most foreigners in this country are French, aren't they?"

"Oh, I really wouldn't say that was so, Miss Crackenthorpe. Not nowadays. We have so many nationalities over here. Italians, Germans, Austrians, all the Scandinavian countries—"

"Yes, I suppose you're right."

"You didn't have some special reason for thinking that this woman was likely to be French."

She didn't hurry to deny it. She just thought a moment and then shook her head almost regretfully.

"No," she said. "I really don't think so."

Her glance met his placidly, without flinching. Craddock looked towards Inspector Bacon. The latter leaned forward and presented a small enamel powder compact.

"Do you recognise this, Miss Crackenthorpe?"

"I dare say—I dare say. I'm not a strong man . . . As for Dr. Quimper, he's a regular old woman—perfectly good doctor, understands my case—but inclined to wrap me up in cotton-wool. Got a bee in his bonnet about food. Went on at me Christmas time when I had a bit of a turn—what did I eat? When? Who cooked it? Who served it? Fuss, fuss, fuss! But though I may have indifferent health, I'm well enough to give you all the help that's in my power."

"Murder in my own house—or at any rate in my own barn! Interesting building, that. Elizabethan. Local architect says not—but fellow doesn't know what he's talking about. Not a day later than 1580—but that's not what we're talking about. What do you want to know? What's your present theory?"

"It's a little too early for theories, Mr. Crackenthorpe. We are still trying to find out who the woman was."

"Foreigner, you say?"

"We think so."

"Enemy agent?"

"Unlikely, I should say."

"You'd say—you'd say! They're everywhere, these people. Infiltrating! Why the Home Office lets them in beats me. Spying on industrial secrets, I'd bet. That's what she was doing."

"In Brackhampton?"

"Factories everywhere. One outside my own back gate."

Craddock shot an inquiring glance at Bacon, who responded.

"Metal boxes."

"How do you know that's what they're really making? Can't swallow all these fellows tell you. All right, if she wasn't a spy, who do you think she was? Think she was mixed up with one of my precious sons? It would be Alfred, if so. Not Harold, he's too careful. And Cedric doesn't condescend to



foreigner? Word seems to have got round to that effect."

"Does that fact suggest anything to you?"

The inspector looked at him sharply, but Bryan seemed amiably vacuous.

"No, it doesn't, as a matter of fact."

"Maybe she was French," said Inspector Bacon with dark suspicion.

Bryan was roused to slight animation. A look of interest came into his blue eyes, and he tugged at his big, fair moustache.

"Really? Gay Paree?" He shook his head. "On the whole, it seems to make it even more unlikely, doesn't it? Messing about in the barn, I mean. You haven't had any other sarco-

phagous jumping through hoops for him in Ibiza. Women rather fall for Cedric. Doesn't always shave and looks as though he never washes. Don't see why that should be attractive to women, but apparently it is—I say, I'm not being very helpful, am I?"

He grinned at them.

"Better get young Alexander on the job. He and James Stoddart-West are out hunting for clues in a big way. Bet you they turn up something."

Inspector Craddock said he hoped they would. Then he thanked Bryan Eastley and said he would like to speak to Miss Emma Crackenthorpe.

Inspector Craddock looked with more attention at Emma Crackenthorpe than he had done previously. He was still wondering about the expression that he had surprised on her face before lunch.

A quiet woman. Not stupid. Not brilliant, either. One of those comfortable, pleasant women whom men were inclined to take for granted, and who had the art of making a house into a home, giving it an atmosphere of restfulness and quiet harmony. Such, he thought, was Emma Crackenthorpe.

Women such as this were often under-rated. Behind their quiet exterior they had a force of character; they were to be reckoned with. Perhaps, Craddock thought, the clue to the mystery of the dead woman in the sarcophagus was hidden away in the recesses of Emma's mind.

While these thoughts were passing through his head, Craddock was asking various unimportant questions.

"I don't suppose there is much that you haven't already told Inspector Bacon," he said. "So I needn't worry you with many questions."

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BRIGHT flower motifs in attractive colors of red and green are featured on Iron-on Transfer No. 203 C. Two large and four small motifs are on each sheet.



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Order your transfer and pattern from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.



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★ DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER

M.G.M. comedy, with Glenn Ford, Gia Scala, Earl Holliman, Anne Francis. In Metrocolor, CinemaScope. St. James, Sydney.

A SOUTH PACIFIC World War II American naval base provides the setting for this boisterous comedy based on the novel by William Brinkley.

Most of the fun stems from the frustrations of the land-based public-relations department, no member of which, with the exception of Ford, has seen action at sea.

Ford (doing his "Teahouse of the August Moon" role again) falls in love with the island schoolteacher, and there's a subsidiary romance between young Earl Holliman and blond Anne Francis.

But it's the boys who provide the fun: Fred Clark as the ex-stockbroker commander, Keenan Wynn as the disliked war correspondent, and the fabulous Mickey Shaughnessy as the near-illiterate, embarrassingly tattooed sailor who draws the lot of a publicity junket to Hollywood.

Eva Gabor breezes through as a visiting female war correspondent.

In a word: LAUGHS.

★ WESTWARD HO THE WAGONS!

Walt Disney Western, with Fess Parker, Kathleen Crowley, Jeff York. In Technicolor, CinemaScope. Plaza, Sydney.

FESS PARKER today stands midway between the classic Western hero, who only kisses his horse, and the less aloof modern hero, who actually kisses the girl.

New Film Releases

As a compromise Fess exchanges some pretty soupy looks with Kathleen — a slightly matronly young lady with a flat top to her head — who has only a young brother as escort on the covered-waggon trek westward.

"Doc" Parker, more handy with a gun than with a scalpel, joins the pioneer waggoners as an intending settler. Soon, though, he is operating on the dying son of an Indian chief, thereby securing the future safe passage of the hard-pressed cavalcade.

There are some beautiful scenic shots, a hair-raising Indian attack (with a refreshingly different deployment of the mounted warriors), and some good parts for the children who travel with the waggoners.

But the long-drawn-out operation sequence at the end brought anguished yawns from a restless audience.

Still, the kids will love it and it's nice for a change to see a Western hero who doesn't look like a candidate for the old men's home.

In a word: OKAY.

★ KISS THEM FOR ME

Fox romantic comedy, with Cary Grant, Suzy Parker, Jayne Mansfield. In De Luxe color, CinemaScope. Mayfair, Sydney.

IT sounds a wonderful idea to have three war-weary Navy fliers on a four-day leave, with three months' pay in their pockets, talk their way into the best suite of a San Francisco hotel.

Especially when charmer Cary Grant is at their head

and Jayne Mansfield rises to their bait of blackmail nylons.

However, it doesn't all work out as director Stanley Donen intended (and sometimes fleetingly achieves).

While he succeeds in getting across some very adult dialogue and situations, his shrill re-creation of the hectic World War II atmosphere often becomes hysterical.

This is a film in which everyone (with the exception of newcomer Suzy Parker) tries too hard. Grant, for all his immense experience in film-making, just about knocks himself out.

Mansfield, as the prototype wartime party girl, is outrageously poor.

But there's an interesting quality about the inexperienced Suzy Parker that, with more films, could be worth waiting for.

Some really amusing stuff is hidden under the noise and hysteria.

In a word: AMUSES.

★ TRUE AS A TURTLE

Rank Organisation romantic comedy, with John Gregson, June Thorburn, Keith Michell, Cecil Parker. In Eastman Color. Embassy, Sydney.

THERE'S a refreshing quality about this little English comedy. It's concerned with an excursion to France by a crew of amateur yachtsmen (and women) in a highly unseaworthy boat.

Wives and girl-friends of dedicated yachtsmen will find much to console them in the sufferings of Elvie Hale (the

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

glamor girl), and June, to whom the trip has been offered as a honeymoon.

Gregson is the sailing-enthusiast husband, and Australian ex-Shakespearean actor Michell (a strong nomination as the new "pretty boy" of British films) is the suspect new crew member.

In fine fettle as the irascible skipper of the untrustworthy "Turtle" is Cecil Parker.

Despite director Wendy Toye's heavy-handed treatment of the comies, it's all rather enjoyable.

In a word: CHEERFUL.

THE small boy who with the goose stole so many scenes in "Friendly Persuasion," Richard Eyer, has been working flat out ever since. First he made "The Invisible Boy," in which he makes friends with a robot, and now he's been selected for a science-fiction role in "The Village of the Damned." This story is about a boy from another planet whose arrival in an English village sets off a strange sequence of events.

ACTOR Rod Steiger, who considers himself a bit of a brain, has written a screenplay which he will produce. It's called "Vendetta," and Rod's spending all his spare time whipping his plans into shape.

THERE'S a professional separation ahead for Anita Ekberg and Anthony Steel. Anita has to go out to For-mosa, where she will make "The Year of the Dragon."

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Here is the favourite family soap that is medicated to guard the skin against blemishes and odour causing bacteria. Protex contains a blend of antiseptic oils that creams into a rich, mild lather to make your skin cleaner, clearer. Daily use of Protex promises the family day-long freshness and continuous skin protection.

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F1103. — Girl's sun-dress and bolero jacket designed for the 4 to 10-year-old age group. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1 to 1½ yds. 36in. plain material and 1 to 1½ yds. 36in. striped material, and 4 yds. fancy edging. Price 3/-.

Fashion PATTERNS

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F4737. — Lace-trimmed scanties. Sizes 36 to 42in. hips. Requires 1 yd. 36in. material, 1½ yds. 1in. lace, and 2 yds. ½in. lace. Price 2/6.

F4723. — Matron's front-buttoned coat-dress has flattering lines for the larger figure. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F4775. — Slender-line late-day dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. lace and 2½ yds. 36in. lining. Price 4/-.

F4773. — Graceful wide-skirted one-piece. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6 yds. 36in. material and ½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/-.

F4774. — Attractively styled teenage dress. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 yds. 36in. material and 3 yds. rick-rack braid. Price 4/-.



F4737



F4775



F4723



F4774



F4773



F3258

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS
F3258. — Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make sun-suit. Sizes 1, 2, 3, and 4 years. Requires ½ yd. 36in. material and ½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price 2/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 627. — ONE-PIECE DRESS
Slender-line dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in floral cotton. The color choice includes blue, white, and black; green, white, and black; coffee, white, and black; lemon, grey, and black; grey, green, and black; and blue, red, and white. Sizes 12 and 14in. bust, 43/8; 36 and 38in. bust, 45/8. Postage and registration 1/8 extra.

No. 628. — JUNIOR TENNIS DRESS
The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in unadorned white poplin and white piping. Sizes 10 and 12 years, 38/3; 14 and 16 years, 34/3. Postage and registration 1/8 extra.

No. 629. — LUNCHEON SET
The set, featuring an unusual basket motif, is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes white and cream linen and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Plate mat, 11in. by 11in.; small mat, 8in. by 8in. Eight-piece set, including 4 plate and 4 cup-and-saucer mats, 18/8. Postage and registration 2/8 extra.

No. 630. — SHORTIE PYJAMAS
Prettily styled Baby Doll pyjamas are obtainable cut out ready to make in printed blue-and-white Summer Breeze cotton. Sizes 12 and 14in. bust, 27/8; 36 and 38in. bust, 28/8. Postage and registration 1/8 extra.

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.



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629



630

Continuing . . . 4.50 From Paddington [from page 51]

live in this country. All right, then, she was Alfred's bit of skirt. And some violent fellow followed her down here, thinking she was coming to meet him and did her in. How's that?"

Inspector Craddock said diplomatically that it was certainly a theory. But Mr. Alfred Crackenthorne, he said, had not recognised her.

"Pah! Afraid, that's all! Alfred always was a coward. But he's a liar, remember, always was! Lie himself black in the face. None of my sons are any good. Crowd of vultures, waiting for me to die, that's their real occupation in life." He chuckled. "And they can wait. I won't die to oblige them! Well, if that's all I can do for you . . . I'm tired. Got to rest."

He shuffled out again. "Alfred's bit of skirt?" said Bacon questioning. "In my opinion the old man just made that up." He paused, hesitated. "I think, personally, Alfred's quite all right — perhaps a shift customer in some ways — but not our present cup of tea. Mind you — I did just wonder about that Air Force chap."

"Bryan Eastley?" "Yes. I've run into one or two of his type. They're what you might call adrift in the world — had danger and death and excitement too early in life. Now they find life tame. Tame and unsatisfactory. In a way, we've given them a raw deal. Though I don't really know what we could do about it. But there they are, all past and no future, so to speak. And they're the kind that don't mind taking chances — the ordinary fellow plays safe by instinct, it's not so much morality as prudence. But these fellows aren't afraid — playing safe isn't really in their vocabulary. If Eastley were mixed up with a woman and wanted to kill her . . ."

He stopped, threw out a hand hopelessly. "But why should he want to kill her? And if you do kill a woman, why plant her in your father-in-law's sarcophagus? No, if you ask me, none of this lot had anything to do with the murder. If they had, they wouldn't have gone to all the trouble of planting the body on their own back door step, so to speak."

Craddock agreed that that hardly made sense.

"Anything more you want to do here?"

Craddock said there wasn't. Bacon suggested coming back to Brackhampton and

mured Miss Marple affectionately. "He got me to tell him all about the little Paddocks business. Do you want to hear what he said next?"

"Please tell me if it is not a breach of confidence."

"He said, 'Well, as this seems a completely cockeyed business, all thought up by a couple of old ladies who've turned out, against all probability, to be right, and since you already know one of these old ladies, I'm sending you down on the case.' So here I am! And now, my dear Miss Marple, where do we go from here? This is not, as you probably appreci-

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ate, an official visit. I haven't got my henchmen with me. I thought you and I might take down our back hair together first."

Miss Marple smiled at him. "I'm sure," she said, "that no one who only knows you officially would ever guess that you could be so human, and better looking than ever — don't blush . . . Now, what, exactly, have you been told so far?"

"I've got everything. I think. Your friend Mrs. McGillicuddy's original statement to the police at St. Mary Mead, confirmation of her statement by the ticket collector, and also the note to the stationmaster at Brackhampton. I may say that all the proper inquiries were made by the people concerned — the railway people and the police. But there's no doubt that you outsmarted them all by a most fantastic process of guesswork."

"Not guesswork," said Miss Marple. "And I had a great advantage. I knew Elspeth McGillicuddy. Nobody else did. There was no obvious confirmation of her story, and if there was no question of any woman being reported missing, then quite naturally they would think it was just an elderly lady imagining things — as elderly ladies often do — but not Elspeth McGillicuddy."

"Not Elspeth McGillicuddy," agreed the inspector. "I'm looking forward to meeting her, you know. I wish she hadn't gone to Ceylon. We're arranging for her to be interviewed there, by the way."

"My own process of reasoning was not really original," said Miss Marple. "It's all in Mark Twain. The boy who found the horse. He just imagined where he would go if he were a horse, and he went there and there was the horse."

"You imagined what you'd do if you were a cruel and cold-blooded murderer?" said Craddock, looking thoughtfully at Miss Marple's pink and white elderly fragility. "Really, your mind —"

"Like a sink, my nephew Raymond used to say," Miss Marple agreed, nodding her head briskly. "But, as I always told him, sinks are necessary domestic equipment and actually very hygienic."

"Can you go a little farther

To page 55

Enjoy the best!

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SPAGHETTI

WITH CHEESE



TWO VARIETIES—Spaghetti with Cheese and Rosella Curried Spaghetti the most delicious you've ever tasted. Finest Spaghetti with tasty long strands deliciously blended with fully matured cheese and Tomato Sauce — try this simple recipe.

RECIPE - SPAGHETTI & ONIONS

Peel the onions and cook them till quite tender, drain them and saute in the hot butter. Heat the spaghetti and put into a hot entree dish. Place the onions round and serve hot. Serves four.

1lb. white silver skin onions
1oz. butter

1 16oz. can ROSELLA SPAGHETTI with CHEESE in Tomato Sauce.

Rosella
COOKED
SPAGHETTI
WITH CHEESE



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, is as puzzled as the Chief of Police when "Honest" John the gambler opens a casino three miles up above the city in a dirigible. John claims that, being three miles up, his casino is outside the city jurisdiction and so cannot be closed. Checking on this with

the legal department, Mandrake and the Chief find John is quite right, they can't close his casino without taking the case to court. In the meantime, John is openly defying the law. Mandrake has an idea and asks "Honest" John to let him visit the casino again. **NOW READ ON:**



TO BE CONTINUED

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

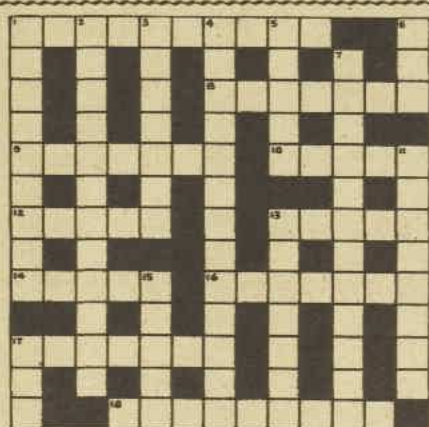
By RUD





THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Headless subscription by a convexly curved bird (5, 5).
 - These are worth sovereigns (7).
 - This famous palace in Rome, built by the Pope Paul III, can be seen far (7).
 - You must ask for the centre part of these lemons (5).
 - Models and not a short manuscript (5).
 - Belonging to us that is to say cold and dreary (5).
 - Bar by the bar or the bench made by poets (5).
 - Real bet (Anagr. 7).
 - Prosperity for a song (7).
 - Intuitive perception in a smaller degree is foolish (9).



Solution of last week's crossword.

Solution will be published next week.

Continuing . . . 4.50 From Paddington

(from page 53)

still, put yourself in the murderer's place, and tell me just where he is now?"

Miss Marple sighed.

"I wish I could. I've no idea — no idea at all. But he must be someone who has lived in, or knows all about, Rutherford Hall."

"I agree. But that opens up a very wide field. Quite a succession of daily women have worked there. There's the Women's Institute — and the A.R.P. wardens before them. They all know the Long Barn and the sarcophagus and where the key was kept. The whole set-up there is widely known locally. Anybody living round about might hit on it as a good spot for his purpose."

"Yes, indeed. I quite understand your difficulties."

Craddock said: "We'll never get anywhere until we identify the body."

"And that, too, may be difficult."

"Oh, we'll get there — in the end. We're checking up on all the reported disappearances of a woman of that age and appearance. There's no one outstanding who fits the bill. The M.O. puts her down as about thirty-five, healthy, probably a married woman, has had at least one child. Her fur coat is a cheap one purchased at a London store. Hundreds of such coats were sold in the last three months, about sixty per cent. of them to blond women. No salesgirl can recognise the photograph of the dead woman, or is likely to if the purchase were made just before Christmas."

"Her other clothes seem mainly of foreign manufacture, mostly purchased in Paris. There are no English laundry marks. We've communicated with Paris and they are checking up there for us."

"Sooner or later, of course, someone will come forward with

Inspector Craddock was tickled.

"You don't seem ever to have had any doubts but that it would be found?"

"I was sure it would. Lucy Eyelesbarrow is a most efficient and intelligent person."

"I'll say she is! She scares the life out of me, she's so devastatingly efficient. No man will ever dare marry that girl."

"Now you know, I wouldn't say that . . . It would have to be a special type of man, of course." Miss Marple brooded on this thought a moment.

"How is she getting on at Rutherford Hall?"

CRADDOCK smiled and said: "They're completely dependent upon her as far as I can see. Eating out of her hand — literally as you might say. By the way, they know nothing about her connection with you. We've kept that dark."

"She has no connection now with me. She has done what I asked her to do."

"So she could hand in her notice and go if she wanted to?"

"Yes."

"But she stops on. Why?"

"She has not mentioned her reasons to me. She is a very intelligent girl. I suspect that she has become interested."

"In the problem? Or in the family?"

"It may be," said Miss Marple, "that it is rather difficult to separate the two."

Craddock looked hard at her.

"Have you got anything particular in mind?"

"Oh, no — oh, dear me, no."

"I think you have."

Miss Marple shook her head.

Dermot Craddock sighed.

"So all I can do is to prosecute

Gillicuddy's face when she hears we've found the body!"

"Well!" said Mrs. McGillicuddy. "Well!"

Words failed her. She looked across at the nicely spoken pleasant young man who had called upon her with official credentials and then down at the photographs that he had handed her.

"That's her all right," she said. "Yes, that's her. Poor soul. Well, I must say I'm glad you've found her body. Nobody believed a word I said! The police, or the railway people or anyone else. It's very galling not to be believed. At any rate, nobody could say I didn't do all I possibly could."

The nice young man made sympathetic and appreciative noises.

"Where did you say the body was found?"

"In a barn at a house called Rutherford Hall, just outside Brackhampton."

"Never heard of it. How did it get there, I wonder?"

The young man did not reply.

"Jane Marple found it, I suppose. Trust Jane."

"The body," said the young man, referring to some notes, "was found by a Miss Lucy Eyelesbarrow."

"Never heard of her either," said Mrs. McGillicuddy. "I still think Jane Marple had something to do with it."

"Anyway, Mrs. McGillicuddy, you definitely identify this picture as that of the woman whom you saw in a train?"

"Being strangled by a man. Yes, I do."

"Now, can you describe this man?"

"He was a tall man," said Mrs. McGillicuddy.

"Yes?"

"And dark."

"Yes?"

"That's all I can tell you," said Mrs. McGillicuddy. "He had his back to me. I didn't see his face."

"Would you be able to recognise him if you saw him?"

"Of course I shouldn't! He had his back to me. I never saw his face."

"You've no idea at all as to his age?"

Mrs. McGillicuddy considered.

"No — not really. I mean, I don't know . . . He wasn't, I'm almost sure — very young. His shoulders looked — well, set, if you know what I mean." The young man nodded. "Thirty and upward. I can't get closer than that. I wasn't really looking at him, you see. It was her — with those hands round her throat and her face . . . You know, sometimes I dream of it even now . . ."

"It must have been a distressing experience," said the young man sympathetically.

He closed his notebook and said:

"When are you returning to England?"

"Not for another three weeks. It isn't necessary, is it, for me?"

He quickly reassured her.

"Oh, no. There's nothing you could do at present. Of course, if we make an arrest —"

It was left like that.

The mail brought a letter from Miss Marple to her friend. The writing was spiky and spidery and heavily underlined. Long practice made it easy for Mrs. McGillicuddy to decipher. Miss Marple wrote a very full account to her friend who devoured every word with great satisfaction.

She and Jane had shown them all right!



a missing relative or lodger. It's just a matter of time."

"The compact wasn't any help?"

"Unfortunately, no. It's a type sold by the hundred in the Rue de Rivoli, quite cheap. By the way, you ought to have turned that over to the police at once, you know — or rather Miss Eyelesbarrow should have done so."

Miss Marple shook her head.

"But at that moment there wasn't any question of a crime having been committed," she pointed out. "If a young lady, practising golf shots, picks up an old compact of no particular value in the long grass, surely she doesn't rush straight off to the police with it?"

Miss Marple paused, and then added firmly: "I thought it much wiser to find the body first."

my inquiries — to put it in jargon. A policeman's life is a dull one!"

"You'll get results, I'm sure."

"Any ideas for me? More inspired guesswork?"

"I was thinking of things like thea rical companies," said Miss Marple rather vaguely. "Touring from place to place and perhaps not many home ties. One of those young women would be much less likely to be missed."

"Yes. Perhaps you've got something there. We'll pay special attention to that angle." He added, "What are you smiling about?"

"I was just thinking," said Miss Marple, "of Elspeth Mc-

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To be continued

Page 55

The road to healthy development -



Anticipation -



Reward!



Temptation -



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Sun. :	5 12 19 26	::	Sun. :	2 9 16 23	::	Sun. :	2 9 16 23	30
Mon. :	6 13 20 27	::	Mon. :	3 10 17 24	::	Mon. :	3 10 17 24	31
Tues. :	7 14 21 28	::	Tues. :	4 11 18 25	::	Tues. :	4 11 18 25	::
Wed. :	1 8 15 22 29	::	Wed. :	5 12 19 26	::	Wed. :	5 12 19 26	::
Thur. :	2 9 16 23 30	::	Thur. :	6 13 20 27	::	Thur. :	6 13 20 27	::
Fri. :	3 10 17 24 31	::	Fri. :	7 14 21 28	::	Fri. :	7 14 21 28	::
Sat. :	4 11 18 25	::	Sat. :	1 8 15 22	::	Sat. :	1 8 15 22	29
1958	APRIL	1958	1958	MAY	1958	1958	JUNE	1958
Sun. :	6 13 20 27	::	Sun. :	4 11 18 25	::	Sun. :	1 8 15 22 29	::
Mon. :	7 14 21 28	::	Mon. :	5 12 19 26	::	Mon. :	2 9 16 23 30	::
Tues. :	1 8 15 22 29	::	Tues. :	6 13 20 27	::	Tues. :	3 10 17 24	::
Wed. :	2 9 16 23 30	::	Wed. :	7 14 21 28	::	Wed. :	4 11 18 25	::
Thur. :	3 10 17 24	::	Thur. :	1 8 15 22 29	::	Thur. :	5 12 19 26	::
Fri. :	4 11 18 25	::	Fri. :	2 9 16 23 30	::	Fri. :	6 13 20 27	::
Sat. :	5 12 19 26	::	Sat. :	3 10 17 24 31	::	Sat. :	7 14 21 28	::
1958	JULY	1958	1958	AUGUST	1958	1958	SEPTEMBER	1958
Sun. :	6 13 20 27	::	Sun. :	3 10 17 24 31	::	Sun. :	7 14 21 28	::
Mon. :	7 14 21 28	::	Mon. :	4 11 18 25	::	Mon. :	1 8 15 22 29	::
Tues. :	1 8 15 22 29	::	Tues. :	5 12 19 26	::	Tues. :	2 9 16 23 30	::
Wed. :	2 9 16 23 30	::	Wed. :	6 13 20 27	::	Wed. :	3 10 17 24	::
Thur. :	3 10 17 24 31	::	Thur. :	7 14 21 28	::	Thur. :	4 11 18 25	::
Fri. :	4 11 18 25	::	Fri. :	1 8 15 22 29	::	Fri. :	5 12 19 26	::
Sat. :	5 12 19 26	::	Sat. :	2 9 16 23 30	::	Sat. :	6 13 20 27	::
1958	OCTOBER	1958	1958	NOVEMBER	1958	1958	DECEMBER	1958
Sun. :	5 12 19 26	::	Sun. :	2 9 16 23 30	::	Sun. :	7 14 21 28	::
Mon. :	6 13 20 27	::	Mon. :	3 10 17 24	::	Mon. :	1 8 15 22 29	::
Tues. :	7 14 21 28	::	Tues. :	4 11 18 25	::	Tues. :	2 9 16 23 30	::
Wed. :	1 8 15 22 29	::	Wed. :	5 12 19 26	::	Wed. :	3 10 17 24 31	::
Thur. :	2 9 16 23 30	::	Thur. :	6 13 20 27	::	Thur. :	4 11 18 25	::
Fri. :	3 10 17 24 31	::	Fri. :	7 14 21 28	::	Fri. :	5 12 19 26	::
Sat. :	4 11 18 25	::	Sat. :	1 8 15 22 29	::	Sat. :	6 13 20 27	::

PUBLIC HOLIDAYS - 1958

New Year's Day, 1st January.
Australia Day, 26th January.
Labour Day (W.A.), 3rd March.
Labour Day (Vic.), 10th March.
Good Friday, 4th April.
Easter Saturday, 5th April.
Easter Monday, 7th April.
Anzac Day, 25th April.

Labour Day (Qld.), 5th May.
Foundation Day (W.A.), 2nd June.
Queen's Birthday (N.S.W., Vic., Qld., S.A., Tas.), Date to be proclaimed.
6-Hour Day (N.S.W.), 6th October.

Labour Day (S.A.), 13th October.
Queen's Birthday (W.A.), 17th November.
Christmas Day, 25th December.
Boxing Day, 26th December.
Proclamation Day (S.A.), 29th December.